



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

OCTOBER, 1886.

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### ALMANACK FOR OCTOBER, 1886.

1 F	☉ rises 6.2 A.M.	9 S	☿ grst. dis. from ☉	17 S	17 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	25 M	Mich. Law Sit. beg.
2 S	Venus a morn. star	10 S	16 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	18 M	☉ rises 6.31 A.M.	26 T	☉ least dist. fr. ☉
3 M	15 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	11 M	☉ rises 6.19 A.M.	19 T	Daybreak 4.40 A.M.	27 W	☉ rises 6.45 A.M.
4 T	☿ 1 Quar. 10.34 P.M.	12 T	Pisces S. 11.30 P.M.	20 W	☿ 3 Quar. 2.41 P.M.	28 T	New ☿ 7.16 A.M.
5 W	Full ☿ 3.24 A.M.	13 W	Full ☿ 3.24 A.M.	21 T	Twil. ends 6.47 P.M.	29 F	Clock at ☉ 16m. 7s.
6 T	☿ Clk. at ☉ 11m. 52s.	14 T	Fire Insurs. expire	22 F	Saturn ris. 9.28 P.M.	30 S	Aries S. 11.30 P.M.
7 F	Mars sets 6.57 P.M.	15 F	Aquila S. 6.6 P.M.	23 S	☉ sets 4.49 P.M.	31 S	☉ sets 4.35 P.M.
8 S	☉ sets 5.21 P.M.	16 S	☉ sets 5.4 P.M.	24 S	18 SUN. AFT. TRIN.		19 SUN. AFT. TRIN.

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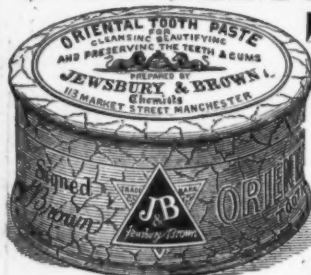
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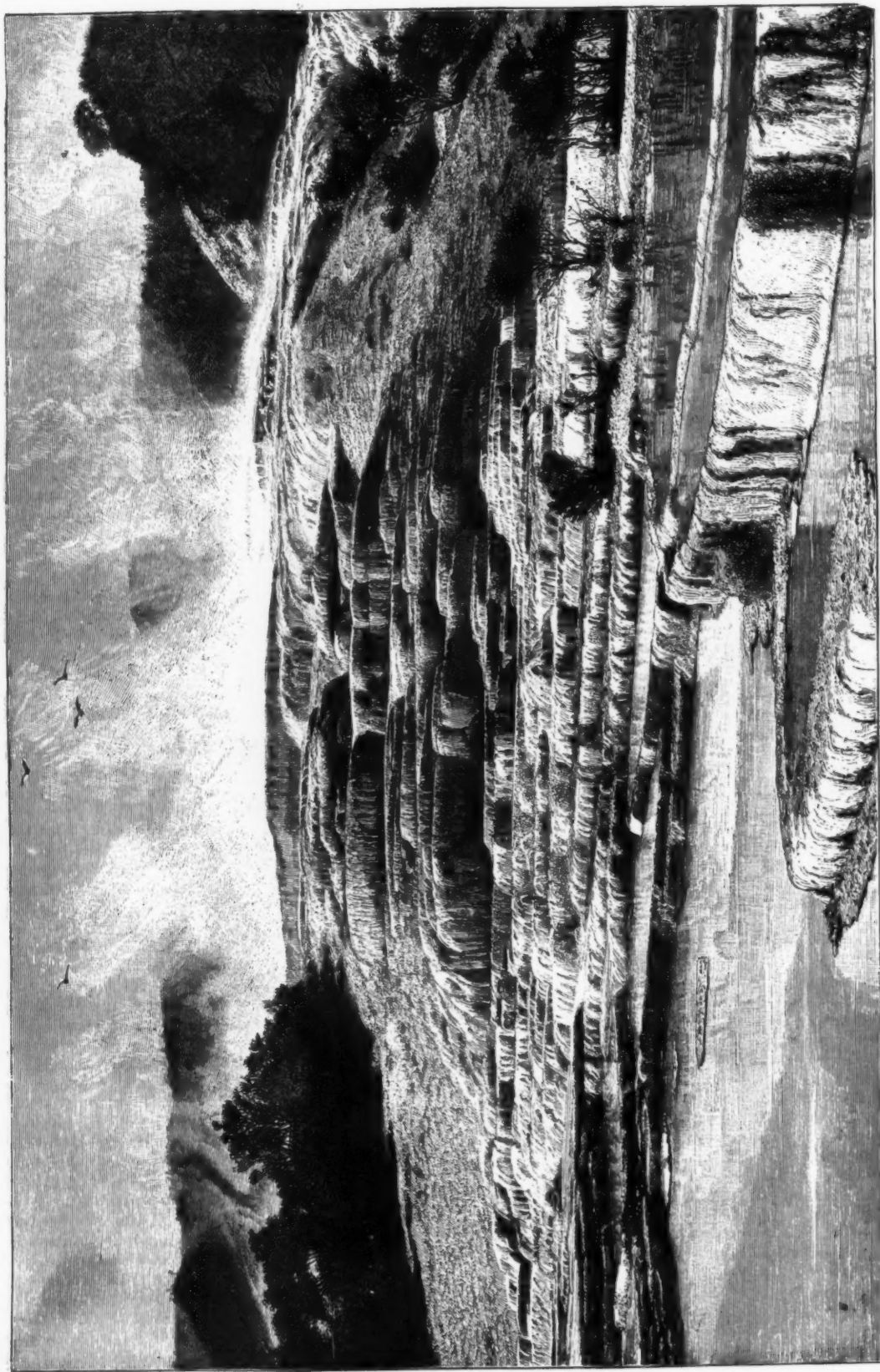
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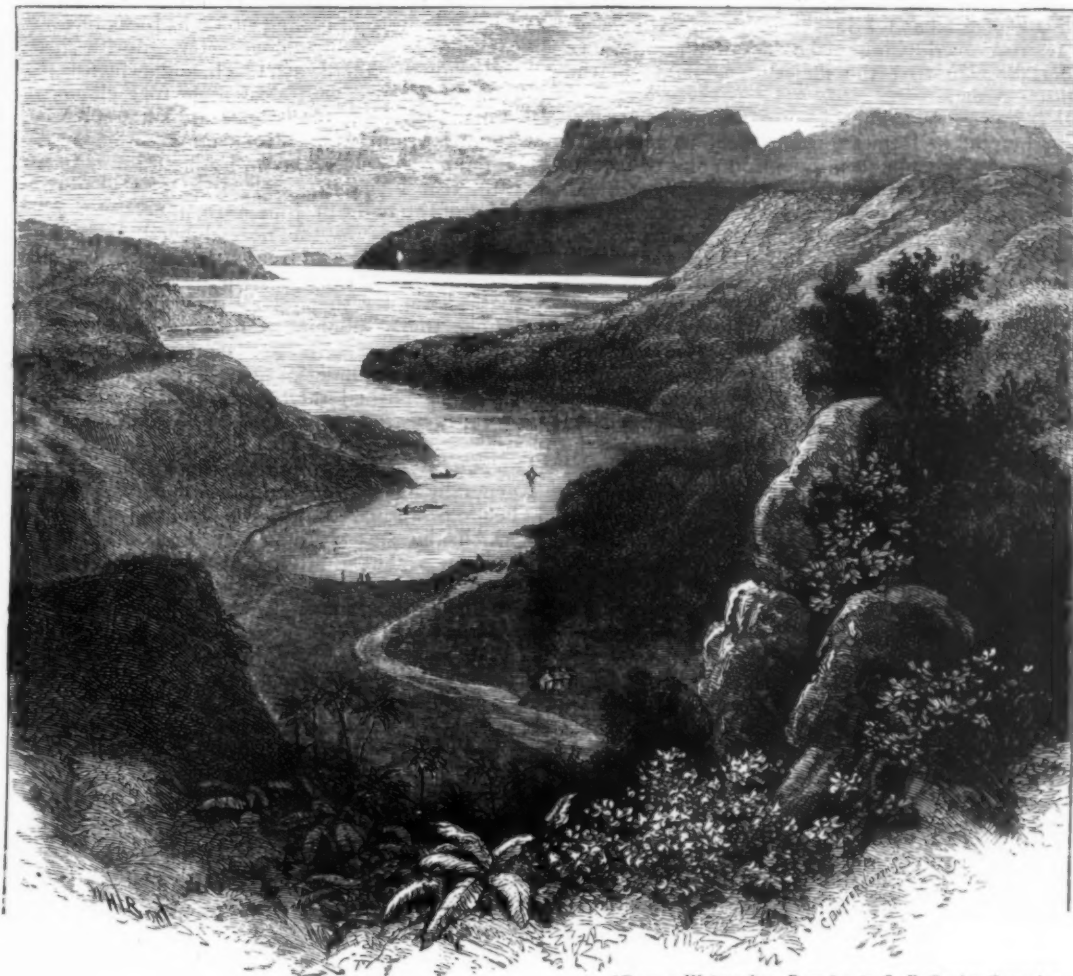




THE WHITE TERRACE.

## THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT TARAWERA IN 1886.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.



[From a Water-colour Drawing by C. F. Gordon Cumming.]

LAKE TARAWERA AND MOUNTAIN.

IN the last few years many travellers have outvied one another in the effort to compel words to become a medium for communicating to their less adventurous or busier fellow-creatures some idea of one of the most extraordinary regions in the known world—I mean that wonderful tract in the North Isle of New Zealand known as “The Hot Lake District,” which, so far as we know, has but one counterpart in the world, namely, the Yellowstone or sulphurous region of North America.

I have myself done my utmost to describe its marvels both with pen and brush; the work of the latter is at present exhibited in the New Zealand Court at the Colonial Exhibition, while that of the former\* is incorporated with my notes

on Fiji, whence we travelled to New Zealand for the sake of cooler summer quarters.

I will now therefore only state briefly the geographical position of this zone within which the volcanic action of New Zealand seems to be confined, and which apparently acts as a mighty safety-valve for the internal fires, inasmuch as the whole of this region is more or less riddled with steam-pipes, geysers, solfataras, boiling mud-pools, and other varieties of volcanic phenomena. It extends from the White, or Sulphur, Isle, which rises from the sea about twenty-eight miles from the mainland, to Mount Tongariro, in the heart of the North Island—a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles. The general width of the belt is about forty miles.

Tauranga is the seaport whence the Hot Lakes District is most commonly approached.

\* See “At Home in Fiji.” Vol. ii. By C. F. Gordon Cumming.

A drive of forty miles brings the traveller to the Lake Rotorua, a name now so familiar to us all as the headquarters of the foreigners in the district. Nine miles farther (passing Lake Tikitapu and Lake Roto Kakahi—the "Blue Lake" and "the Lake of Shells") brings him to the village of Wairoa, overlooking Lake Tarawera, on whose farther side rises the majestic mountain of the same name.

Tarawera is a huge truncated cone, 1,964 feet in height, in form so symmetrical as almost to suggest a vast tumulus, though in point of fact its flat top is divided into three table-lands, separated by deep ravines which were once craters, and which are the only symptoms of its having ever been an active volcano. Only its base was clothed with vegetation; the summit was a mighty mass of bare volcanic rock, with deeply-scarred flanks. The name Tarawera, or "burnt cliffs," is suggested by the presence of red oxide of iron and shining obsidian, which, glowing in the sunset, give an almost fiery aspect to that threefold rock crown, whose three flat summits are distinguished by the names of Tarawera, Ruawahia, and Te Whanga. These are the last resting-place—I cannot say burial-ground—of the Arowa tribe, who for sixteen generations (that is to say, ever since the Maoris have held New Zealand) have toiled up those dark craggy ravines bearing the bones of their dead, to be laid beside their kinsmen on the sacred mount, where a fiery Dragon guards a legion, not of bleaching skeletons—which certainly would sound better—but of parcels of bones, which at a given period after burial are dug up and carefully scraped ere they are removed to this black mountain-top. (I was told in Taheiti that the bones of all men and women of high degree are thus dealt with. The bodies are in the first instance buried with great ceremony, but after the lapse of a given time an appointed person goes and secretly removes the bones, carrying them to a lonely cave known to very few persons. Queen Pomare's bones were thus removed while I was living on Taheiti.)

Few foreigners have ever accomplished the ascent of this mountain, which the Maoris have declared strictly *tapu* to all white men, affirming that the Dragon would terribly avenge any such intrusion. Doubtless many amongst them ascribe to his vengeance (for their recent sale to the foreign government of this long-guarded district) the fearful eruption which transformed those solemn "Towers of Silence" into a mighty crematory, and has started seven active craters.

On Lake Tarawera good boats, rowed by Maori men and women, are always ready to convey travellers to the very heart of Wonderland. About eight miles' row up the lovely lake brings them to a beautiful little river, passing up which they find themselves in the Roto-Mahana, or Hot Lake, around which are—or were—clustered miracles of beauty and of awe, of which the most unique were several exquisite terraces of natural baths of the pearllest white, set like terraced rice-fields all down a steep hillside, which nature sculptured like the daintiest frost-work, and each filled with water of the most heavenly blue, fed by the over-

flow from a lovely geyser at the summit of this wondrous stairway of its own creation.

In addition to these dreams of beauty, there are ghastly boiling mud-pools, yellow volcanoes of pure sulphur, lakelets of brilliant green or deepest indigo, all boiling violently, rocks of every conceivable metallic colour, saturated with steam and ready to crumble at a touch, and awful fissures, from which rise with deafening roar clouds of steam. In short, the scenes are altogether bewildering, and were I to venture to begin describing only such as lay within half a mile of my little tent I should never arrive at the terrible story of the night of June 9-10, 1886.

Such, then, was the normal condition of this wonderful region—a region in which volcanic eccentricities of every description seemed to have marked out for themselves such definite boundaries, that, emboldened by long security, rash human beings were not content with merely visiting these wonderful scenes, but various native tribes established their villages in the very heart of those districts where geysers and mud-pools lay thickest.

The site and growth of such villages was generally due to the presence of some specially healing spring, forming a mineral bath, to which the sick were carried from afar. Then there was the additional attraction of enlisting natural forces for the saving of domestic toil, and binding these gentle, well-regulated giants to such lowly details of household work as cooking food, boiling and washing clothes. Medicinal baths of every conceivable chemical quality could be supplied, and at any temperature required, to say nothing of simply warm baths (fed by hot springs in cool lakes), more luxurious than any ever devised by Greek or Roman.

Emboldened by the security of the Maoris, white men have ventured to follow their example, and at certain favourite spots not only have native encampments and villages of temporary huts been gradually replaced by wooden dwellings of a more enduring type, but high prices have been paid for desirable building sites, leases in perpetuity have been granted, and substantial houses have been erected and furnished with all the luxuries of civilisation.

Such is the foreign township of Rotorua, which within the last three or four years has sprung up on the shores of the beautiful lake of that name, within half a mile of the large native village of Ohinemutu.

Till very recently the Maoris jealously kept possession of the Hot Lakes District, refusing to sell any part of it. At last, however, they consented to do so, and the New Zealand Government fixed upon Rotorua as the most suitable site for a "city of health," to which sufferers from all manner of diseases (to say nothing of travellers bent on sightseeing) might be brought by railway from Auckland.

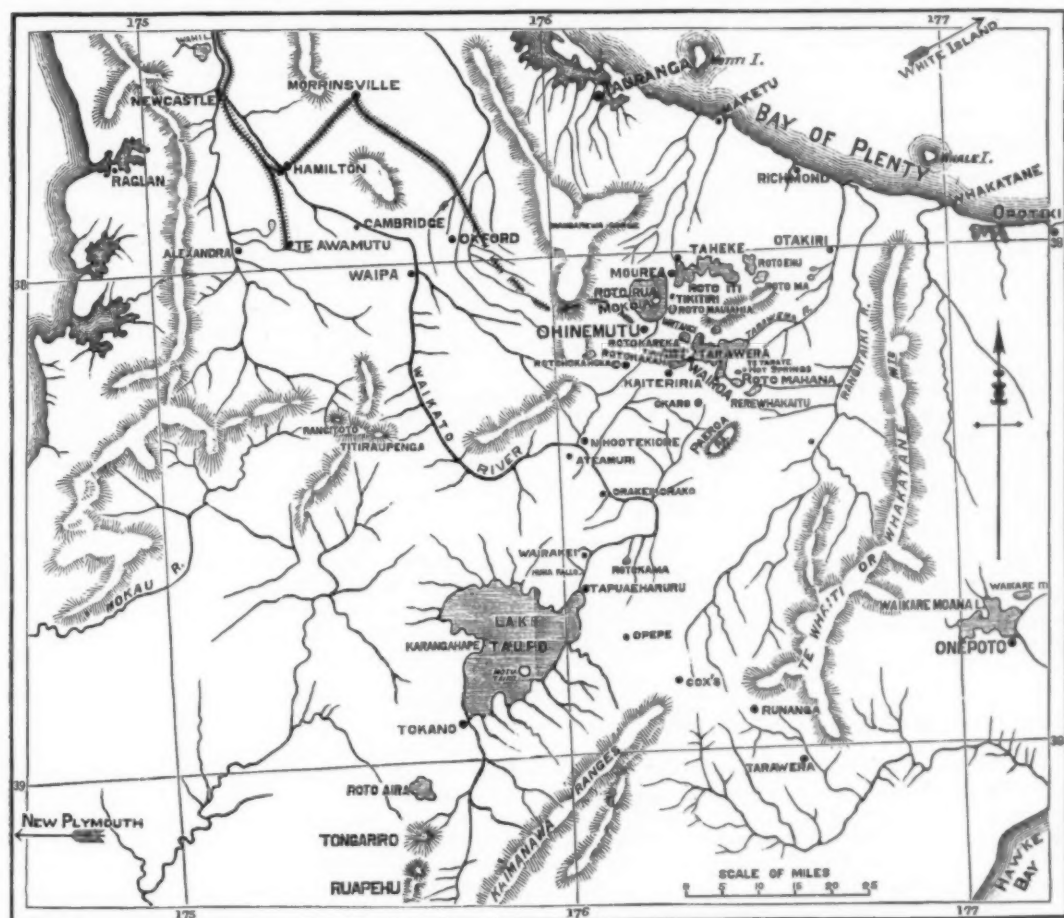
The scheme appeared so admirable, and the city, as blocked out on Government plans, promised so certainly to prove a first-class speculation, that the land was pretty freely taken up, and though as yet most of the new buildings have been erected



immediately around the old native settlement in preference to the Government site at Sulphur Point, which is a tract of about a hundred acres of sulphurous banks on the brink of the lake; the new Sanatorium has obtained a fair start.

Never an anxious thought seems to have troubled the inhabitants till, on the awful night of Thursday, 10th June, 1886, they were awakened soon after midnight by a horrible uproar, and the tumult of earthquakes, telling of the

thunder-storm, which gradually seemed to extend over the whole face of the heavens, so that the thunder crashes burst in every direction, and the blackness was every moment lighted by the lurid glare of the red lightning, while the atmosphere was poisoned by a suffocating sulphurous stench, accompanied by dense showers of ashes. Mercifully, however, a shift in the direction of the wind blew these away from the town, which accordingly received but a slight sprinkling, far lighter than



THE HOT LAKES DISTRICT OF NEW ZEALAND.

forces which were rending a mountain twenty miles off.

Rushing out in wild alarm, they beheld Tarawera crowned with flickering flames, which quickly developed into a mighty pillar of fire, towering into the heavens and gradually extending along the mountain summit, till it appeared to be about half a mile in diameter. Then came a deafening, continuous, explosive roar, and another pillar of black cloud uprose, enfolding the fiery pillar in dense darkness, only relieved by appallingly vivid flashes and sheets of lightning—not of the steel-blue colour of ordinary lightning, but of a blood-red tint, resulting from the intervening dust-clouds. This was accompanied by a terrific

what fell at Tauranga on the seaboard, forty miles farther off. At about 4 a.m., however, the wind dropped and the showers fell thicker, and the darkness became more dense.

All this time the earthquake shocks continued almost without intermission. Twenty-eight distinct shocks were counted, and during the intervals incessant tremors and rumblings continued. At Opoiki on the seaboard, upwards of seventy distinct shocks were distinguished. The darkness continued till towards noon, but about the hour of dawn a pale blue light was visible all along the northern horizon, beneath the sable cloud-canopy. By this dim light it was seen that the whole face of the country was covered with white or

grey ash, and that hundreds of new boiling springs had burst up in every direction, some throwing up blue boiling mud, and many were actually along the roads, rendering all travel a matter of serious danger.

Not knowing what might follow, a large number of the inhabitants fled, just as they had left their homes, in their night dress, and carrying their children, made their way to Tauranga, the nearest seaport, whence the mayor telegraphed to the capital for steamers to remove the population in case of need. Even there, at a direct distance of fifty-five miles from the scene of the eruption, the people had been terror-stricken by the earthquakes, the dense darkness, the awful roaring like thunder-crashes, and by a fall of volcanic dust, covering the whole face of the country to the depth of several inches.

Presently tidings arrived of the total destruction of the flourishing settlement of Wairoa, where white men and brown have for many years dwelt in perfect confidence on the banks of the Wairoa river,—their peaceful homes and pleasant gardens scattered over sunny slopes, at a height of 200 feet above the level of the verdant flat pasture-land bordering the calm lake, in which lay reflected the shapely cone of Mount Edgecombe, and the great massive form of Mount Tarawera—a mountain to which not the oldest tradition could assign one memory of eruptive tendency. The Maories, as we have seen, have good reason to know positively that it has been dormant for five centuries, and certainly the growth of the noble old trees which fringed the shores of the lake told of a long-continued reign of peace.

In short, though ten miles nearer to the so-called "Hot Lake" *par excellence*, Wairoa really seemed far more secure than the township of Rotorua, inasmuch as there was not in its immediate neighbourhood any proof of volcanic activity, whereas Rotorua is veiled in a perpetual steam-cloud rising from its own countless boiling springs.

Here then, in addition to a population of about 250 Maoris, some of whom had houses as pretty and as well furnished as those of the "pakehas,"\* there were several European families, two hotels, several stores, a public hall, school, and a pretty ivy-covered church.

In the summer season every available corner is crowded by tourists and by the summer residents from the hotels and boarding-houses on Lake Rotorua. These come chiefly from Australia and various parts of New Zealand. Consequently about Christmas time, which is the midsummer of the Southern Hemisphere, there is an enormous influx of extra servants and of natives, who hope to share in the golden harvest. Had the outburst occurred at this season the loss of life would probably have been infinitely greater. Happily, being midwinter, travellers were very few, and several of the inhabitants were absent, including Mrs. McRae and her family, as also Captain and Mrs. Way, of the Old Mission Station.

Mrs. Way is a daughter of the Rev. S. M. Spencer,

\* *Pakeha*, Foreigner.

who was the pioneer missionary in this district. In 1850 he commenced work with apparently excellent result, and all went well till 1864, when, on the outbreak of what the Maoris rightly deemed the unjust English war of aggression, they refused any longer to be of the same faith with men who could act so iniquitously. They then utterly rejected the foreign creed, and invented for themselves religious systems in which their heathen legends are strangely blended with more enlightened thoughts. Hence the Christian churches which were at one time filled with devout worshippers now too often stand empty, as mere monuments of the past.

On Monday, 7th June, the very last party of tourists, making up a party of two boatloads, made the usual excursion up Lake Tarawera to Lake Rotomahana, there to visit the far-famed terraces and all the other wonderful sights. The weather was beautifully clear and bright, and after a day which all had thoroughly enjoyed, they returned to sleep at McRae's Hotel. On the following day all save one returned to Rotorua. That one was Mr. Bainbridge, a Northumbrian from Newcastle-on-Tyne. He resolved to remain at Wairoa for a day's pleasant shooting, and was so well pleased with his sport that he had made arrangements for another day's sport at Roto Okareka on the following day. On Wednesday evening a calm sunset was succeeded by a still, clear, starlight night, very cold, being midwinter, but not one vestige was there of any impending danger, when brown men and white retired to their peaceful slumbers.

Soon after midnight they were awakened by a violent earthquake, and rushing out of the house, observed a small cloud resting on the summit of Mount Tarawera, and emitting dazzling coruscations as of blue lightning. Mr. McRae proposed that in order to obtain a better view they should go up to the Old Mission Station, a few minutes' walk up the hill. Thence they watched the rapid development of a magnificent eruption. From three distinct points along the flat summit there rose stupendous pillars of flame, shooting up to a height of fully a thousand feet, and throwing off meteors which burst and scattered like firework serpents. Very quickly this scene of beauty and of dazzling light became one of dread, for showers of red-hot cinders, resembling balls of fire, were ejected with such violence as to cross the lake and fall in a deadly hail all over Wairoa, a distance of upwards of eight miles. Then a great dark cloud rose up and veiled the fiery light, shrouding the whole landscape in intense gloom, and then the lightning flashes became blood-red.

Not knowing what might befall, the party thought it safer to return to the hotel. One of them was standing apart, calmly surveying the scene, when suddenly the earth opened before him, and swallowed up a Maori woman, whereupon he too sought refuge with the others. Altogether a dozen Europeans were assembled in the hotel, besides some natives. A heavy shower of mud now began to fall on the roof, mingled with fiery cinders, varying from the size of a pea to that of a man's head. There were also red-hot

stones, some of which were so large and heavy that a blow from one broke a woman's arm. The sulphur-fumes, wind, lightning, noise, and falling mud and cinders combined to produce as horrible a scene as can be conceived. Again and again hot cinders fell on the woodwork, and constant care was needed to avert a conflagration. The mud-shower grew thicker and denser, and about 4 a.m. the roof gave way with a loud crash, and the whole upper storey collapsed; yet so terrific was the roar of the elements that this additional noise was scarcely noticed. The party shifted from room to room as each in turn became unsafe. Finally, the back of the house and the balcony fell with a frightful crash, adding to the deafening roar of the volcano, and of a terrific gale which was now blowing.

The young English traveller, Mr. Bainbridge, who is supposed to have been about twenty-one years of age, seems almost from the first to have had a presentiment that this night was to prove his last on earth, for he had spoken to one of his companions of the grief which his death would cause his relations, a brother and two sisters having already been called suddenly away. Even in the midst of that awful tumult he had snatched a moment in which to write a few words to tell them that in that dread hour he was able to feel the all-sufficiency of his Lord's strength. Presently he asked all present to join with him in prayer, to which all gladly agreed. Having read a few verses of Scripture, selecting the story of the dying thief upon the Cross, he spoke a few strong earnest words upon the probability that all might be about to receive their final summons, reminding them from the passage just read, that if any present had not yet turned to the Saviour, it was not too late even then: for himself he believed that he would be in the presence of his Maker within an hour. He said it was in God's power to deliver them all, and that perhaps some would escape, in which case he earnestly prayed that this night might prove a turning-point from which their lives should be entirely devoted to His service. Then he pleaded for forgiveness for them all, and committed all, body and soul, to His loving care.

As they rose from their knees, they agreed to abandon the falling house, and make for some humble thatched cottage; so, wrapping blankets round their heads as a protection against the incessant hailstorm of boiling mud and red-hot cinders, they started, agreeing all to keep close together. But so dense was the darkness and so terrible the uproar, that it was impossible to see one another at all, or even to hear the loudest shout at a distance of five yards. It was not till Mr. McRae had safely escorted three of the party to the nearest Maori *whare* that they discovered that all the rest were missing, and Mr. McRae returned in search of them. One by one he found them, and escorted them to places of comparative safety; and all through that long, awful night, though again and again he was knocked down by the violence of the stone showers, he bravely returned to the charge so long as there was any one in the village to whom he could carry help.

But the young Northumbrian he saw no more in life. Though he left the hotel with the others, he must have missed them almost immediately, and groped his way back, just before the whole verandah fell in, crushing him in its fall. His arms were raised above his head, holding a shawl, as if to keep off the falling fragments. Those who found him say that death must have been instantaneous, for the young face, though bruised, bore no expression of pain. And so the dread darkness, and the tempest, and the fiery mountain, had as surely been to him pledges of his Lord's presence, as were these same tokens when of old it was written, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him. A fire goeth before Him, His lightnings enlightened the world." "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet. The mountains quake at Him and the hills melt; and the earth is burned at His presence. And the rocks are thrown down by Him. The Lord is good—a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him."\*

To us, whose minds have from infancy been imbued with the Christian revelation of our Heavenly Father as the source of all light and love, it almost needs such a scene as these terror-stricken fugitives had witnessed to enable us to understand with what awful dread the Israelites must have received the revelations of the Almighty under the old dispensation, as when at the giving of the law "There were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was."†

And how often is the same conception of the Divine Presence repeated? King David sings of how the earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because God was wroth. "There went up a smoke out of His nostrils, and fire out of His mouth devoured; coals were kindled by it. He made darkness His secret place; His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice; hailstones and coals of fire."‡ And again, "The Lord said that He would dwell in the thick darkness."§

Happily, on this night of terror there were in that village many who were ready to welcome the summons of their Lord in whatever manner He might see fit to send it. Amongst these was the excellent schoolmaster, Mr. Hazard, who, with his wife and grown-up daughters, took the keenest interest in the welfare of the people, tending them in sickness, and endeavouring to influence them for good. By their exertions sixty children were induced to attend the school, where every effort was used so to train the rising generation as to arm them against the flood of evil which it seemed

\* Psalm xcvi. 3-4. Nahum i. 3, 5, 6, 7.

† Exodus xix. 16, 18; xx. 21.

‡ Psalm xviii. 8-13.

§ 1 Kings viii. 12, and 2 Chron. vi. 1.



altogether hopeless to stem in the case of their seniors, continually encouraged in hard drinking and vice as these have been by the stream of foreigners, for whose gold they so greedily craved. Mr. Hazard was a staunch "Blue Ribbon" man, and did his utmost to awaken the Maoris to a sense of shame at their ever-increasing habits of drunkenness.

It is somewhat remarkable that some of their own number seem to have been impressed with dismay at the downward tendency of so many of their race. An old *tohunga*, or priest of the Ngatipikia tribe, has acquired credit for wonderfully prophetic powers, because on the very day before the eruption he remarked that the men of another tribe had told so many lies before the Land Court that it was probable an earthquake would swallow them up, and sure enough the next night three villages of that tribe were swallowed up, but also one village of their opponents!

Another native who recently attended a gathering of the tribes in this lake district, and who had been grieved at their shameless violation of all laws of temperance and morality, remarked, on hearing of the terrible fate of the villages, that their iniquity had been such that God in His wrath had dealt with them as with the cities of the plain. We might have supposed that the fallacy of such reasoning would have been proved by the fact that among those who have perished were some of the finest men of the Maori race, to say nothing of several innocent children, and the white man of all others for whom they had the most profound respect—who was always calm, just, and patient, and to whom they looked as the arbitrator in all their quarrels and difficulties.

For eight years the Hazards had lived at Wairoa, and touchingly pathetic is the story of their last evening—that still, starlit evening—in their peaceful little home, with its pretty garden, with the waving white plumes of Pampas grass and tall New Zealand flax. It was the mother's birthday, and the family, consisting of about eight persons, including the children, and also one or two friends, had spent a cheerful evening together, and had but recently retired to rest, when the terrible earthquake shocks commenced.

The elder daughters hurried to their parents' room, where their father soothed and tried to reassure them. The whole household being soon astir, all met in the family sitting-room, where they relighted the fire, the night being intensely cold, and then watched the awful light from Tarawera and the rapidly ensuing darkness. Then, amid the raging tumult of crashing thunder, subterranean rumblings, and the terrible hailstorm of fiery cinders, Miss Hazard opened the harmonium and played familiar hymn-tunes, and for the last time the united family sang Luther's well-known words of faith and trust.

Soon the violence of the hurricane made it necessary to extinguish the fire. Then, as the noise became more deafening, and the earthquake shocks and the incessant thud of falling mud more and more alarming, they crowded together in the centre of the room, thinking the ridge of the roof would longest resist the crushing weight;

but after a while, with a frightful crash, the ceiling fell in, and they were all separated. The two elder sisters, Clara and Ina, escaped separately, one with the old Maori woman, and the other with two gentlemen. The former was kept alive by the devotion with which the woman knelt by her, scooping up the falling ashes and mud which would have suffocated her, as she lay helpless. The latter took shelter beneath a doorway until a shower of red-hot cinders, falling on their ruined home, set fire to one end of it. Apparently, however, the wet mud, which lay to a depth of eight feet on the roof, prevented the fire from spreading.

Beneath that roof their parents were separately imprisoned in horrible darkness. The father seems to have been killed instantaneously, and so, probably, was a little five-year-old nephew. But the mother, with her three youngest children, was held captive by a falling beam, just as they had been sitting: little Mona in her mother's arms crying bitterly because of the beam which was crushing her, and which prevented their moving; Adolphus, aged ten, on her right hand, and Winifrid, aged six, on the left, while the scalding mud dripped down through the rafters. The brave boy tried to comfort his mother in that black night. "I will die with you," he said. But for her was reserved the sore trial of life, after hearing all those loved voices silenced, one by one; and still for long hours the mother sat clasping the dead body of her youngest darling, conscious that the other two had also been taken from her, and wholly ignorant of the fate of her husband and elder daughter. It was almost noon ere a rescue party succeeded in excavating her from her mud tomb, alive, but terribly injured, when she was carried to Ohinematu, where her daughter and all the other fugitives were being cared for.

The horrors of their flight thither may well be imagined—a flight from desolated homes, some set ablaze by fiery cinders, others lightning-struck, all smothered in the noisome mud, entombing friends or kinsmen whom they could scarcely hope to see again on earth; behind them the awful mountain, revealed only by the lurid glare, which could not lighten the dense darkness in which they struggled on, mile after mile, through the deep adhesive mud, pursued by pelting showers of the same, mingled with red-hot cinders, and finding their way by instinct, the road being wholly obliterated. And then fresh dangers awaited them in the burning forest, where the tall trees were crashing to earth, or great boughs torn off by the hurricane. Thankfully, indeed, must these weary ones have greeted the coaches which had toiled up from Rotorua as far as it was possible for horses to drag them.

Along that difficult road, a day or two later, were carried the bodies of all the rescued dead—the Maories, Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. Hazard, and the four children—to be laid beneath the green turf which is so ceaselessly bedewed by the silent ever-rising white steam-clouds.

There were deeply pathetic scenes on that awful night in many a Maori home—none more touching than the death of Mary, the young wife of



Mohi. At the time of the eruption they, with their two little sons, were in the chief's large weather-board house, but when it began to fall they sought safety by flight to their own thatched cottage, such being found far more secure in case of earthquakes. Each carried one child. There they knelt together, committing themselves and their little ones to the care of the Christian God. Then, wrapping a shawl round the elder boy and laying him on the floor, Mohi knelt over him, himself resting on his hands and knees, so that his body might protect the child from the mud which was now falling in masses through the broken roof. Close by his side, but invisible in the dense darkness, his wife likewise strove to protect the younger boy. After a while the weight of mud and pebbles became too great for the endurance of even the strong man, so, making a desperate effort, he rose, calling to his wife to do likewise, that they might seek safety elsewhere. But no voice answered him, for the mother and her child were both dead. Afterwards their bodies were recovered, Mary sitting with her arms extended in the vain effort to shield her little one.

One very old Maori literally scratched his way out of the mud in which he was entombed. Another who was found sat still, quite well and conscious, but apparently stupefied (no wonder!); and when forcibly taken out he was so angry that a kind friend placed food in his den, and he was allowed to return to it for a while, till the town being finally deserted, he had to be removed again by force.

As is so often the case, while the Angel of Death has gathered young and useful lives, some of the oldest and least valued have been spared. Such is the case of old Tuhoto, who had already completed a century, and was dug out after he had been buried one hundred and four hours. He received a sorry welcome from his tribe, who had made no effort to find him, believing him to be an ill-conditioned wizard, a belief which is greatly confirmed by his surviving so long a fast. So he was left entirely to the care of white friends, who at once removed him to the hospital at Rotorua, where he was fed with small quantities of brandy and milk, but as soon as he was able to speak he asked for his accustomed food, potatoes and cold water, on which he has thriven so long. He says that all through those long hours he prayed ceaselessly for deliverance, not to the *Atua* of the Maories, but to the God of the white men. He was known as a *tohunga*, or priest, and it was he who, about eighteen months ago, was brought by his tribe to Lake Rotorua to take the *tapu* (i.e., the sacred prohibition) off a piece of land, whereon a Christian church has now been built. It is a curious site to have selected, as the place was made *tapu* in consequence of its being part of a promontory which was submerged in the lake in the middle of the last century, when thirty of the inhabitants were scalded to death.

These natives seem to have the same superstitious fear of a person who escapes from imminent death as actuates the kindred race of Fijians, who in their heathen days could not tolerate the return to land of a man whose canoe had been

swamped. He had salt-water in his eyes, they said, and was only fit for the oven, to which he was accordingly consigned. In like manner the Maoris showed the greatest aversion to the resuscitation of such of the victims as had been lost for more than a reasonable period! Hence their very cool reception of a poor woman who, with her husband, was living in a large house at the now buried village of Waitangi,\* on the north side of the lake. The house fell, killing her husband. She escaped, and struggled towards Wairoa, staggering onward till she became delirious. A whole week elapsed ere she was found, during which time she had neither food nor water. The Maoris, therefore, declare that she must be a witch, as otherwise she could not have survived. Consequently they are exceedingly unwilling to touch her; so she also has been entirely left to the care of foreigners at the Rotorua Hospital.

In the general ruin of all who have thus in a single night been left homeless, none receives more general sympathy than the brave-hearted energetic hotel-keeper, Mr. McRae, who has not only lost all his property, but finds that because fire was not the direct agent of destruction, but that it only generated the steam which threw the mud-shower, therefore he is not entitled to recover the sum for which his hotel was insured.

How he must wish that he had not extinguished incipient fires, which at least ten times in the course of that night were caused by red-hot stones crashing through the roof!

His neighbour, Captain Way, had a very short time previously been offered £2,000 for his pretty home, which now lies smothered beneath a great ash-heap. To make matters worse, a party of Maoris of another tribe made an expedition to the abandoned village and looted everything that could possibly be removed, beginning with the contents of the cellars and all linen.

The extraordinary thing is that although the homeless Maoris have refused to accept land offered to them by friendly tribes, because it lies on the volcanic line between Tongariro and the White Island, and though the people of one village which was untouched (Whaka-rewa-rewa, near Rotorua) have resolved to abandon it, on account of its dangerous surroundings amid geysers and steam jets, the gambling foreign feeling is that it is scarcely worth calculating upon events which happen only once in a geological era. So already the reconstruction of the hotels at Wairoa is under consideration, and the same maid-servants have volunteered to return, feeling, in common with all the inhabitants, a certain pride in belonging to so unique a district. Of course tourists will continue to multiply, attracted by the hideous new wonders which replace so many vanished beauties. In short, it is probable that within a few months people will begin to return even to Wairoa, while of course Ohinemutu and Rotorua will rapidly increase in importance, especially now that the railway from Auckland is so nearly finished, being already open as far as Oxford.

\* "Wai-Tangi," "the weeping waters," so called from a picturesque waterfall on the margin of the lake.

Certainly these settlements have had a fair scare, and land and water have each given very serious proofs of sympathy in the recent eruption. A spring boiling violently broke out in the Puarenga Gorge at the head of the Rotorua waterworks, the river being at the same time whitish and discoloured. There was also a considerable rise of the lake on the side of the native settlement. A violent eruption of steam occurred on the island of Mokoia, in the middle of the lake. As the whole isle seemed to be softening, the Maori inhabitants proved discretion to be the better part of valour, and so abandoned the isle.

Still more serious sympathy has been evinced by the hideous mud and sulphur banks at Tikitere, on the shores of Lake Roto Iti, which is separated from Lake Rotorua by an isthmus only half a mile wide. It is a dismal plain, waste and barren—honeycombed with pits, in which boiling mud seethes, varied by pools of more liquid and boiling mud, noted for their violent intermittent spouting. These have recently been in most violent ebullition, throwing up masses of mud.

On June 14th, three days after the eruption, a meteor of extraordinary brilliancy, flashing electric light, drifted to and fro over the lake for upwards of an hour; then, just before dawn, it rose and floated on high like a bright star. Its appearance was accompanied by a rattling sound, as of artillery. On the same day a beautiful lunar rainbow was observed. Two days later the boiling springs were unusually active, and their temperature increased. During the night four earthquake shocks were experienced, so severe that many persons left their houses and wandered about all night wrapped in blankets, horribly cold because of the intense frost, but fearing to remain under a roof. (That the cold was severe we may well imagine, several persons having been frozen to death a few days previously in the Southern Isle.)

That there had been various premonitory symptoms of the brooding danger is now certain, though, amid surroundings always full of marvels, these were little heeded.

It appears that in 1881 Lake Tarawera indulged in various startling freaks, its waters becoming

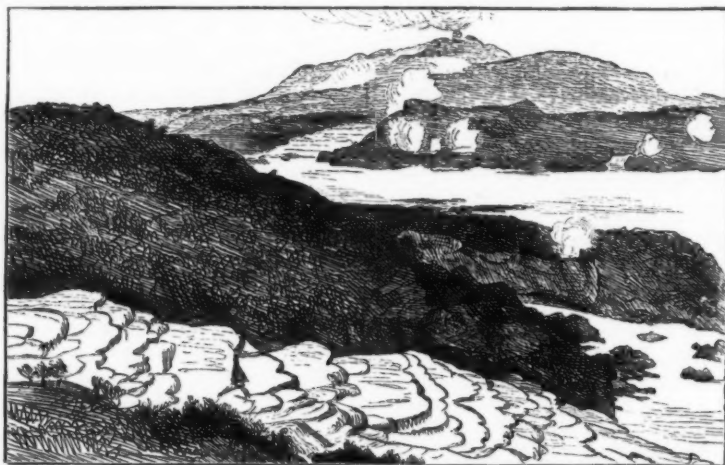
offensive and unfit for use, in which state they continued for upwards of a year, when they gradually regained their accustomed purity.

Scotchmen learned in the legendary lore of second sight can sympathise with the Maori belief that not long ago a large war-canoe, such as was used by their ancestors, appeared gliding silently along on the tranquil waters, paddled by Maories standing upright. A Maori woman hailed it, when the phantom canoe instantly vanished, and they knew that it had been a ghostly apparition portending evil to the tribe.

An omen less open to sceptical doubt was that of a tidal wave about two feet in height, which swept up the lake about a week before the disaster. At the same time the Maories noted a marked increase in the force of ejection by both mud and water geysers, also that new steam holes and pools appeared near the white terraces, inducing the well-known guide Sophia to say she did not like to go on, as there were so many changes, she did not know what to make of it. After that the Maories did not like going up the lake with their canoes, though, when tempted by tourists' gold, they made light of their fears, and laughed off the story of the phantom war-canoe.

At Rotorua an unprecedented failure in the hot-water supply had been observed for several weeks, but all the other sympathetic symptoms were developed after the great eruption, the first being, as we have seen, the bursting forth of many new boiling springs. One of these came up most inconveniently in the recently-built Native Church on Sunday morning during the service; but this Undine of the South Seas, this troubled water-spirit, was treated so much as a matter of course that no notice was taken of its sudden intrusion. That, however, is by no means a unique occurrence. Some time ago a fine Court-house was built, with abundance of carved woodwork, when up rose a geyser so persistent that the building resolved itself into a bathing establishment!

Another trifling detail connected with this new Church was that about the same date as the water spring appeared, the ground just behind it gave way, engulfing a horse. That, however, is a



RELATIVE POSITION OF THE WHITE AND PINK TERRACES.

trifling detail with which custom has long familiarised the inhabitants of the district! Now and then a human being is thus swallowed up, or a child falls into a boiling spring; but the rarity of such incidents is amazing, considering how innumerable are the dangers on every side.

But as regards premonitory symptoms, one which attracted considerable attention about three years ago was that the Roto Kakohi Lake, which is about three miles in length, and whose waters have always been clear and cold, suddenly rose almost to boiling point, and became troubled and of noxious smell. Quite recently, from the two remotest points of the volcanic zone, namely, the White Sulphur Isle to the north and Mount Ruapehu and Mount Tongariro to the south, distant 150 miles, came tidings that each was displaying unwonted activity.

The White Island, or Whakari, has been in a state of such violent eruption that the workmen employed in obtaining sulphur thence have been unable to approach it, as it has been enveloped in clouds of red dust, while stones have been projected a thousand feet into the air. The very gannets, and other sea birds which usually abound on the isle, have forsaken it.

At the same time, far away inland, columns of steam, 200 feet in height, have been observed rising from the snowy crown of Ruapehu, a mountain 9,850 feet in height, which has gained the name of the Ice Mountain, because of its dazzling cold purity, as contrasted with the dark cinder-cone which, rising from a base of perpetual snow to a height of 7,800 feet, crowns its neighbour, the sacred Mount Tongariro. The latter is an active volcano, always giving some sign of life, but as concerns Ruapehu, the Maoris have no tradition of its having ever been so. Tongariro has not been actually in eruption since 1871, when, on July 6th, flames were seen issuing from the crater, and the noise of its explosions was heard as far as Tauyanga; but several times of late it has been reported to be enveloped in dense clouds of smoke, and some of the Maoris affirm that it was in violent action some days before the great eruption in the very centre of the volcanic belt.

From these circumstances it would appear as if the internal volcanic matter, seeking an outlet, and failing in eruptive force sufficient to ascend to such high summits as these, had sought a lower exit, and found a convenient channel on Tarawera, which is but a fourth of the height of Ruapehu. Just as in the great volcano on the Isle of Hawaii, there is ceaseless action going on in the crater of Kilauea, which lies on the flank of the mountain at a height of four thousand feet; but it is only when the volcanic forces have developed tremendous energy that the lava-floods can reach the crater on the summit of the mountain, at about four times the height of Kilauea, and when they have accomplished this, then indeed there is cause to dread the outpouring.

I may here observe that amid the many volcanic phenomena with which the Hawaiians are so painfully familiar, there was one which was most circumstantially described to me by eye-witnesses

and sufferers which seems more of a parallel to this recent catastrophe than any other of which I have heard. It occurred on the 2nd of April, 1868, during a period of frightful volcanic commotion, when for ten days the earth never ceased rocking, and which resulted in the eruption of a magnificent but most appalling lava-flood. Ere this found vent there burst from the mountain-side a torrent of mud half a mile wide and about twenty feet deep, which, dashing over a precipice of five hundred feet, and rushing over a grassy slope at such speed as to make three miles in as many minutes, overwhelmed ten houses, burying thirty-one persons and many hundred head of cattle and flocks of goats in hopeless destruction.

A lady whose home lay close to the scene of the disaster told me how, terrified by the incessant earthquakes, which had rent the walls of their house, she and her husband and children fled to a hill, which seemed a more secure position. There they were joined by many natives, who had been at work higher on the mountain-side; and only a few minutes elapsed ere they beheld the earth burst open and pour forth this awful flood from a spot just below where the lowest man had been working. They stood helpless, watching it rush onward till it had overwhelmed their village and buried their wives and little ones. One gentleman told me that he alone lost one thousand head of cattle in this mud-flow, the poor beasts sticking fast in the tough clay. His theory of the outbreak was that a stream of water had flowed underground, and that the lava-stream had struck the subterranean reservoir and generated steam in such volumes as to blow open the hill. Large stones were ejected and forest trees uprooted. This mud-flow was sufficiently liquid to travel many miles to the sea, by which time it had acquired a width of three miles, and terrible was the meeting of that boiling flood with the raging surf.\*

I would further call attention to one more point connected with these Sandwich Isles, and that is the recent total subsidence of the fires in the great Hawaiian volcano. May not this fact have some bearing on the increase of volcanic action in New Zealand, Hawaii forming a central point betwixt the volcanoes of Oregon and those of the Southern Ocean? This seems the more probable as a new volcanic isle is said to have recently arisen on the direct line between Hawaii and New Zealand.

In this New Zealand Lake District eruptions of lava have for many centuries been on a comparatively small scale, almost all symptoms of volcanic action having been confined to the production of mud and sulphur volcanoes, fumaroles, boiling springs, and geysers, all of which are supposed by geologists to be indicative of expiring volcanic forces, as of an old lion whose teeth and claws are worn down and his might a tale of the past. But such forces even in dying may prove to be exceedingly unpleasant neighbours when repre-

\* See "Fire Fountains of Hawaii," vol. I., page 237. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Blackwood.



sented by a mountain saturated with steam, riddled with steam-pipes, and honeycombed with water-craters. The event has fully justified the prophetic words of Dr. Hochstetter, the eminent geologist, who in 1859 encamped at the base of the Paeroa range, and also on a steaming island in Lake Rotomahana. "I am of opinion," said he, "that this whole portion of the mountain up to the Te Kopihia fountain, being as it seems thoroughly decomposed by hot vapours, will some day cause a sudden catastrophe by falling in and covering the Rotoreka Plain with a flood of hot mud."

It was prophecy made easy by the records of the past, for of the only two serious volcanic disasters that have occurred in the last five hundred years, one was the destruction, in 1846, of seventy members of a Maori tribe which had settled at the base of Mount Kakarama, which overlooks the Waikato "hot-water" river. Along its course geysers are so numerous that from some points you can count from sixty to eighty columns of steam in sight at one moment. Indeed, at the point where the river flows into the lake there are upwards of five hundred pools either of boiling mud or boiling water. The mountain itself now appears so thoroughly steamed as to be little more than a soft mass of half-boiled mud, with scalding water and steam issuing from every crevice. From this mountain fell an avalanche of mud, overwhelming the Maori village of Te Rapa and swallowing up all its inhabitants. Te Heu Heu, the chief of the tribe, was a famous warrior, and it is said that when his body had been recovered it was proposed to carry it to the summit of Tongariro, that the flaming mountain might for ever commemorate his fame and the manner of his death; but when his bearers had commenced the ascent, the mountain gave such symptoms of an approaching eruption that they left the corpse and fled.

The only other catastrophe on record is that to which I have referred as having occurred one hundred and twenty years ago at Ohinemutu, on Lake Rotorua, when the waters commenced boiling. The ground subsided, and a pah called Uruika was submerged in the boiling lake, and thirty Maoris were scalded to death. The posts and part of the carved wood of the old pah still lie on the brink of the lake, no one venturing to touch what is esteemed a sacred ruin. It remains as a solemn warning to the settlers in the new city of Rotorua that what has once occurred may happen again. Meanwhile the dead are laid to rest beneath the green turf beside these posts, on ground which is constantly veiled by the steam of innumerable boiling springs.

As regards this latest eruption, everything connected with it goes to prove that it consisted of two distinct acts—first, the dry eruption of red-hot pumice cinders and ash, and then the far more horrible eruption of boiling mud. The force of this explosion was due to an enormous accumulation of super-heated steam. It is assumed that in the convulsive throes which rent the earth while thus seeking an outlet for her superfluous cinders (not lava, for this was conspicuously absent),

the channels of the mighty water-pipes which fed the geysers all around, and within Lake Rotomahana, were rivers, and that the waters thus liberated rushed down and flooded the internal fires, causing the generation of a tremendous body of steam. This in its expansion resulted in the terrific mud eruption, which was shot forth with a force so overwhelming, probably from the boiling depths below the lake. It may be that this mighty rush of steam actually created the hurricane which uprooted the forest and levelled the buildings.

This theory seems perfectly to accord with the shower of red-hot cinders which accompanied that first magnificent column of fiery light rising from the mountain summit, which was so quickly veiled by the cloud of dense darkness. It also accounts for the distinct manner in which showers of dry dust or mud have been separately distributed over so vast a tract of country. The former lies undisturbed chiefly on the district around and beyond Lake Okaro, where now nothing is to be seen but range beyond range of smooth hills of finely-powdered pumice-dust, just as it drifted from the mountain furnace; whereas in the opposite direction, towards Wairoa and Rotorua, a tract of about twenty miles in length by twelve in breadth, though by no means free of dust, is all more or less smothered beneath the thick adhesive grey mud, supposed to have been discharged from the bed of Lake Rotomahana. This mud very quickly commenced hardening like cement, and it remains to be proved whether this becomes an enduring evil, rendering the land utterly barren; or whether, by rapid disintegration, it may prove a blessing in disguise, fertilising hitherto unproductive soil, and resulting in richer pastures. Wherever time and weather have thus done their part on volcanic soil it is almost invariably found that only the action of water is needed to render it peculiarly fertile.

Meanwhile, however, the dust and mud, which for eighteen hours fell in a ceaseless shower, have so effectually destroyed the fern and grass, and all pasture right down to the seaboard on the shores of the Bay of Plenty, that the very rats are starved, and their corpses lie scattered over the thirsty dust-hills, together with those of many birds, some of which have been quite crushed by the force with which the mud had struck them—even living birds were coated with mud; while for some days after the eruption the poor bewildered cattle roamed about this dreary wilderness mad with hunger and thirst, gnawing boughs of trees or decayed wood, bellowing pitifully, and with eyes bloodshot, nostrils choked with greasy slate-coloured mud, which lay, too, an inch thick all over their coats. Of course their owners used every possible effort to supply them with other food, but thousands have now been removed by sea or land to distant pastures; not, however, till many sheep, cattle, and horses were dead—one man having lost a hundred sheep from a single drove—and for many days their corpses lay unburied, making the air pestilential.

One poor horse, which had been securely tethered, was found dead, having evidently struggled



in agony, wild with terror and hunger. Two more made their way home riderless, and as their owner was believed to have been encamped at the base of Tarawera on that awful night, their arrival was deemed a sorry omen as to the fate of their master, who, however, eventually reached home in safety. And after Wairoa had been deserted by the last human being, some explorers found one only sign of life in the ghastly loneliness of the half-buried village, namely, one poor solitary horse, grievously cut and battered by the showers of stones, hobbling painfully along, vainly seeking for a few blades of grass where but a few hours previously all had been so green and beautiful. Three of Mr. McRae's dogs were among the rescued when excavations were commenced at the hotel—parched with thirst, but not much the worse.

Many horses were found lying dead in the creeks where they were wont to find water, but where now only sulphurous ashes mocked their thirst. Others had wandered farther, and had fallen over cliffs, where they rested on ledges of rock, unable to ascend or descend, awaiting certain starvation.

Yet one more pathetic touch from the ruins of the native settlement on the pretty shores of the Blue Lake, where now a dull expanse of deep, sandy mud lies over everything (like a heavy snowfall, veiling destruction the morning after a fire). A gentleman visiting the spot where all was now so still, was attracted by a piteous feeble mewling, and soon discovered two poor little deserted kittens. These he rescued at the cost of both his shoes, as first one and then the other stuck so fast in the mud that he deemed it hopeless to try to extricate them, but the kittens were ere long safely landed in a happy home.

From this tiny detail we can imagine something of the superhuman exertions of the men and horses engaged in the various attempts at rescue-work. Tremendous efforts were made by some of the fugitives from Wairoa to bring away a waggon and a dray loaded with some of their more valuable personal effects, and they succeeded in getting through as far as Lake Tikitapu, where the road lies deep beneath an avalanche of mud, a spur of the mountain ridge, about 150 feet high, having slid down right across the road into the lake. Here the waggon was soon embedded to a depth of ten or eleven feet in soft slush, and all hopes of extricating it have been abandoned. Even where there had been no local landslips to increase the difficulties of transit the horses were repeatedly up to the saddle-flaps in thick, adhesive mud, or else were in imminent danger of slipping headlong down the steep hill into the lake, a hundred feet below, while at other points boiling springs had broken out right in the middle of the road. Under such circumstances we can well realise that horses have died of exhaustion, and men have with difficulty been pulled out of the mud.

Indeed, even the horrors of the eruption could scarcely have exceeded those of two days and nights subsequently spent at Wairoa by Captain and Mrs. Way, who had returned thither with a strong force of Europeans and Maoris in order to try to save some of their property, but found it

was scarcely possible to escape with their lives because of the ceaseless avalanches of mud which fell on every side.

Even the telegraph wires were so thickly coated with mud that they resembled ropes as thick as a candle. In some places the insulators were fused and the posts broken down. Happily this did not affect the communication with the capital, and on the day following the disaster the "Auckland Evening Star" acknowledged receipts of upwards of 11,000 words; and these were followed by from 20,000 to 40,000 words a day from a dozen press correspondents. No wonder that the telegraphists were reported to be "done up," and extra hands required!

Several frightfully dangerous and difficult journeys across the now trackless country have been attempted by successive would-be relief parties, undertaken in the hope of finding some survivors from the native villages at the base of Tarawera. As in order to reach them it was necessary to cross the lake, and all boats and canoes were included in the general wreck, a boat had to be dragged overland all the way from Rotorua to Lake Tarawera, and it may be imagined that this was no easy task. The ordinary coach road had already been proved impassable, for the first explorers who started to the relief of the victims at Wairoa had found fallen trees one hundred and fifty feet in length lying in every direction across the track, and standing trees in flames, while a little farther, the mud avalanches had obliterated every trace of where a road had been.

So the explorers had to make out their way across country—and such country!—dangerous at all times, but now rendered doubly so by the complete effacement of old landmarks, and the uncertainty whether each bank of newly-drifted ash might prove to be five or fifty feet deep. At every step they sank ankle deep, and often up to the knees; so that the transport of the boat for so many miles was indeed a serious piece of work.

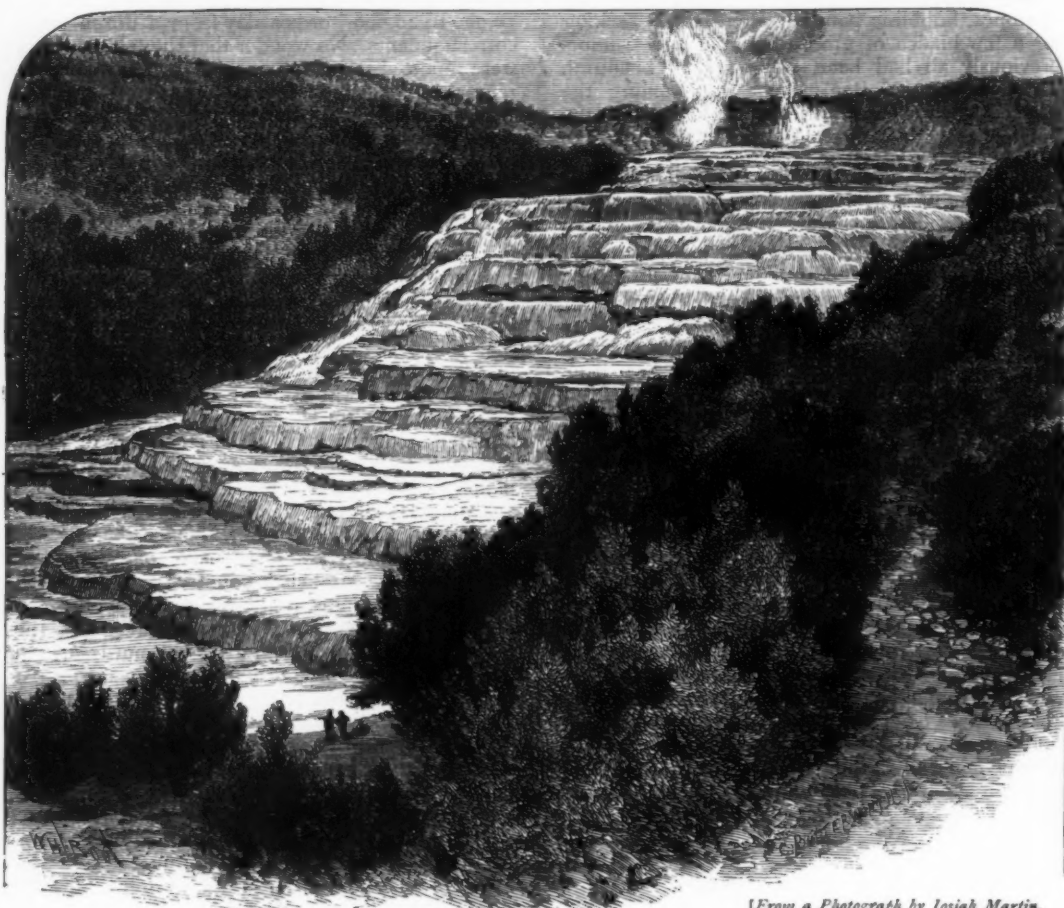
At last they reached the summit of the cliffs which rise perpendicularly from the lake, and with the utmost difficulty they lowered the boat into the water, and rowed successively to the sites where they still hoped to find some trace of the Maori villages, but the result only confirmed their worst fears. The village of Te Ariki lies buried beneath thirty feet of dust and ashes, over which is spread a layer several inches deep of thick clay. They dug to a considerable depth through ashes, which after the lapse of three days were still hot. So they were well assured that of the thirty-five persons there buried none needed their aid. The lake at this point has encroached on the land about four hundred yards. On the other hand, the village of Mourea (a pretty peaceful spot, shaded by pleasant fruit-bearing trees, and having a population of about forty persons) must have slid down bodily into the lake; in fact, quantities of liquid mud continued to slip down, and it was evident that a moderate rainfall at the present time would result in very serious landslips. An effort was next made to reach the home of a highly-respected Maori who had adopted the

Saxon name of Thompson. Not a trace remains of the home which has thus suddenly become the grave of a whole family, including six little ones and a white-haired grandfather.

As the explorers were realising that their labour of love had been all in vain, they espied with their telescopes some objects moving on the ash-ridges far above them. Presently, being satisfied that these were human beings, they fired Mr. Bainbridge's fowling-piece, which they had brought

the lakes, streams, and springs in the district; in fact, there is now not a drop of drinkable water within ten miles of Wairoa.

The Maories estimate the number of their dead at something over a hundred. Of these about forty belonged to the Ngatirangitiki tribe. These perished at Mourea. All the others were of the Tuhourangi tribe, and it is supposed that thirty-five perished at Te Ariki, fourteen at Matakana, and fifteen at Wairoa, which last was the headquar-



[From a Photograph by Josiah Martin.]

THE PINK TERRACE.

with them; whereupon the atoms came sliding down 600 feet of ash slope, and the boat-party had the extreme satisfaction of rescuing nine brave fellows, who, with infinite difficulty, had come hither to ascertain the fate of their kindred. They had travelled six miles, struggling waist deep through ashes, without food or water. But the dangers and toils of the journey had far exceeded their calculations, and it is about certain that but for the timely arrival of the white men they too would have perished. On reaching the boat their parching thirst proved a heavy drain on the supply of drinking water, which had been brought from afar, as the waters of the lake were muddy and sulphurous, as indeed are those of all

ters of the tribe, of whom 250 had their homes in the now desolated settlement. The village of Waitangi, on the other side of the mountain, has also been destroyed. A few days after the catastrophe the survivors assembled in force at Ohinemutu, there to hold a *tangi*, or ceremonial of wailing for the dead.

Several days elapsed before it was possible for any explorers to reach Lake Rotomahana, in order to ascertain the fate of the lovely Pink and White Terraces. Alas! a near approach proved beyond doubt that they were numbered with the things of the past, and where but a few days previously the wild fowl were swimming securely among the reeds and sedges which bor-

dered the quiet lake, there now exists only a chaotic wilderness of cones and craters, all in hideous activity, ejecting clouds of pestilential black smoke and showers of stones. One gentleman counted eleven such craters, on the side of the lake near to where he stood, but dense clouds of mingling steam and smoke obscured the farther view of the lake, so whether that was also a sort of mushroom-bed of young cones and craters, or whether it was merely transformed into a great boiling cauldron, remained uncertain.

One large crater was in full action on the spot where the beautiful Pink Terrace had hitherto gladdened all visitors by its loveliness, and another, apparently close to the White Terrace, was throwing up masses of black dust and steam, which rose in columns thousands of feet in height. An artist on the "New Zealand Herald" staff was so eager to obtain a sketch of the scene that he narrowly escaped adding one more to the list of victims, for a moment after he had left the brink the whole ground where he had stood slid down bodily into the crater. The roaring of the steam rising from the chasm between the Pink and White Terraces was appalling and the sulphurous stench suffocating. Every now and then a more deafening booming accompanied a violent explosion, shooting up liquid mud. One such shower, starting from a base about two hundred yards long, was shot up perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, falling in seven separate tapering columns. The whole scene was stupendous and bewildering beyond all possibility of description. And now we learn that a very rash speculator had actually made all arrangements for building an hotel on the brink of the Pink Terrace! The licence was taken, and the ground for the site prepared. Had the eruption been delayed a few months the hotel would have been crowded with servants and travellers!

In the Wonderland of North America a large hotel is similarly erected upon a great geyser terrace, and a dormant water-crater is the receptacle for all drainage!

In the midst of these fiery details it is startling to learn that the chief suffering of the explorers was due to extreme cold. It was impossible to make way at all, except bare-footed and bare-legged, as they had to plunge knee-deep through ice-cold mud, which so chilled them that when they found a warm pool and ventured to bathe in it the returning circulation caused acute pain.

Mount Tarawera was seen to be rent from top to bottom in two places. One of these chasms is about 900 feet long by 600 in width. Flames and smoke still rose from the fissures, as also from seven newly-formed craters. The alteration of the general form of the mountain by the collapse of its south side has been familiarly compared to the effect of knocking in the front of a felt hat.

Of its stupendous discharge of steam and smoke we may form some estimate from a scientific observation taken from New Plymouth, on the seaboard, a distance of upwards of two hundred miles. The height of the mountain is less than 2,000 feet, but the majestic cloud-pillar is computed by theodolite observation to lie

24,000 feet above the sea level, thus reaching vertically four miles above the mountain! All day long this wondrous canopy appeared to be of a lovely rose-colour, but tinged towards the horizon with a deep red glare.

Some of the Maoris assert that on one day since the eruption the waters in Lake Tarawera rose suddenly about forty feet, which may partly account for the devastation of its beautiful shores. Now all the picturesque rocks are battered down and buried in mud, as are also the noble old trees which overhung its clear waters. The acacias which once formed a pleasant grove at Karara were seen floating on the lake a mile from the shore. The grand Pohutakawas (known to the settlers as Christmas tree, because it is then clothed in a wreath of scarlet blossom) are all destroyed. The "Wishing Stone," on which all who travelled on the lake laid their offering to propitiate the water-spirits, has disappeared.

A tract of forest at the back of the Okareka Lake seems to have escaped, but everywhere else the trees are utterly destroyed, and the whole country has been compared to a vast bush clearing after the fire has swept over it, only instead of being a blackened expanse, the whole is now thickly coated with smooth piles of dull grey ash, sometimes, indeed, appearing almost white in the sunlight, but altogether dreary. Only one mountain, Maunga-Kokarama, has so singularly escaped the ash shower that it retains its covering of green fern, in attractive contrast with the desolate waste around.

The lovely New Zealand bush, with its beautiful undergrowth of tall tree-ferns and its varied foliage, has so rapidly disappeared before the settler's axe (which sacrifices the noblest trees for firewood, and groves of exquisite tree-ferns for the temporary repair of a road!) that it is the more grievous that the fires of the mountain should have consumed what little has been spared by ruthless man. Hitherto a very pretty tract of primeval forest has fringed the shores of the lovely blue Lake Tikitapu, but now this is utterly destroyed. In the hurricane of that awful night, its largest trees were uprooted, others were burnt by the fall of fiery cinders, while such as still remain are poor battered corpses, stripped of leaves and branches by the pitiful showers of stones, and now thickly coated with mud. The forest soil now lies buried beneath a covering of volcanic ash and mud, nowhere less than three feet deep, while the blue waters of Lake Tikitapu and the clear green waters of Lake Rotokahi are alike transformed to a dirty brown.

From the condition of that fallen forest we gather a striking proof of that change in the direction of the wind by which the settlements of Ohinemutu and Rotorua were so wonderfully saved. All the fallen trees lie towards the west, the bark being torn off the east side of such as still stand, while on the south side only every tree is thickly coated with mud.

Such are a few of the principal details connected with this terrible display of the volcanic forces still at work—a display which has awakened some qualms in the inhabitants of Auckland, the



capital of the North Isle, for on that awful night they too were awakened by a noise as of heavy cannonading, with violent explosions and reverberations. Auckland itself, with its population of 138,000 persons, is only about 120 miles in a direct line from Rotorua, and it is built in the very heart of a cluster of most perfect volcanoes of comparatively recent formation. Since Tarawera has awakened from his long sleep, "like

a giant refreshed with wine," who can foretell what surprises Mount Eden and Rangitoto, and the whole group of sixty-three cones in that neighbourhood, may yet have in store? Meanwhile, however, there is good reason to hope that Tarawera has proved an effectual safety-valve, and that our brethren in the Southern Ocean may abide in peace for another cycle of at least five hundred years.

### A MYSTERIOUS INTERPOSITION.

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," says Shakespeare, in "Hamlet," and I can endorse the assertion from my own experience in connection with a mysterious train of events which occurred to myself many years ago.

I am a physician, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, but have long ago retired from that profession, and am now rector of a country parish in the south of England.

The events I am now about to relate are indelibly impressed upon my memory. They occurred in my own medical practice nearly thirty years ago, and are strictly true in every particular.

I held at that time the appointment of physician and surgeon to a charitable institution close to the town of M—, in the south of Ireland, and my private practice extended many miles in all directions in the surrounding country.

My father was rector of the parish of D—, about ten miles distant, and I, being a special favourite of my late dear mother, made it my constant practice, as well as my pleasing duty, to ride or drive over every Sunday morning and spend as much of that day as my professional duties permitted in the society of my loved ones in my old happy home.

It was on a Saturday, towards the end of July or the beginning of August, in the year 185—. I had had an unusual amount of professional work (as I generally had on that day of the week, in order to facilitate my Sunday home visit), and on retiring at a late hour, fagged and weary both in mind and body, I soon fell asleep.

I know not how long I had slept, perhaps two or three hours, when my slumbers were interrupted by a dream from which I awoke in the greatest trouble and distress, but, to my intense relief, I found it was only a dream, and soon composed myself to rest again.

My dream was this: I heard a troubled voice calling me in urgent tones; I arose, as I thought, and followed; the distance seemed considerable, but in a short time I arrived at a house, the appearance of which was quite strange to me. I was led upstairs quickly, and a door to the left of the corridor was opened, and a woman (of lady-like appearance) met me, and gently but earnestly grasping my arm, led me to the side of a large

four-post bed on which lay a man, apparently dying. He seemed an old man, grey and worn; his eyes were half closed, his lips were purple, his breathing rapid and laboured; and, on taking his hand, I could find no pulsation. The same voice seemed to say, "Oh! he is our father, save him if you can."

I had been, although I say it myself, somewhat of a successful practitioner. I had been enabled, under Providence, to save life in extreme emergencies; but here in my dream I felt utterly powerless—I could do nothing. The case I thought was beyond all human help. I tried to express the same, but was unable to do so; I could not find words to speak the fatal truth; when, in my distress and sorrow, but to my intense relief, I awoke, and—"behold, it was a dream!"

I lay awake some time meditating on this strange vision. So real it seemed that I could scarcely believe it had been nothing but a dream—the association of disjointed scenes and thoughts connected with my professional duties; but feeling assured that this must have been so, and dismissing the subject from my mind, I soon fell asleep again.

But, no; the same vision haunted me again—the same urgent, agonised cry—the same voice asking help in haste! Again I followed. The same house; the same flight of stairs; the same room; the bed; the patient—all the incidents of my former dream were most vividly enacted again. And, in the same distress, I awoke the second time.

What could it be? I was not superstitious; was not disposed to believe in dreams or omens of any kind; and yet I was strangely perplexed. What could the vision mean? for, from its apparent reality and circumstantial nature, I felt assured that it had a meaning; but what that meaning might be I could not imagine nor conjecture.

It was a beautiful summer morning when I awoke the second time. The sun was shining brightly; no sounds without, which could have disturbed my rest, except the gentle singing of the birds, as if to hail, and rejoice in, the blessings of the new-born day. I was in perfect health and strength, troubled with no dyspeptic nightmares or other functional disturbances of the



system. How, then, could I account for the mental and physical impressions caused by this dream fancy?

Putting aside, however, these thoughts as well as I was able, and feeling still unrefreshed, I slept again; but the same vision visited me the third time, only with far less reality than before—the voice less urgent and more composed; and, although the countenance of the patient seemed just as before, and all the symptoms the same, yet the faces of those who stood at the bedside no longer wore that look of agonised suspense, but seemed full of hopeful confidence and quiet expectation.

I awoke at my usual hour, and when I had almost finished breakfast my groom came in to inquire whether I preferred to ride on horseback or to travel in my gig on my usual Sunday visit. Hesitating a few moments, I replied that I should not go to D—that day, but would attend the neighbouring church, so he need not bring the horse out. He seemed much surprised, and continued fumbling the handle of the door with perplexed looks. Seeing that he was full of curiosity, but hesitated to ask my reason for departing from my usual custom, I said, "The fact is, John, I have had a strange troubled dream, that I was called to an urgent case, and although I think nothing of it, yet I have decided not to be out of the way this morning."

I went accordingly to the parish church at K—, and thought no more of my dream.

Immediately after the service what was my astonishment when a gentleman, Mr. H—i, with whom I was well acquainted, came to me, and, with much anxiety in his tone and manner, said, "Doctor, I am so thankful to see you here to-day; my steward, Mr. S—, is dangerously ill; his family are stupid and careless people, and I fear have neglected to get advice. God grant it may not be too late; his life is of all value to his family, and to me his loss would be great, as he is manager of a large part of my property. Will you oblige me by going with all possible speed, and save his life if you can?"

Hastily taking note of his name, hitherto unknown to me, and the name and position of his residence, which was situated about three miles off, and which I had never visited or seen, I was soon in the saddle, and shortly alighted at the sick man's door.

There astonishment after astonishment followed in quick succession. It was the same house I had seen in my dream. I ascended the same flight of stairs, the chamber door was in the same position at the left side of the landing, the same woman (who I found was Mrs. S—) met me at the door, pressed my arm in the same manner as I had dreamed, and led me to the bedside. The bed was an old-fashioned four-post without curtains, but with a valance round the top, precisely as I had seen in my dream. The furniture of the room was also the same; two grown-up daughters were in the room, their features were the same as those I had seen, and the voice of one of them I recognised in speaking the same words I have already related in my vision.

Turning my eyes to the patient, there he lay just as I had seen him. He was suffering from pneumonia, and was far advanced in the second stage of that dangerous complaint. His lips were livid, his pulse imperceptible, extremities cold, semi-comatose, and apparently almost *in articulo mortis*.

"How is this?" I involuntarily exclaimed; "I have seen him before." "No, you never have," was the reply. "Yes," said I, "but I have, though; and what's more, with God's help, I'll save his life, for I will not believe, I cannot believe I have been sent here so strangely only to see him die."

"Bring me up a bottle of your best port wine." It was brought. I filled a tumbler full, and, raising his head, I made him drink it to the last drop. "Now fill it again full to the brim, and you, his daughter, hold it to his lips and make him take it also, if you can, while I do something more."

I raised his sleeve, tied up his arm, and opened the median cephalic. He seemed unconscious of the sharp wound of the lancet. An anxious pause of a few moments succeeded, and then the vital fluid came—dark and thick as treacle; but as he continued to drink the wine the collapsed powers of the system rallied. The blood began to flow in a full and natural stream, and as it flowed the pulse returned to the wrist. Slowly but perceptibly the symptoms were relieved, and as I bound up his arm, having taken away as much as I could with safety of the inflammatory and vitiated fluid, I was glad to be able to assure his anxious relatives that, although by no means out of danger, yet that every hope might be entertained of his ultimate perfect recovery.

The after treatment in this case I need not describe. It will be sufficient to say that he both required and received the most careful attention, and with the happiest results.

And here let me remark—in anticipation of hostile criticism—that from long experience and careful observation I am unable to understand the prejudice which now exists almost universally against the use of the lancet. It was the abuse of this powerful arm in the hands of the ignorant pretender which caused that prejudice.

I do not say that the active remedial measures I adopted in this case are needed in all cases of pneumonia. When there is time, and in the incipient stage, other treatment is in most cases successful. But I do believe that in this particular instance nothing but the treatment I have described could have saved his life. The symptoms were urgent. My "premonition" of the case, as I must call it, prepared me to act without hesitation and without delay.

The result was verified in the man's perfect recovery. Within a month from that day he actually walked to my house to thank me for having been the agent, under Providence, of his restoration to his family, to whom his life was so valuable, and by whom he seemed to be so greatly beloved.

I give these simple facts exactly as they occurred. I cannot even suggest a likely solution of the mystery. The circumstances were altogether singular, and to me to this day quite unaccountable.

J. L. COTTER, M.D.

## A POOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE LOST SON.



THEY ASKED EACH OTHER WHAT IT WOULD BE BEST TO SAY.

THE parents respected poor Wat's seclusion, his misery and trouble, though it was so hard to keep away from him; not to go and talk to him, remonstrating or consoling; not to carry him a tray, to implore him to eat a little. They resisted all these impulses: the last, perhaps, was the most difficult. Lady Penton had to call to her all the forces of her mind, to strengthen herself by every consideration of prudence, before she could overcome the burning desire which came back and back, with renewed temptation, a hundred times in the course of the evening to take up that tray. A few sandwiches, a little claret, or some beer, would have done him no harm; and who could tell whether he had eaten enough to sustain his strength in the course of the day? But, what with her own self-reminders that it was wiser to leave him to himself, what with the half taunts, half remonstrances of her

husband—"If I am not to say a word to him, which I believe is nonsense, why should you?"—holding herself as it were with both hands, she managed to refrain. The first time that such a breach comes into a family—that one member of it withdraws in darkness and silence into his own room, not to be disturbed, not to be found fault with, not even to be comforted—till to-morrow—how keen is the pang of the separation, how poignant the sense of his solitude and anguish! In such circumstances it is the culprit generally who suffers least. The grieved and perhaps angered parents, pondering what to say to him, how to do what is best for him, how not to say too much, afraid to make the fault appear too grave, afraid to make too little of it, casting about in their anxious souls what to do: the brothers and sisters looking on in the background, questioning each other with bated breath, their imaginations all

busy with that too touching, too suggestive picture of the offender in his room, left to himself, eating nothing, communicating with nobody—how dreadful when it is for the first time! what a heartbreaking and hopeless wretchedness when custom has made it common, and there is no longer any confidence in remonstrance or appeal. It is generally some evident breach of the proprieties or minor morals that is the cause of such a domestic event. But this time nobody knew what Walter had done. What had he done? it could not be anything wrong. He had quarrelled with father: to be sure that was as though the heavens had fallen: but yet it could only be a mistake. Father no doubt had been impatient; Wat had been affronted. They had not waited, either of them, to explain. The girls made it clear to each other in this way. At all events, it was all over now. No doubt poor Wat had spent a miserable day: but no one would remind him of it by a word, by so much as a look, and it was all over, and would be remembered no more.

The parents got up in the morning with many a troubled thought. They asked each other what it would be best to say. Perhaps it would be wisest to say as little as possible: perhaps only to point out to him that, in his position, now truly the heir of Penton, any premature matrimonial project would be ruinous: that he was far too young; that in any case, supposing the lady were the most eligible person in the world, it would be necessary to wait.

"If that is what he is thinking of," said Sir Edward.

"What else could he be thinking of?" cried Lady Penton.

Or if perhaps it was only a passing folly, a foolish little flirtation, nothing serious at all? Then perhaps a few words only, to remind him that in his position one must not do such things, one must not lead a silly girl to form expectations—

"Oh, bother the silly girl!" said Sir Edward; "what are her expectations to us? It is Wat I am thinking of."

"Dear Edward," said the mother, "he will be far, far more likely to see the folly of it if you show him that it might have a bad effect upon another."

At this Sir Edward shook his head, thinking that his wife did not here show her usual good sense, but he made no objection in words, and finally it was decided between them that as little as possible was to be said, nothing at all at first, and that the poor boy was to be allowed to have his breakfast in peace.

But at breakfast Walter did not appear. It was thought at first that he was late on purpose, waiting perhaps till the children had finished—till he might have a hope of being alone; or at least, if he had to face his father, to secure that no one else should be present when he was called to account. By-and-by, however, a thrill of alarm began to be felt; and then came a terrible disclosure which froze their very blood—Gardener coming to his work very early in the morning had met Mr. Walter leaving the house. He had on his big greatcoat and a bag in his hand, and he was in a

great hurry, as a man might be who was bent on catching the seven o'clock train. Walter's room was searched at once in case he should have left a note or anything to explain: but there was not a scrap of explanation. He was gone, that was clear. He had taken some linen, a change of dress in his bag; his drawers were left open, and all the contents thrown about, as is usual when a man selects for himself a few articles of dress to take with him. The look of these drawers carried dismay to his mother's heart. He was gone. Where had he gone? So young, so little accustomed to independent action, so ignorant of the world! Where had the boy gone? what had happened to him? Lady Penton recollected after the event, as we so often do, that Walter had made no response to her suggestions of what was to be said and done to-morrow. He had answered "Good night, mother," and no more; that was no answer. He had never said he would accept her advice to-morrow, that he would discuss what had happened, or hear what his father had to say. "Good night, mother," that was all he had said. And oh! she might have known, when he eluded the subject in this way—she might have known! She ought to have been on her guard. Sir Edward said very little; his face grew dark with anger and indignation, and he walked off at once in the direction of the village without saying where he meant to go. All at once from their happiness and unsuspecting peace the family plunged into that depth of dismay and misery which comes with the first great family anxiety. It seemed to them all who were old enough to understand anything about it that a great shame and horror had come into the midst of them. Walter had left home without a word; they did not know where he was, or why he had gone, or in whose company. Could anything be more terrible? Just grown to man's estate, and he had disappeared, and no one knew where he had gone!

The period that followed is beyond description in these pages. Out of the clear serenity of innocent life this blameless household fell—as into an abyss of terror and shame, of new experiences unthought of, and new conditions. The girls, with a gasp, behind backs, scarcely daring to look at each other, heard their mother say to Mab, who was so great an aggravation of their trouble, that Walter had gone—to town on business; that he had preparations to make and things to get before he went to Oxford. Lady Penton said this in a voice which scarcely faltered, looking the visitor, who was so sadly out of place in the midst of the agitated company, in the face all the time.

"Oh, to be sure," said Mab, "they always do. Any excuse is good enough for gentlemen, don't you think, Lady Penton? they are always so pleased to get to town."

Lady Penton looked quite gratefully at the girl. "Yes," she said; "they all like it."

"And so should I," said little Mab, "if I were a boy."

It was not of any importance what little Mab said, and yet it was astonishing how it comforted Lady Penton. She said to the girls afterwards that living so quietly as they had all done made



people disposed to make mountains out of mole-hills. "But you see that little girl thinks it quite a common sort of thing," she said.

But Sir Edward's gloomy face was not a thing that was capable of any disguise. He was in movement the whole day long. He went all about, taking long walks, and next day went up to London, and was absent from morning to night. He never said anything, nor did the girls venture to question him. There seemed to have grown a great difference between them—a long, long interval separating him from his daughters. He had long private conversations with his wife when he came back; indeed, she would withdraw into the book-room when she saw him coming, as if to be ready for him. And they would shut themselves up and talk for an hour at a time, with a continuous low murmur of voices.

"Oh, mother, tell us," Ally or Anne would cry when they could find her alone for a moment, "is there any news? has father found anything out?" to which Lady Penton would reply, with a shake of her head, "Your father hopes to find him very soon. Oh, don't ask questions! I am not able to answer you," she would say.

This seemed to go on for ages—for almost a lifetime—so that they began to forget how peaceful their lives had been before; and to go into Walter's room, which they did constantly, and look at his bed, made up in cold order and tidiness, never disturbed. To see it all so tidy, not even a pair of boots thrown about or a tie flung on the table, made their hearts die within them. It was as if Walter were dead—almost worse. It seemed more dreadful than death to think that they did not know where he was.

And Mab stayed on for one long endless week. Some one of them had always to be with her, trying to amuse her; talking, or making an effort to talk. Lady Penton was the one who succeeded best. She would let the girl chatter to her for an hour together, and never miss saying the right thing in the right place, or giving Mab the appropriate smile and encouragement. How could she do it? the girls wondered and asked each other. Did she like that little chatter? How did she bear it? Did it make her forget? Or finally—a suggestion which they hardly dared to make—did mother not care so very much? Was that possible? When one is young and very young, one cannot believe that the older people suffer as one feels one's self to suffer. It seems impossible that they can do it. They go steadily on and order dinner every day, and point out to the housemaid when she has not dusted as she ought. This suggestion to the housemaid (which they called scolding Mary) was a great stumbling-block to the girls. They did not understand how their mother could be very miserable about Walter, and yet find fault, nay, find out at all the dust upon the books. They themselves lived in a world suddenly turned into something different from the world they had known, where the air kept whispering as if it had a message to deliver, and sounds were about the house at night as of some one coming, always coming, who never came. They had not known what the mystery of the darkness was before, the

great profundity of night in which somewhere their brother might be wandering homeless, in what trouble and distress who could tell? or what aching depths of distance was in the great full staring daylight, through which they gazed and gazed and looked for him, but never saw him. How intolerable Mab became with her chatter; how they chafed even at their mother's self-command, and the steadiness with which she went on keeping the house in order, it would be difficult to say. Their father, though they scarcely ventured to speak to him in his self-absorbed and resentful gloom, had more of their sympathy. He not only suffered, but looked as if he suffered. He lost his colour, he lost his appetite, he was restless, incapable of keeping still. He could no longer bear the noise of the children, and sickened at the sight of food. And there was Mab all the time, to whom Lady Penton had told that story about Walter, but who, they felt sure, knew better, having learned to read their faces, and to see the restrained misery, the tension of suspense. Oh, if this spectator, this observer, with her quick eyes, which it was so difficult to elude, would but go away!

At last it was announced that the Russell Pentons were coming to fetch her, an event which the household regarded with mingled relief and alarm. Sir Edward's face grew gloomier than ever. "They have come to spy out the nakedness of the land," he said; "Alicia will divine what anxiety we are in, and she will not be sorry."

"Oh, hush, Edward," said his wife; "we do not want her to be sorry. Why should she be sorry? she knows nothing."

"You think so," he cried; "but depend upon it everybody knows."

"Why should everybody know? Nobody shall know from me; and the girls will betray nothing. They know nothing, poor children. If you will only try to look a little cheerful yourself, and keep up appearances—"

"Cheerful!" he said, with something of the same feeling as the girls had, that she could not surely care so much. Was it possible that she did not care? But nevertheless he tried to do something to counteract that droop of his mouth, and make his voice a little more flexible and natural, when the sound of the wheels on the gravel told that the Pentons had come. Meanwhile Mab had gone, attended by the sisters, to make her preparations for going. They had packed her things for her, an office to which she was not accustomed, while she mourned over her departure, and did their best not to show her that this was a feeling they did not share.

Mab lingered a little after the carriage arrived. She wanted to show her sympathy, though it was not quite easy to see how that was to be done. She remained silent for a minute or so, and then she said, "I haven't liked to say anything, but I've been very, very sorry," giving Ally a sudden kiss as she spoke.

The two girls looked at each other, as was their wont, and Anne, who was always the most prompt, asked, "Sorry for what?"

"Do you really, really not know where he is?"

said Mab, without pausing to reply. "I think I could tell you where he is. He is in town with—some one—"

"Some one?" they both cried, with a sudden pang of excitement, as though they were on the verge of a discovery; for unless she knew something—though how could she know anything?—it seemed impossible that she could speak so.

"Oh, the one he went out every night to see. There must have been somebody. When they go out every night like that it is always to see—some one," she said, nodding her head in the certainty of her superior knowledge of the world.

"Oh, how do you know? You are mistaken if you think that Walter—how can you know about such things?"

"Because I am little," said Mab, "and not very old, that's not to say that I haven't been a great deal about: and I've heard people talking. They pretend they don't talk before girls. I suppose they think they don't. They stop themselves just enough to make you want to find out, and then they forget you are there, and say all sorts of things. That's where he is, you may be sure: and he will come back by-and-by, especially if he wants money. You needn't be afraid. That is what they all do. Oh, listen; they are calling us from downstairs! I am so sorry I must go: I wish I could stay: I like this better than any place I ever stayed at, and you've all been so kind. Write to me and tell me, will you, all about it? I shall be anxious to know. But don't make yourselves miserable, for he will come back when he has spent his money, or when—Yes, we are coming! We are coming! Ally, mind you write and tell me. I shall want so much to know."

They tried to interrupt her again and again to tell her she was mistaken; that Walter had only gone to town; that they were not anxious, or ignorant where he was, or unhappy about him: with much more to the same effect; but Mab's cheerful certainty that she was right overpowered their faltering affirmations, of which she took no notice. She kissed them both with enthusiasm in the midst of her little harangue, and ran on with expressions of her regret as they went downstairs. "Oh, I wish Lady Penton would have me for good," Mab said; "but you don't care for me as I do for you."

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room, Lady Penton was receiving her visitors with an eager cordiality that was scarcely consistent with her nature, and which was meant to show not only that she was entirely at her ease, but that her husband's gloom, which he had tried to shake off, but not very successfully, did not mean anything. As a matter of fact, the Russell Pentons, knowing nothing of the circumstances of Walter's disappearance, were quite unaware of any effort, or any reason why an effort should be made. They interpreted the husband's half-resentful looks—for that was the natural aspect of distress with Edward Penton—and the excessive courtesy and desire to please, of his wife, as fully accounted for by the position towards each other in which the

two families stood. Why should Edward Penton be resentful? He had got his rights, those rights upon which he had stood so strongly when his cousin Alicia had paid her previous visit. She was ready to put a private interpretation of her own on everything she saw. He had resisted then her proposals and overtures, although afterwards he had been anxious to accede to them; and now he was disappointed and vexed that the bargain against which he had stood out at first had come to nothing, and that she would not relieve him from the burden of the expensive house which he had first refused to give up and then been so anxious to be quit of. How inconsistent! How feeble! And the wife endeavouring with her little fuss of politeness to make up, perhaps thinking that she might succeed where her husband had failed! This was how Mrs. Russell Penton interpreted the aspect of the poor people whose object was to conceal their unhappiness from all eyes, and that nobody might have a word to say against the boy who was racking their hearts.

"I have been sorry to leave Mab so long, to give you the trouble," Mrs. Russell Penton said, with her stiff dignity. "Her uncle, in his consideration for me, did not think of your inconvenience, I fear."

"There has been no inconvenience. We are so many that one more or less does not matter. We have treated her without ceremony, as one of the family—"

"And made her very happy, evidently," said Russell Penton. "She is very unwilling to come away."

And then there was a pause. That Mab Russell, the heiress, should be treated as one of the family by these poor Pentons was to Alicia a reversal of every rule which she could scarcely accept without a protest. "It must have been a glimpse of life very different from anything she has been accustomed to," she said at last.

"Yes, poor little thing! with no brothers or sisters of her own."

"She has compensations," said Russell Penton, with a glimmer of humour in his eyes. But Lady Penton looked at him without any response in hers. He was so surprised at this, and bewildered that Mab's value should not be known, that involuntarily, out of the commotion in his own mind, he put a question which seemed full of meaning to the troubled listeners. "I don't see your son," he said.

The father and mother exchanged a miserable look. "It is known, then," their eyes said to each other; and in spite of herself the blood rushed to Lady Penton's face and then ebbed away again, leaving her faint and pallid; but she made an effort at a smile. "Walter," she said "is not at home. He is going to Oxford in a month or two, and he is away for a little."

"Taking a holiday?" suggested Russell Penton, with a curious consciousness, though without any understanding, of trouble in the air.

"Oh, it is rather—business," said the mother. Sir Edward did not change that aspect of severe gravity which he had borne all the time. He

had too much set wretchedness in his face to change as she did. "You have been more good to him," she continued, glad of the excuse which justified her trembling voice, "more good than words can say."

"I have no right to any credit: I only carried out my father's wishes," said Mrs. Penton. How severe her tone was! how clear that she was aware that Walter, the recipient of her kindness, had shown himself unworthy! If anything could have made these poor people more unhappy it was this—that their precautions seemed useless and their trouble known.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

THE Russell Pentons stayed a long time—at least, these anxious people thought so, who believed their visitors to be noting the signs of their unhappiness, and forming still stronger and stronger conclusions against their son. The effort Lady Penton made to carry on the conversation was one of those efforts, gigantic, unappreciated, in which women have sometimes to make an expenditure of strength which is equal to years of ordinary exertion. Who can tell the burden it was to talk, to smile, to exhaust all the trivial subjects that occurred to her, to keep at a distance all those graver topics which might bring in Walter—which might lead to discussion of where he was or how employed? She saw, so to speak, half a mile off those tendencies of conversation which might lead to him, and, with a sudden leap, would get away from these to another and another theme, which each in its turn would have to be dismissed and avoided. "All roads lead to Rome," says the proverb; and when there is a certain subject which it is desirable to avoid, all the streamlets of conversation, by some curious tendency, go to that with infallible force. Lady Penton had to go through a series of mental gymnastics to avoid it—to keep her visitors from any thought of Walter—to hide him, or rather to hide the terrible blank in the house where he ought to have been. Had he been in his usual place the conversation would never have touched him; and, as a matter of fact, the Russell Pentons did not think of him any more than they did of Horry in the nursery, a stray shout from whom could sometimes be heard, leaving no one in any doubt as to his whereabouts. But the mother, flying from subject to subject, talking as she had never been known to talk in her life before, and her taciturn husband, who said not a word that he could help saying—both felt that their misery was open and evident, that the Russell Pentons were saying in their hearts, "Poor people!" or making reflections that the boy's upbringing must have been bad indeed when he had "gone wrong" at such an early age. Lady Penton felt instinctively that this was what must be going through Alicia's mind. The childless woman always says so—it is one of the commonplaces of morals. If he had been brought up as he ought he would not have gone wrong. This and a hundred other things

went buzzing through the poor mother's head, confusing her as she talked and talked. "Oh," she said to herself, "it is better that they should think that!—better blame us—blame *me*, who have been over-indulgent, perhaps, or over-severe—over-anything, so long as they do not blame *him*!" But the father was not so disinterested; he was angry as well as miserable. He would have had Walter bear his own guilt; he would not allow those critics who had never had a son to say that it was the parents' fault. So he stood with that resentment in his face, saying so little, only making an annoyed remark when appealed to, short, with suppressed temper in it, while his wife smiled and ran on. How like Edward Penton that was! his cousin thought. He had made a proposal to her which she in her pride would not accept, and his pride could not forgive her. Alicia felt that she understood it all—as well as the silly attempt of the wife to smooth it all over and make peace between them—as if the two Pentons did not understand each other better than any outsider! as if this question between them could be smoothed away by her!

"You will let me come back again?" said Mab, rubbing her little cheek like a kitten against Lady Penton's ear. "I will never go away unless you say that I may come back."

"What a threat!" said Russell Penton. "In order to get rid of you, Mab, the promise will have to be made."

"Not to get rid of her: we don't want to get rid of her. Yes, my dear, certainly, as soon—as soon as we are settled, when the house is not so dull—"

"It isn't dull, no one can be dull with you. I will tell you what I want in a whisper. I want to come and stay altogether; I want you to have me altogether," said Mab, in the confidence of her wealth.

"My dear!" cried Lady Penton, faltering. In spite of her preoccupations she was a little alarmed. She put it off with a kiss of farewell. "You must come as often as you like," she said. "It is sweet of you to wish to come. We shall always be glad to see you, either here or—wherever we may be."

"At Penton," said Mab, once more rubbing her little head against the woman to whom she clung. "Uncle Russell, oh, ask her to have me! there is no place where I could be so happy."

"You must come as soon as we are settled," said Lady Penton, in real panic, putting the suppliant away.

Alicia had turned during this too tender and prolonged leavetaking, with a little indignation, to the master of the house. She had never herself either attracted or been attracted to Mab, and she felt resentful, annoyed, even jealous—though she cared nothing for the little thing and her whims—of this sudden devotion. She stood by her cousin, who was resentful and indignant too. "Edward," she said to him, "we needn't quarrel, at least. I know you meant well in offering me Penton. Don't be displeased because I couldn't accept it—I couldn't, from any one, unless it had been my right."



"Penton! do you think of nothing but Penton?" he cried, suddenly, with an incomprehensible impatience of the subject—that subject which had once seemed so important, which appeared to him so small now.

"I speak for the sake of peace," she said, coldly; "that need not stand between us now. We go away in a week. The things I mean to remove will be gone within a month. What I wish you to know is, that you may make arrangements for your removal as soon as you please."

"Oh, for our removal! yes, yes," he said, impatiently; "there is no hurry about that: if that was all one had to think of—"

"I am sorry that you should have other things to think of. To me it seems very important," Mrs. Russell Penton said.

"Ah! you have nobody but yourself to be concerned about," he said. But then he met his wife's look of warning, and added no more.

Russell Penton lingered a little behind the rest. "Let me speak a word to you," he said, detaining Lady Penton; and her heart, which had begun to beat feebly as an end approached to this excitement, leapt up again with an energy which made her sick and faint. Could he know something about Walter? might he have some news to tell her? Her face flushed, and then became the colour of ashes, a change of which he was wonderingly aware, though without a notion as to why it was. "You are alarmed," he said, "about—"

"No, no!" she interrupted, faintly; "not alarmed. Oh no, you must not think so—not frightened at all," but with fear pale and terrible, and suspense which was desperate, in every line of her countenance.

Russell Penton himself grew frightened too. "There is nothing to alarm you," he said, "about little Mab."

"Oh!" the breath which had almost failed her came back. A sudden change came over her face; she smiled, though her smile was ghastly. "About—Mab?" she said.

"It is alarming, the way in which she flings herself upon you; but you must let me explain. I see that you think her just a little girl like any other, and her proposal to come and stay with you altogether is enough to make even the most generous pause. But that is not what she means, Lady Penton. She is very rich; she is a little heiress."

The words did not seem to convey much significance to Lady Penton's bewildered soul. "A little heiress," she repeated, vaguely, as if that information threw no light upon the matter. Was she stupid? he asked himself, or ridiculously disinterested, altogether unlike the other women who have sons? "Very rich—really with a great fortune—but no home. She is too young to live by herself. She has never developed the domestic affections before. I should like very well to keep her, but it would be a burden on Alicia. Will you think it over? She has evidently set her heart on you, and it would do her so much good to be with people she cared for. There would of course be a very good allowance, if you will let me say so. Do think it over."

They had reached the door by this time, where Sir Edward was solemnly putting his cousin into her carriage. Mr. Russell Penton pressed Lady Penton's hand with a little meaning as he said good-bye. "Walter might have a try too," he said, with a laugh, as he turned away.

Walter might have—a try. A try at what? His mother's head swam. She put her arm through that of Anne, who stood near her, and kept smiling, waving her hand to Mab in the carriage: but Lady Penton scarcely saw what she was looking at. There was something moving, dazzling before her eyes—the horses, the glitter of the panels, the faces, flickered before her; and then came a rush of sound, the horses' hoofs, the carriage wheels grinding the gravel, and they were gone. Oh, how thankful she felt when they were gone! The girls led her in, frightened by her failing strength, and then Sir Edward came, as gloomy as ever, and leant over her.

"I don't think they knew," he said; "I don't think they had heard anything."

Lady Penton repeated to herself several times over "Walter might have a try," and then she too burst forth, "No, Edward, thank God! I am sure they did not know."

He shook his head, though he was so much relieved, and said, half reluctant to confess that he was relieved, "But if it lasts much longer they must know. How can it be kept from them, and from everybody, if it lasts much longer?"

The girls looked at each other, but did not speak: for they were aware, though no one else was, that Mab *knew*: and could it be supposed that *that* little thing, who did not belong to them, who had no reason for sharing their troubles, would keep it to herself and never tell?

They had all thought it would be a relief to be rid of the little spectator and critic, the stranger in the house, and for a time it was so. The rest of the afternoon after she was gone the girls and their mother spent together talking it all over. They had never been able uninterruptedly to talk it over before, and there was a certain painful enjoyment in going over every detail, in putting all the facts they knew together, and comparing their views. Sir Edward had gone out to take one of his long solemn walks, from which he always came in more gloomy, more resentful than ever. He was going up to town once more to-morrow. Once more! He had gone up almost every day, but never had discovered anything, never had found the lost. And in his absence, and freed from Mab, whom they had not been able to get rid of at any moment, what a long, long consultation they had, talking over everything, except what Mab had suggested. She had said it with the intention of consoling, but the girls could not repeat it to each other, or breathe to their mother the suggestion she had made. They were not educated to that point. That their brother should have married foolishly, made an idol of some girl who was not his equal, and followed her out into the unknown world, was dreadful, but comprehensible; but that he should come back by-and-by when he wanted money—oh, no, no! What they imagined was that scene so well known

to romance—the foolish young pair coming back, stealing in, he leading her, ashamed yet proud of her, to ask his parents' forgiveness. The girls went over the details of this scene again and again as soon as they had heard all that their mother had to tell them.

"She must be beautiful," they said; "she may be nice—oh, she must be nice or Wat would not love her!"

"Oh, my dears," cried Lady Penton, "how can we tell? It is not good girls and nice girls who lead young men away from their duty."

"But, mother, if they love each other!" said Ally, blushing over all her ingenuous, innocent countenance, with the awe and wonder of that great thing.

Lady Penton did not say anything more, but she shook her head, and then it was for the first time that there came over her the poignant suggestion of that "might have been" which she had not taken into her mind till now. Walter might have a try; little Mab with her heiress-ship had been thrown at his head, as people say: and what it might have been had these two taken to each other—had a great fortune been poured into Penton! Lady Penton had never known what a great piece of good fortune was; she was not one who expected such things. The very advantages of it, the desirableness, made it to her temperate soul the less likely. It never could have come to pass, all the contrarieties of nature were against it; but still, when she thought that they had spent so many days under the same roof, and might have spent so many more, and how suitable it would have been, and what a good thing for Walter, it was not wonderful that she should sigh. But that was the course of nature, it was the way of human affairs. It was too good ever to come true.

After the first night, the relief of Mab's departure was not so evident to them. She had been a restraint, not only upon their conversations and consultations, but on the entire abandonment of their life and thoughts to this anxiety and distress. They had been compelled on her account to bear the strain, to make a struggle against it. Now there was no longer that motive. Night and day their ears were intent on every sound; there was always a watcher at the window in the staircase, which commanded the ascending path to the village, a sort of look-out woman ready to dash downstairs and give notice if by chance—ah! no, by the blessing of God—the wanderer might be seen coming home. The watch here was furtive, lest the servants should note, but it was continual; one or another was always lingering about, looking out with eyes keen and sharp with anxiety—"busy in the distance shaping things, that made the heart beat thick." And so the days passed on, languishing, with dark nights so endless-long in which the anxious watchers could hear only and could not see.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—ALLY'S PART.

SIR EDWARD PENTON went to London most days, but he never found out anything. He was not the sort of man to act as an amateur

detective, and he would not appeal to the professionals in that capacity. He was an old-fashioned man, and it seemed to him that "to set the police after" his son was an indignity impossible. He could not do it. He tramped about himself, yearning, angry, very tender underneath, thinking if he could only see Walter, meet him, which always seems so likely to country people, in the street, that all would be well. He went to all the places Crockford could tell him of—to Emmy's mother, a faded old actress of the lower class, whose faded graces, and her vivacity, and what had been, or had been supposed to be, her fascination, made poor Sir Edward's heart sink into his boots. But she professed to know nothing of her daughter's movements, and nothing at all of any gentleman. There had been a gentleman, she allowed, a young man connected with business—but it had been to escape from his addresses that her child had gone to the country: and Emmy was far too high-minded to keep company with any one of whom her mother did not know. In his despair Sir Edward even sought out the shop in which this gentleman in his business hours was to be found, and had an interview with the young man whose appearance in the village had so much alarmed and almost disgusted Walter. No information was to be obtained from him. He declared sullenly that he knew nothing about the girl: yes, he had known her, he didn't deny; he had thought more of her than she was worth. Though it was going against all his family he had stuck to her for a long time, and would have stuck to her as long as she had stuck to him: but he knew nothing about her now. "Is it money, gov'nor; somebody left her a fortune?" he asked at the end of the interview, with a laugh which disconcerted Sir Edward. This was almost all he had been able to do, except tramping about the streets wherever he could think his son was likely to go. The poor gentleman increased his knowledge of London in the most wonderful way during these miserable days. He found out all kinds of back streets and alleys, and corners of building such as he had never remarked before, but all with a veil over them, a mist of trouble. London in January is dark enough even when the eyes are not clouded with suffering and anxiety; but with these added how miserable were the chill streets, the low skies, the yellow thickness of the atmosphere, the hopeless throngs of unknown men and women, always blank, always unresponsive to those strained and troubled eyes! Sometimes he thought he saw before him a slim young figure, moving quickly, as Walter might, through the crowd, and hurried vainly after it, pursuing at a hopeless distance, only to lose it in the ever-changing groups. Sometimes with the corner of his eye he would catch a glimpse of some one disappearing round a corner, plunging into a side street, who might be his boy. Alas! it was always a might-be. No happy chance brought them face to face. Had there been no particular reason for it they would have met, no doubt, in the simplest way; but this is one of the cases in which, as daily experience proves, those who seek do not find. And when Sir Edward returned home after a day so spent, the

gloom he brought with him was like a London fog descending bodily upon the country. Probably there had been a little deadening of trouble in the physical exertion and gloomy expectation of these expeditions; but he brought an embodied darkness and desolation home.

On one of the days of his absence Ally was acting as a sort of sentinel in the garden: that is, she was taking a walk, as they said, but with an eye always upon the road and the gate—when her anxious mind was distracted by a sound of approaching wheels, coming, not down the hill, but along the river bank. It was a grey day, damp and soft, with no wind; one of those days which are not unusual in the valley of the Thames; not cold, save for the chill of the damp; very still; the river winding round the Hook in a pale and glistening link; the sky about the same colour, which was no colour at all, the leafless trees rising black as if photographed upon the grey. The river was lower than usual at this season, though it still flowed with a cruel motion round that little promontory as if meaning to make that bit of vantage ground its own some day. Ally was very sad and quiet, walking up and down, feeling as if life had come altogether to a standstill save for that one thing; nothing else happening; nothing else seeming ever likely to happen. That furtive little current which had seemed for a moment to rise in her own life had died away. It seemed a long time since those days when young Rochford had come so often to Penton Hook. Perhaps his desire to come often had something to do with the delay which had so changed the face of affairs. This had occurred to Ally more than once, and had given her a secret feeling that it was perhaps her fault, but she had not felt able to regret it. But now all that was over, and Mr. Rochford came no longer. There was nothing for him to come about; and Ally remembered with a sort of half pang, half shame, the reception which had been given to his mother and sister when they called, and the curious sense of mingled superiority and inferiority which had overwhelmed her in their presence. They were far better acquainted with the world than she was; they were "in society," or, at least, had that air of it which imposes upon simple people; but she was Miss Penton of Penton. She had felt then a great though always half ashamed pleasure in remembering that elevation: but she had not the same sensations now. She felt that she was a snob (if a girl can be called a snob). She was ungrateful, for they had been very kind to her, and mean and petty, and everything that is most contemptible—feeling herself, only because of Penton (in which there was no merit) somehow exalted above them, the solicitor's mother and sister. Many times since she had blushed at that incident, and sometimes at the most inappropriate moments; when she woke up in the middle of the night a flush would go over her from head to foot, thinking of what a poor creature, what a miserable little snob she was; a girl-snob, far worse than any other kind; worse than anything Mr. Thackeray had put in his book. Ally, like

most people of her age, thought she did not like Mr. Thackeray, who seemed to her to make everybody look as if they had bad motives; but even he, so crushing as he was to a little girl's optimism, had not gone so far in his cynical views as to think of a snob who was a girl. Perhaps she was wrong here, putting limits which did not exist to the great humorist's imagination, but that was what she believed. And she was that girl-snob, which was a thing too bad to be conceived by fancy. She had repented this, and she had felt, though vaguely in the rush of other experiences, the blank that had fallen upon that opening chapter in which there had once seemed so much to come, but which had, to all appearance, ended all at once without anything coming of it. This chilled her gentle soul, she could scarcely tell why. How wretched that ball at Penton would have been to her, what a painful blight upon her girlish fancies, if it had not been for these kind people, if it had not been for *him*. Yes; that was the chief point after all, though she was ashamed to admit it to herself. It had been a pleasant break upon the monotony of life when *he* paid these frequent visits, when he talked in that suggestive way, making her think of things which he did not mention, raising a soft commotion which she did not understand in her simple being. It had been like a chill to her to perceive that all this was over. It was all over and done with, apparently; it had all dropped like the falling of a curtain over a drama just begun. She had wanted to know how it would all end, what its progress would be, the scenes that would follow: and lo, no scenes had followed at all, the curtain had come down. How wicked and wrong, how horrid it was to think of it at all in the midst of the great calamity that had fallen on the family, to wish even that mother might forget poor Wat for an hour, and go and call, and so make up for the coldness of Mrs. Rochford's reception! This was a thing, however, which Ally had never suggested, which she thought it dreadful to have even thought of in the present trouble. She defended herself to herself by saying that she had not thought of it—it had only flashed across her mind without any will of hers, which is a very different thing, as everybody knows.

And was it possible while she wandered up and down, always with her attention fixed on the gate, always looking for news, for her father's return, for a telegraph boy, for—oh, if that might be! for Walter himself; was it possible that some feeling about this other matter intruded into her mind and shared the thoughts which should have been all devoted to her brother? Ally trembled a little, but could not blame herself, for she did nothing of the kind with her own will. She only felt a little chill, a little blank, a wonder how that story, if it had gone on, if the curtain had not fallen so abruptly, might have ended. It would have been interesting to know; a broken-off story is always tantalising, distressful—the world becomes duller when it breaks off and you never know the end. Perhaps this had floated across her mind dimly, not interfering with the watch



she was keeping, when suddenly the wheels which had been rolling along, not disturbing her attention—for they did not come in the direction whence news could be expected—startled her by suddenly stopping outside the gate. Who could it be? Her heart began to beat. She made a few steps quickly towards the gate. It could not be her father; could it be Walter bringing back his bride? What could it be? But here suddenly her heart gave another bewildering spring. She felt her breath taken away altogether. The vehicle had stopped outside; and it was young Rochford, in all the gloss of his usual trim appearance, with the usual flower in his coat, who came forward, quickening his steps as he saw her. He did not look quite as he used to look. There was a little doubt about him, as though he did not know how he was to be received—a little pride, as of a man who would draw back at once if he were discouraged. Ally could not help making a few steps farther to meet him. She was glad to meet him—oh, there was no doubt of that!—and not only so, but to feel the curtain slowly drawing up again, the story beginning once more, gave everything around a different aspect. She said, "Oh, Mr. Rochford!" with a voice that had welcome in it as well as surprise.

"I have come about some business," he said; but his eyes had already asked several questions, and seemed to derive a certain satisfaction from the unspoken replies. He added, lowering his voice, "I have been on the point of coming almost every day—but I felt as if perhaps—I might not be welcome."

"Why?" said Ally, with an astonished look, which had no guilt in it; for, indeed, it was not to him, but to his mother and sister, that she had felt herself to behave like a snob.

"I scarcely know," he said. "I thought Sir Edward might feel perhaps that my delay—: but I always half felt, Miss Penton, that you—would be rather pleased with the delay: you and your brother."

"Yes," she said, with a little shiver at Walter's name; "it was wrong, perhaps, to go against my father; but I think perhaps we were glad—a little."

"That has been a consolation; and then—But I must not trouble you with all my reasons for staying away, when most likely you never observed that I stayed away at all."

Ally made no reply to this speech, which was so full of meaning. It was, indeed, so full of evident meaning that it put her on her guard.

"My father is in town," she said, "if it is business; but perhaps mother—"

"I am too glad," he said, "to meet you first, even for the business' sake."

Ally looked up at him with wondering eyes. What she could have to do with business of any kind, what light he could expect her to throw on any such subject, she could not understand. But there was something soothing, something pleasant, in thus strolling along the path by the flowing river with him by her side. She forgot a little the watch she had been keeping upon the gate.

She recollected that he had once told her his dream about a flood, and coming in a boat to her window, but that she would not take advantage of the boat herself, only kept handing out the children to him one by one. How could he divine that she would do that? for of course that was exactly what she would do, if such a risk could ever happen, and if he should come to rescue her as in his dream.

Somehow he led her without any apparent compulsion, yet by a persistent impulse, a little way out of sight of the house behind a tuft of shrubbery. The big laurels stood up in their glistening greenness and shut out the pair from the windows of the Hook. They were close to the grey swirl of the river running still and swift almost on a level with the bank, when he said to her suddenly with his eyes fixed on her face, "I want to ask you something about your—brother."

"My brother!" cried Ally. There was a sudden wild flushing up of colour which she felt to the roots of her hair, and then a chill fell upon her, and paleness. He was watching her closely, and though she was not aware of it she had answered his question. "My brother," she repeated, faltering, "Wat? he—he is not at home."

"Miss Penton," said Rochford, "do you think you could trust me?"

"Trust you!" said Ally, her voice growing fainter: and then a great panic came over her. "Oh! Mr. Rochford," she cried, "if anything has happened to Wat, tell me, tell me! It is the not knowing that is so dreadful to bear."

"I hope nothing has happened to him," he said, very gravely. "It is only that I have had a letter from him, and I thought that perhaps your father had better know."

"Come in and see mother," said Ally, breathless. "Oh yes, yes, we had better know, whatever it is. Mr. Rochford, oh, I hope he is not ill. I hope nothing has happened."

"I cannot tell; he has written to me for money."

"For money!" she cried, the expectation in her face suddenly dropping into a blank of astonishment and almost disappointment. "Was that all?" was the question written on Ally's face.

"You don't think that means much? but I fear it means a great deal: he is living in London, and he is very young. You must not think me intrusive or meddling: it is that I am afraid of. Sir Edward might suppose, Miss Penton—your mother might think—it is a difficult thing for a man to do. I thought that you, perhaps, if I could see you, might have a little confidence in me."

Ally did not know how it was that a sense of sweetness and consolation should thus shed itself through her heart; it was momentary, for she had no time to think of herself, but it made everything so much more easy to her. She put out her hand involuntarily with a sudden sense that to have confidence in him was the most natural thing. "Oh yes," she said, "tell me, I have confidence. I am sure you would do nothing but what was kind; tell me, oh, tell me!"

He took her hand; he had a right to do it, for she had offered it to him. "Will you try to follow me and understand?" he said. "It is business; it may be difficult for you, but Sir Edward will see the importance of it." And then he told her, Ally bending all her unused faculties to the work of understanding, how Walter had gone to him before he left home at all to get money, and how he had heard from him again, twice over, asking for more. Ally listened with horror growing in her heart, but perhaps the young man, though he was very sympathetic, was scarcely so sorry as he looked: and perhaps to seek her out and tell her this story was not what a man of higher delicacy would have done. But then Rochford's desire to be of use to Walter was largely intermingled with his desire to recommend himself to Walter's sister. He would have done it anyhow out of pity for the boy and his parents, but to secure for himself a confidential interview with Ally, and to have this as a secret between them, and her as his ambassador and elucidator to her parents, was what he could not deny himself. He was sorry for Walter, who was most likely spoiling his boyish life, and whom it would be right to call back and restrain: but yet he was almost glad of the occasion which brought him so near the girl whom he loved. She on her part listened to him with excitement, with relief, with the horror of ignorance, with an underlying consciousness that all must now come right.

"If Sir Edward will let me I will go," Rochford said. "I shall be able to get hold of him perhaps easier than any one who has authority."

"Oh, how kind you are," said Ally.

"Kind! I would lie down and let him walk over me to please you," the young man murmured, as if it were to himself.

It was partly to escape from the embarrassment of such murmurs, though they were sweet enough, and partly to escape from the curious process which was turning her trouble into a semblance of happiness against her will, and without any consent of hers, that Ally insisted at last on carrying this information to her mother. "How could she think you intrusive when you bring her news of Wat?" cried the girl, betraying all the anxiety of the family without knowing it; and she hurried him in to where Lady Penton sat in the window, looking out languidly and often laying down her work to gaze. She, too, flushed with anxious interest to hear of Walter's letter.

And when Sir Edward came home, he found the lawyer's dogcart still at the door, and the young man, surrounded by the three anxious ladies, laying down his plan to them as one who was master of the situation. "I will go at once if you will let me; I'll get hold of him easier than any one who has a right to find fault," young Rochford was saying, when, cold and hungry and discouraged, and with a smouldering fury against all the world in his heart, Sir Edward pushed the door open and found him there.

## CHAPTER XL.—THE POOR BOY.

WALTER had plunged into London as a diver plunges into the sea. He was in search of but one thing: to find her again who had eluded him, who had drawn him after her by the strongest chains that can draw the imagination at his age, by all the tantalising of vague promises, avoiding fulfilment, of vague engagements which came to nothing, and last of all by this sudden flight, a provocation more audacious than any that went before. Could he ever have expected that she would go with him, to wait all the preliminaries which (as she knew so much better than he did) must precede any possible marriage? When he came to think of it by the light of the morning, which alters the aspect of so many things, he saw quite plainly that this was not a thing he could have expected of her. She was very daring, he thought, and frank, and secure in her own innocence, but this was not a thing which she could be expected to do. He had been foolishly miserable, disappointed to the bottom of his soul, when he heard that she had gone away. The night he had spent trying to sleep, trying to get through the black hours that made any enterprise impossible, had been terrible to him; but with the morning there had come a better cheer. Of course, he said to himself! How could he be so imbecile, so silly, as to think differently. Of course she would not go with him under such circumstances; and it was delicacy on her part that prevented her from saying so. There are times when it is a failure of modesty even to suggest that modesty requires certain precautions. Therefore she had not said it. Impossible for her pure lips, for her pure mind, to put into words the idea that he and she, like any noble knight and maiden, might not have gone together blameless to the end of the world. But she had felt that in the present artificial state of the world it was better not to do this, and she had acted without saying anything, confident that he would understand. There is no limit to the ingenuity of a lover in framing excuses for the actions of the person beloved. Instead of being blameable, was not this another proof of her perfection, of the sensitive delicacy of all her thoughts, she who was so little bound by conventional laws? The mixture of freedom and of reserve, Walter said to himself, was what he had above all admired and adored in her. It was his own stupidity, not any fault of hers, that had given him so wretched a night, such a sense of desertion and abandonment. He remembered now that he had caught the address of the box which stood half packed in the room where she had talked to him, in Crockford's cottage. He comprehended everything now. She had taken him there that he should see it, that he should be able to follow her, without the need of saying a word. Oh, how well he understood it all! Had they gone together every circumstance would have been embarrassing; the mere payments to be made, the railway tickets, the cabs, everything would have been awkward. How well (he thought to himself) her fine sense had divined this, perceived it when he

saw nothing! That was no doubt the woman's part, to divine what could and could not be done—to settle it all swiftly, silently, without any need of talk, which would have been more embarrassing still.

These thoughts carried him as on fairy wings to the railway station on the dark and cold morning of his flight from home. He had Rochford's fifty pounds in his pocket, which seemed to his inexperience a fortune, a sum he would never get through, and which was his own, not taken from his father or lessening the means at home, but his, to do what he liked with. With that in his pocket, and the delightful confidence that Emmy had not abandoned him—that, on the contrary, she had done what was ideally right, the very thing that if he had understood, if he had not been dull beyond example, he would have liked her to do—Walter rushed from his father's house with not too much thought of the wretchedness he was leaving behind. He would not think of that, nor did he feel himself at all constrained to do so. Why should they be miserable? He was old enough to know how to take care of himself. A man did get helpless, almost effeminate, living so much at home; but, after all, he could not be made a fuss over as if he were a lost child. They would understand at least that he could take care of himself. And then he reflected, with a smile about the corners of his mouth, they would soon know why it was. If at the bottom of his heart there might be a thrill of alarm as to how they would take it, yet on the surface he felt sure that Emmy's beauty and charm would overcome all objections; and then it was not as if he were a boy dependent on his father's bounty. That ten thousand pounds made all the difference! He had thought at first that it was a mean thing to suppose that it made any difference or disturbed any of the bonds of duty: but now his mind was changed, and he perceived that a man has his own career to think of, that nature forbids him to be always in a state of subordination to his father—nature, and the consciousness that he has enough of his own to live upon without troubling his father. Yes, it made a difference, not only on the surface, but fundamentally, a difference which was real; and then the present matter was not one of a day. It concerned, he said to himself, with tremendous gravity, the happiness of his life. How could a little anxiety on the part of his parents, a little quite groundless anxiety, be compared to that? Even to be brutal, he said to himself, as he must live longer than they could, his happiness was of the most importance, even if it should affect permanently their peace of mind; and it was only for a time, a few weeks, a few days. What comparison was there? Even father himself, who was a just man, would see and acknowledge this. And as for his mother—oh, mother would forgive! That was easily settled. She might be unhappy for a moment, but she would rather be unhappy than condemn him to lifelong misery. That he was very sure of; if the choice were given she would accept that which was best for him. Thus Walter completely vindicated to himself what he was doing; and before he got

to the railway, which was a long way off, and gave time for all these elaborations of thought, he was convinced that what he was doing was what, on the whole, if they knew all the circumstances, they would like him to do.

An ordeal which he had not calculated upon met him when he reached London. The address which he had seen on Emmy's box was in an out-of-the-way and poor place, though Walter, knowing nothing of town, did not know how much out of the way it was. He left his bag at a hotel, and then he went on in a hansom through miles and miles of squalid streets, until at length he reached the goal of his hopes. The goal of his hopes! Was it so? As he stood at the poor little narrow door the ideas with which he had contemplated Crockford's cottage came into his mind. He had persuaded himself into thinking that Crockford's cottage was in its way as venerable as Penton; but this No. 37, Albert Terrace, what was there to be said for it? He could not restrain a little shudder, nor could he, when he was shown into the little parlour on the ground floor, look round him without a gasp of dismay. The only consolation he could get out of it was that he could take Emmy away, that this was indeed his object here, to take her away, to separate her from everything that was squalid and miserable, to surround her with the graces and luxuries of a very different kind of life. But even the aspect of the house, and of the little parlour, which was full of dirty finery and hung round with photographs and coloured pictures of a woman in various theatrical dresses, with whom he never associated the object of his affections, was nothing to the shock which Walter sustained when the door opened and the original of these portraits presented herself, a large faded woman, very carelessly dressed, and with the smile which was beaming around him from all the walls, the stereotyped smile of the stage, upon her face. To realise, as he did by-and-by, that this was *her mother*, to feel that she had a right to ask him questions, and consider him with a judicial air, as one who had in her greasy hands, which were so disagreeably soft, and felt as if they were pomaded, the thread of his life, gave poor young Wat such a shock as took the words from his lips. He stared at her without knowing what to say to her in a dismay which could find no expression. No, Emmy was not there. Her occupation required that she should live in another part of London. No, she did not know that she could give him her daughter's address—but if he returned in the evening he might perhaps see her.

"You are Mr. Penton? Oh yes, she has spoken of you. She feared that perhaps you would take this step. But, Mr. Penton, my daughter is a girl of the highest principle. She can see you only under her mother's roof."

"I wish nothing else!" cried poor Wat. "I—I am ready to do whatever she pleases. She knows I am ready—she knows—"

"Yes," said the mother, nodding her terrible head, upon which was banded and braided and plaited more hair than ever grew, and smiling her terrible smile, and putting forth that odious hand



to give a little confidential pressure to his. "I also know a great deal, Mr. Penton. I have heard about you—your chivalry and your magnificent position, and your many, many qualities. But, as you know, a mother's duty is to guard her child. I know the snares of life better than she; I have trodden the thorny way before her, young gentleman. I have myself experienced much which—I would save her from," added the woman, with the imposing gesture of a *mère noble*, turning away her

But no, he cried to himself! the marks which her profession had left—the lines under her eyes, the yellow stains of the rouge, the unwholesome softness of her pomaded hands—from all those he had come to deliver Emmy; these artificial evils never need to be hers. She should smile upon people who loved her, not upon the horrible public staring at her and her beauty. As he turned away from the place he even said to himself that this poor woman was not to blame



AND THIS WAS HER MOTHER.

head and extending her hand as if to hold the gay deceiver at a distance.

He was the wolf at the gate of the sheepfold, it appeared. Alas, poor Wat! he did not recognise himself from that point of view. Was not he more like the poor strayed lamb, straying in ignorantly into the midst of the slayers? He was glad to get away, to bring this alarming, unexpected interview to an end: all the more that it had begun to be apparent to him, in a way that made his heart sick, that in the face of this woman, with all its traces of paint and powder, and in the little gestures and tricks of tone and movement, there were resemblances, frightful resemblances, suggestive of his Emmy; that it was possible she might some day—oh, horrible thought!—be like her mother.

for all those blemishes of self-decoration. It had been her trade; she had been compelled to do it. Who had any right to blame her? These might be as honourable scars as those which a soldier gets in battle. Perhaps she had to do it to get bread for herself and her child—to bring up Emmy and make her what he knew her. If that should be so, were not the traces of what she had gone through, of what she had had to bear, to be respected, venerated even, like any other marks of painful toil? He made these representations hotly to himself, but he did not find that any ingenuity of thought delivered him from that horror and repulsion. To see the rouge and the powder on the face of a young woman still playing her part was one thing; to mark the traces of

them on the vulgarised and faded countenance of one whose day was over was quite another. It was unjust, but it was natural. And this was Emmy's mother, and Emmy was like her. Oh, that such a thing should be!

After this came the strangest episode that could occur in a young man's life. He was afloat on London, on that sea of pleasure and misery, amid all the perils and temptations that made the hearts of those who loved him sink within them. Even little Mab, with her little stock of worldly knowledge, who thought he would return home when he "tired," or when his money was done, could form no other idea of the prodigal than that he was living in pleasure. He was amusing himself, Rochford thought, not without a half sympathy in the break-out of the home boy. As for his father and mother, unutterable terrors were in their minds, fears of they knew not what—of vice and depravity, evil associates, evil habits, the things that kill both body and soul. But Walter's present life was a life more tedious than all the monotony of home. It had its bright moments, when he was with Emmy, who sometimes permitted him to take her to the play, sometimes to walk with her through the bright-lighted streets, sometimes even on Saturday afternoons or Sunday to take her to the country. It was only on these days that he saw her in daylight at all. She said, laughingly, that her occupation forbade it at other times, but she would not tell him what that occupation was. When they went to Richmond or Greenwich, or to a little box in one or other of the theatres, where they could sit half hidden by the curtains, and carry on their own little drama, which was more interesting than anything on the stage, Walter was in a strange elysium, in which the atmosphere was charged with painful elements, yet was more sweet than anything else in life. He made a hundred discoveries in her, sometimes sweet, sometimes—different. It made no alteration in his sentiment when they happened to be discoveries that wounded—sometimes even that shocked him. He was hurt, his sensitive nature felt the shock as if it had been a wound; but it did not affect his love. That love even changed a little—it became protecting, forgiving, sometimes remonstrating; he longed that she should be his, that he might put all that right, mould her to a more exquisite model, smooth away the points that jarred. Already he had begun to hint this and that to her, to persuade her to one little alteration and another. To speak more softly—she had spoken softly enough at Crockford's, it was only the spirit of the street that had got into her blood—to move more gently, to know that some of the things she said were dreadful things—things that should not come from such lips. He had not perceived any of these things while she was at Crockford's; he perceived them now, but they did not affect his love, they only penetrated that golden web with threads of shadow, with lines of pain, and smote his heart with keen arrows of anguish and regret—regret not that he had given his life and love to her, but only that she was less perfect than he had thought—that, instead of looking up to her always, and shaping

his harsher being (as he had thought) upon her sweetness, it must be his first to shape and pare these excrescences away.

But, besides these glimpses of a paradise which had many features of purgatory, Walter had nothing at all to counterbalance the havoc he was making in his existence. He did not know what to do with himself in London. He rose late, having no occupation for the morning; he wandered about the streets; he ate the late breakfast and dinner, which were now all the meals he had time for, spinning out these repasts as long as possible. It was a wonder that he never met his father, who was straying about the streets in search of him; but Walter's streets were not those which his father frequented. He acquired, or rather both acquired, a great knowledge of town in these perambulations, but not of the same kind. And then he would go to his occupation, the only tangible thing in his life, the meeting with Emmy. She was sadly shifty and uncertain even in these scraps of her time, which were all she would or could give him. She was not sure that she wanted to marry him at all. She was quite sure that she would only be married by special licence at four in the afternoon, which was all the fashion now. But no; he was not to take that oath and make himself unhappy about her. He should not be obliged to swear. She would be married by banns—that was the fashion too. She knew all about what had to be done—everything that was necessary—but she would not tell him. She laughed and eluded him as before. Then she said, Why should they marry? they were very well as they were. "You are very good to me at present," she said; "you think I must have a box whenever we go to the theatre, and a bouquet, and everything that is nice: but after we are married you will not be so kind."

When Walter protested that neither marriage nor anything else could diminish his devotion, she shook her head, and said that they would not be able to afford it.

"You can't have so much as five hundred a year," she said; "most lik'ly not more than four—and what would that be in London!"

"But we need not live in London," he said; "my father would give us the Hook."

Emmy threw up her arms with a scream.

"Should you like to murder me?" she cried.

It hurt the poor boy that she should have this opinion of his home—the home in which he had been born; and he listened with deep depression to the satirical description of it she began to make.

"We ought to be ducks to live in the damp like that. I've never been used to dabble in the water, and it would be my death—I know it would be my death. But we might let it, you know, and that would give us a little more money, say two hundred a year more—do you think it would bring two hundred a year?"

"Don't talk of such things!" cried the young man; "it is not for you to be troubled about that."

"And for whom is it, then?" she cried, "for you know no more than a baby; and I believe you

think we are to live like the birds on worms and seeds, and anything else that turns up."

Walter had never left her with so heavy a heart as on this evening. He was entirely cast down by her hesitations, her doubts, the contempt with which she spoke of the fortune which he had thought magnificent in his ignorance, and the home which he loved. He went back to his hotel with a heavy heart. He had given up everything for her—all the other objects that made life of importance. He had put himself altogether at her disposal, and lived but for the moments of their meeting. What was he to do if she despised him—if she cast him off? A faint sense of the pitiful part he had to play began vaguely to awaken in his mind, not moving him to the length of rebellion, nor even to the exercise of his critical faculties, only to misery and a chill suspicion that, instead of sharing the fervour of his feelings, she was weighing him in terrible scales of judgment, estimating what he was worth—a process which made Walter's heart sink. For what was he worth?—unless it might happen to be love—in repayment of that which he gave.

And next evening when he went to the house, which he always approached with a shiver, afraid of meeting the mother, relieved when he found his love alone, he suddenly found himself in the presence he dreaded with a shock of alarm and surprise: for Emmy, whose perceptions were keen enough on this point, generally contrived to spare him the meeting which she divined he feared. Mrs. Sam Crockford met him with her sunniest smile. She caressed his hand with those large, soft, flaccid fingers from which he shrank. "She is not in, but I have a message for you, my dear young sir," she said.

"Not in!" cried Walter, his heart sinking into his boots.

"She is engaged elsewhere. May I tell you the truth, Mr. Penton? She has confidence in her mother. I am her only protector, for her step-father, though an honest fellow, does not count, being in another walk of life. I am her only protector, young gentleman."

"But surely, surely she doesn't want protection—from me."

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. Penton, that is exactly where she wants protection—from you, that is, from her own heart, from her own treacherous, foolish heart. What have you to offer her, that is the question? She has had very good offers. There is one at present, hung up, so to speak, because she does not know her own mind."

"Let me speak to her," said Walter, hoarsely. "She cannot intend to desert me after all—after all!"

"Dear boy!" cried the woman, pressing his hand once more with hers, "how I admire such impetuosity. But you must remember my duty as a mother. You have nothing to settle on her, Mr. Penton. Yes, I understand your ten thousand pounds; but you are not of age. You can't even make your will or sign the settlements till you are of age. She has very good offers, no one could have better. Shall I tell you," said Emmy's mother, with the most

ingenuous and ingratiating of smiles, "shall I tell you what I should do if I were you? I would not allow her to sacrifice herself. I would rather, much rather, that the sacrifice was on my side."

"Sacrifice!" he cried, feeling the dreadful little room reel round him.

"What else can you call it, Mr. Penton? You will not be twenty-one till the autumn, I hear. October, is it? And in the meantime my child has to toil. Conceive a creature of her refined and sensitive temperament, young gentleman! a girl not adapted to face the world."

This confused Walter, who could not but feel that Emmy was very well qualified to face the world, and to whom she seemed a sort of *Una* triumphant over it; but he would not reply on this score. All he could say was an impassioned offer if she would only accept—if her mother would but accept—all that he had. What could it matter, when so soon everything he had would be hers?

The mother put away his offer with her large white hand, turning her shoulder to him and half averting her head. "Money! I dare not propose it; I dare not suggest it, though it is most generous, most noble on your part," she added, turning round suddenly, seizing his hand in both of hers with a soft lingering pressure, which poor Walter could not help feeling left something of the pomade behind. Then she subsided into a more majestic pose. "But, dear fellow, what have you?" she said, with a sort of caressing reflectiveness. It all seemed like a scene in a play to Walter, notwithstanding that he himself was one of the actors. "What have you?" she said, with a sort of tender regret. "Your agent will soon tire of making you advances, and every advance diminishes your capital. We are talking of marriage, my dear young gentleman, not of mere amusement and spending your money free, as some young men will do to please a girl they are in love with; but the object of my life has been to bring up my girl respectable, and nothing of that sort is possible." She waved her hand, dismissing the idea, while Walter stood stupefied, gazing at her. "It is a question of marriage," she added, with solemnity; "and what have you to offer—expectations?" Then she sank her voice to a sort of stage whisper. "Do you know that your father is after you, young sir? He has been here."

"Here!" said the boy, in sudden alarm and dismay.

She nodded her head slowly and solemnly. "Here. I need not say I gave him no information: but if you rely upon him to receive and support you, as my child has told me—Young Mr. Penton, Emmy must not be exposed to an angry father's wrath."

"My father here!" He looked round him, at the room, at the woman, at all these dreadful accessories, with a sinking heart. He seemed to see them all through his father's eyes, who had never seen Emmy, and to himself they were terrible enough, with all the charm that she exercised.

"No!" she said, raising her arm. "I cannot



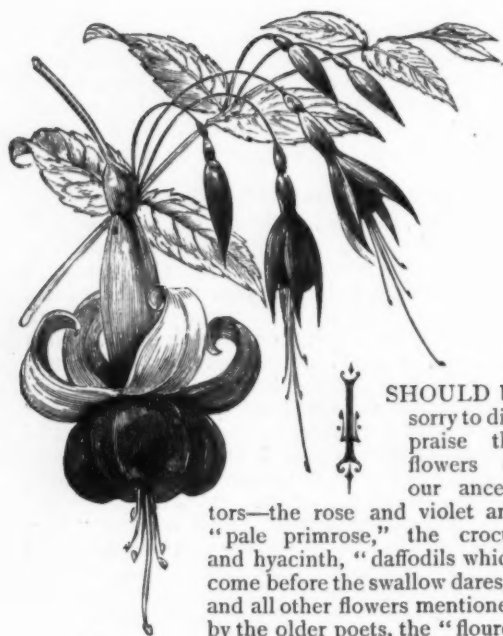
have her exposed to an angry father's wrath. Mr. Penton, this suit of yours must come to an end."

"I must see Emmy," he cried, with confused misery. "I must see Emmy; don't, don't, for pity's sake, say any more. It is she who must decide."

"Pardon me; she takes her own way in small matters, but in this a mother is the best judge. Mr. Penton, she must not be exposed to an angry—"

"I must see Emmy, I must see Emmy," cried poor Walter. He was capable of no other thought.

## OLD GARDENS AND NEW FLOWERS.



FUCHSIA.

SHOULD be sorry to dispraise the flowers of our ancestors—the rose and violet and "pale primrose," the crocus and hyacinth, "daffodils which come before the swallow dares," and all other flowers mentioned by the older poets, the "floures yellow, white, and rede" of Chaucer, pansies and periwinkles, and the white lily, which in mediæval ages were all placed in turn upon the shrines of the Virgin, to whom all flowers were dedicated. "The fairest flowers of the season are our carnations," says Shakespeare, and no doubt this species is worthy to be called *Dianthus* (flower of the gods); but even the *Dianthus* of a century ago would not content us now.

A gardener by profession, aged eighty-three, whose fiftieth year of service, fourteen years ago, was recognised by two hundred horticultural friends throughout the country by a handsome testimonial, showed me lately some interesting old flowers growing in the famous garden at Dropmore, which he manages with unabated energy, such as only those who live much in gardens and the open air can hope to retain at his patriarchal age. Pointing to *Fuchsia coccinea*, he remarked that he remembered it in 1822, the only species in England. As a plant of the Pacific seaboard ranging from the Falkland Islands to the rainy parts of Mexico, the fuchsia has species suited to a great variety of climates—outdoor sorts, such as *F. gracilis* and *F. spectabilis*, *coccinea*, and

the handsome *F. Riccartoni*; and others for the conservatory, which are sometimes placed out of doors in summer, as the magnificent *corymbiflora* is at Dropmore; or *F. fulgens*, another noble exotic, having long-tubed flowers like the last-named. The history of the fuchsia is characteristic of the progress of gardening and the improvement of flowers. It had been discovered and described by a botanist and traveller of the seventeenth century, and was duly named by him after Leonard Fuchs (or Fox), a German herbalist and physician. But it blushed unseen by European gardeners, a shrub of sixteen feet in height, in favourable situations, till about a hundred years ago a sailor brought it home from Chili, a present for his wife.

But the new plant proved too valuable to be long retained by a poor woman, who accordingly soon sold it to a nurseryman at Hammersmith, who introduced it to the public after having raised several hundred cuttings, which he offered a few at a time, and soon disposed of them at a guinea a plant.

The fuchsia, like all flowers which attain a widespread popularity, lends itself very readily to such moulding and modification as florists may desire. The hybridising of the various species, long-flowered and trumpet-shaped or globose, commenced, according to the records, in 1837, and it has been continued up to the present moment, and with such success that the seed of choice sorts is not held too dear at £50 per ounce. But the amateur who beholds Pillar of Fire and other successful hybrids, with their golden leaves and glorious blossoms, need not be discouraged. There are still "other worlds to conquer," and he may readily produce new forms of this beautiful flower, since hybrid fuchsias, like hybrid calceolarias, are as fertile as the original species from which they sprang.

The operation of hybridising is easily effected, and although the necessary limits of this paper will prevent much enlargement on matters of detail, I may say here that the act consists in removing the anthers of a flower as soon as the bud opens, and then introducing to the stigma some pollen from a flower of the species, which thus becomes the male parent of the hybrid. This delicate operation is usually performed with a camel-hair pencil, and the fuchsia is the best plant for the experiment of unpractised hands, because the prominence of the stigma and the abundance of the pollen grains furnished by the

anthers render the operation exceptionally easy. The seed-bearing plant must be carefully isolated, or the wind or other agency, such as bees and insects, may render the parentage uncertain.

The crossing of fuchsias is so readily effected that an amateur having access to a greenhouse or frame containing good varieties may readily obtain seed without resorting to artificial fertilisation. When ripe, the "plums" of the fuchsia, which are harmless in taste and tasteless without adventitious flavouring, should be cut open, rubbed between the folds of a fine linen cloth till the seed is dry, when it may be sown in pans of light good mould with bottom heat, and the young plants potted separately when large enough. A good homely rule in growing fuchsias is that of Mr. Cannel, of Swanley, one of their most successful cultivators. They should be grown, he says, just as radishes ought to be, quickly, in a warm, rich, moist bed, with plenty of light and air, as soon as the seedlings or cuttings are well rooted. Seeds sown in autumn will produce plants to blossom the following summer, that is with the aid of artificial heat in winter, and without such aid the seeds should be sown in spring. I have ventured on these details because the fuchsia is a typical new flower. I may mention that it has been so generally hybridised in recent times that the original species are rarely met with, except in a few old-fashioned country and cottage gardens, especially in the secluded parts of Surrey and Sussex, in Devon, and on the western sea-board. In fact the fuchsia, as a shrub, flourishes in all the warmer parts of Britain, especially in moist districts near the sea, or in inland situations near a water-butt. But the fuchsias of our geometric gardens must of necessity be compact and small. Most of the points of excellence in florist's flowers are merely arbitrary, but the neatness of form of all bedding plants is indispensable, and accordingly most of the flowers of old gardens have been modified in that direction.

The only fault of the fuchsia is the drooping of its flower, which, as in a lovely face hung down, or in the case of the pendent-flowered gloxinia, partly conceals its beauty. But a flower that cannot be modified loses the main source of its attractiveness; and breeders and selectors, rejoicing in their work, have already produced erect-flowered gloxinias as well as a fuchsia *erecta superba*!

Not flowers only, but fruits and vegetables, and even the plants of the farm, have yielded to the same persuasive skill of their cultivators, which seems to have been exerted in some degree, at least in the case of food plants, from the earliest ages.

A wonderful story has been told by Mr. Darwin of the "struggle for existence" among plants. We shall not venture to repeat any portion of it, but I may remind the reader that the power of variation which has modified wild plants to their profit, endowing them with organs advantageous to them in the battle of life, has enabled cultivators to produce such changes as were profitable, not to the plant, but to himself.

"In the Stone age," says Mr. Darwin, "wild

crabs, sloes, bullaces, hips of roses, and other wild berries and fruit, were largely collected for food." So long as the population could be maintained on the produce of uncultivated land, and by fishing and hunting, the wild plants remained probably unaltered. The next step was to attempt their improvement, and this was perhaps effected by the same method as in the wild parts of Africa, where Livingstone as well as Du Chaillu observed that the savage tribes sometimes enclosed palms and other wild fruit-trees in their gardens.

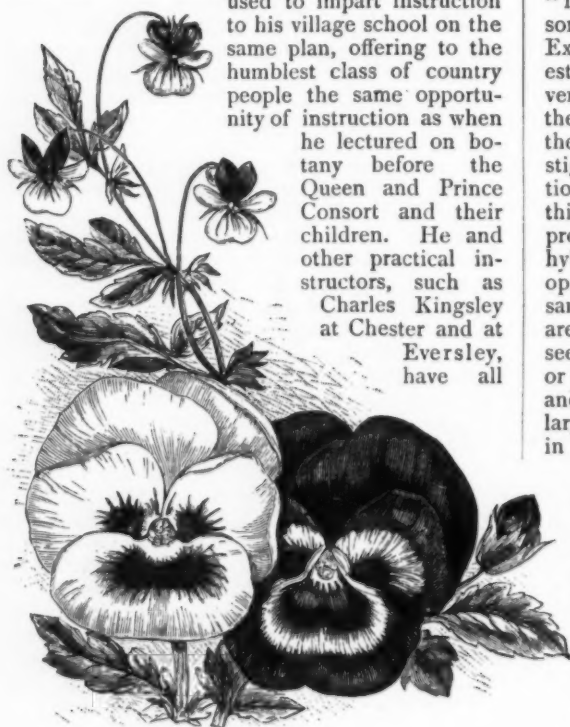
By the improvement of the soil the plant may be improved; but its power of modification depends on the natural law that no two individuals in the animal or vegetable kingdom exactly resemble each other. The diversity of life is due to those minute differences between individuals in the absence of which a blank uniformity must have spread over the whole earth, and the infinite variety of nature could have had no existence. The palms by the hovel having received a certain amount of attention and manure, their tendency to produce varieties would then be enhanced, and assuredly some wise old savage would soon possess himself of the best of these and would sow their seed. The improvement of plants is a game in which all may win and none can lose, and we learn by research that the game has been played as far back as historic records extend.

Cultivation inevitably occasions change. Strong evidence has come to light of a general improvement of cereals, inasmuch as the ears and grains of wheat and barley discovered in the lake dwellings of the Stone period in Switzerland proved inferior in size to their living representatives. During his investigation of the actual remains of primeval plants, Professor Heer discovered that a peculiar pea of the Stone age, having small seeds, was afterwards superseded, while a small bean of the Bronze age did not survive the improvements of those Romans who applied the principle of selection to seeds, and with "industrious hand did yearly cull the largest."

As the greatest results of floriculture have been produced by hybridising, the amateur will naturally feel an interest in the methods pursued in cross fertilising different flowers, but the methods differ with the flowers, and could not be described here satisfactorily. I propose, therefore, to mention how a number of ardent flower-growers mastered such details in the case of one of their favourite plants. About the year 1848 the pansy began to attract attention as a flower for florists and for limited gardens on account of its dwarf habit and abundant early blossoms. It was one of the flowers that working men were particularly attached to. Many persons of that class became keen pansy-growers, and raisers sometimes of superior seedlings. In one of the manufacturing towns—I believe in Nottingham—a knowledge of hybridising was very opportunely diffused by means of a horticultural lecture delivered to a society composed mainly of working men, the lecturer himself being a working man. Knowing the tastes of the members, he had carefully studied the parts of a flower as described in the "Library of Useful Knowledge." He men-

tioned these parts, and proceeded to describe hybridising, when his audience evinced such extraordinary interest in the subject that they dispatched one of their number to fetch a pansy from his garden, and on his return the flower was dissected and the parts distributed. In that manner the pansy-growers became acquainted with the art which many of them afterwards practised with success. The late Professor Henslow

used to impart instruction to his village school on the same plan, offering to the humblest class of country people the same opportunity of instruction as when he lectured on botany before the Queen and Prince Consort and their children. He and other practical instructors, such as Charles Kingsley at Chester and at Eversley, have all



PANSIES, OLD AND NEW

resorted to the same methods of teaching botany and natural history by means of Field Clubs, and by the use of diagrams and natural objects in the lecture-room; and in these days of schools and extended culture the hybridising of flowers and useful vegetables might be taught throughout the country in the same way.

The size of seeds, as a permanent feature of improvement, cannot be modified so readily as the blossoms of flowers or the fleshy parts of vegetables. The conversion of the *Ægyllops ovata* into wheat by the French naturalist, M. Fabre, by means of a few years' selection and cultivation, has been shown to have been a myth, as was a similar supposed conversion of wild oats in England a few years ago. But the student's parsnip of the Agricultural College at Cirencester was actually developed from the wild type.

Even in agriculture, which is a comparatively dull pursuit, considerable modifications have been effected in regard to succulent vegetables, such as turnips and a few forage plants, within the past forty years. With regard to gardens the inducements are larger since objects of beauty usually

command a better market than those of mere utility, and flowers are easily modified. The geranium Mrs. Pollock is said to have brought the breeder a small fortune, and the total revenue obtained from its sale by nurserymen must have been enormous.

With regard to garden flowers, it is not perhaps generally known that their modification by breeding and selection, arts which have created "florist's flowers" and altered most others to some extent, has been the work of amateurs. Experts undoubtedly are employed in the great establishments of nurserymen and seedsmen, and very wonderful and mysterious are their ways. With their deft hands and their camel-hair pencils for the conveyance of pollen from the anther to the stigma, they can accomplish the work of fertilisation where bees and the wind—potent agents in this way—have failed. We could mention a great propagating establishment for orchids where the hybridiser, patient as he is skilful, records his operations and their results in a ledger. Thousands of little pots, each containing a seedling, are marked for reference, and not one of those seedlings will blossom in a less period than five or six years. The more one knows of the energy and skill of seedsmen and nurserymen, of the large amount of capital and enthusiasm embarked in their business, and of the services they have rendered to the gardening public, the more highly one must needs esteem them.

But although the nurserymen have been the paymasters of genius and the distributors of novelties, the work of improvement has been chiefly effected by amateurs, and I may add to this statement that one of the most accomplished hybridisers and breeders of peas at the present time is a lady of the North of England.

In the gardens of thirty or forty years ago the beds were filled with what are called good old-fashioned English flowers, although they were, in point of fact, inferior to their successors.

The bedding-out system, or the planting of brilliant flowers in geometric beds with tasteful contrasts of colours, as in our public and other gardens, naturally occasioned a necessity for changes of form and size. A pelargonium, for example, might have a beautiful blossom and yet be unfitted for bedding-out in consequence of its straggling habit. Even the superb fuchsias, native shrubs of America and now flourishing in Australia, one of the lands of their adoption, frequently play their part in geometric bedding as small plants not exceeding eight inches in height. The pentstemons, flowers from the new world, but still favourites of old-fashioned flower-gardens during the past half-century, have been considerably modified in recent years. The tall and straggling antirrhinum has been curiously moulded, its latest development at the hands of the improvers being a little plant called Tom Thumb, whose large blossoms bear the same comparison to the original native snapdragon—if it be a native, and it is certainly ancient—as the Tom Thumb *tropæolums* do to the nasturtiums of our kitchen gardens.



There is hardly a plant, annual or perennial, which has not been "improved."

The herbaceous phlox is among the plants which were found in all gardens, and most persons must have recognised the great difference between its original and its new types. The primula, pink, and peony have all been modified amazingly; so have stocks and asters, balsams and petunias, which are named together for convenience in connection with their improvement because they may be seen blossoming together in the season at Forest Hill, in the seed-grounds of a famous firm of plant-improvers—that of Messrs. J. Carter and Co. The floral displays at Forest Hill included last summer 35,000 plants of stocks, which were freely shown to the public, blossoming in 5,000 six-inch pots, which were placed on stages four feet high in front and five feet at the back, and facing the south. The stages, on which the pots stood in rows, had wooden shutters so fixed over them as to protect them from heavy rains without excluding light or air. Four types of these improved stocks, producing 65 per cent. of double flowers, were grown, and the four sections into which they are divided are known respectively as the Large-flowered, Pyramidal, Dwarf German, and Wallflower-leaved stocks. Each type boasts of twelve colours, and others are frequently exhibited, but twelve good colours of well-defined hues are better than a large number of ineffective shades, and the colours therefore are restricted to twelve, by careful selection and rejection.

It seems desirable to enlarge here a little, so as to avail ourselves of Messrs. Carter's implied challenge to their visitors to come and look, and to do likewise.

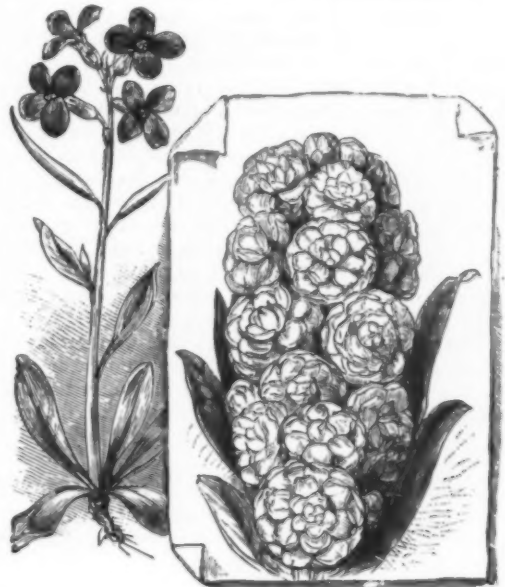
Bearing in mind that each type and strain of stocks is the result of selection, their divergencies in form and colour are remarkable. The large-flowered section has spikes of great length with finely formed flowers set very thickly on them. The colours of this type are crimson, light blue, light rose, dark purple, yellowish buff, and a capital pure white. The pyramidal varieties possess pleasing shades of primrose, yellow, and brilliant scarlet-crimson. The wallflowered type includes varieties which surpass all others in their glossy green leaves and in the brilliancy of their flowers; while the German type, of dwarfer growth than the rest, is earlier in coming into bloom, and is therefore useful when a constant succession of this flower is desired. Besides the stocks and petunias there are 4,000 to 5,000 pots of balsams admirably grown and with monstrous flowers, each individual bloom being as large as a carnation of old times. They were all in eight-inch pots, and the object of the whole display was the production of seeds, which the public can grow for itself if it pleases.

A discourse on flowers induces rambling, and from Forest Hill we may pass to Slough.

Many persons must have seen from the railway Messrs. Veitch's bright display of flowers at their seed gardens near Slough, but the most extraordinary flower-show of this sort is in Essex, where Messrs. J. Carter and Company devote many

hundred acres to the flower crop in the neighbourhood of St. Osyth. It is unfortunate that this little village, having the soil of its surrounding fields composed of the rich diluvial drift of an unctuous coast, should be situated so far out of reach of the general public. Only horticulturists, having a special affection for flowers, could be expected to run down to Manningtree, seventy miles from London, and then proceed by road fourteen miles through the proverbial Essex corn-fields, for the sake of a flower-show, however attractive it may be. I have done so more than once, and have thus been enabled to recognise constant improvements, both in annuals and perennials.

Our catalogue of the flowers, necessarily abbreviated, may begin with sweet peas of various colours, which must not be overlooked here, as they certainly could not be at St. Osyth, since the surprising breadth of ten acres of ground is covered by them for the production of seed. Perhaps I may add that our party of horticulturists found no sweeter peas in Essex except the marrowfats at the inn



STOCKS.

where they dined after gardening. Mignonette is a farm crop here, whose rows stretched out in one line would extend seven miles. There are white, red, and yellow sorts, each carefully isolated, and if among them Golden Queen now takes the lead, that is entirely due to the labours of the flower fancier who fixed the type of a sort which has proved, as the experts say, a "thoroughly good thing." *Nana compacta*, a close-growing and flowery mignonette, is another sort which has met with approval for its delightful fragrance and other merits, and any amateur with critical eye and taste and a particular affection for mignonette may train up a new sort if he cares to bestow the necessary pains in first selecting from his beds of

Golden Queen, or any other sort, one that presents some slight and desirable peculiarity, and then sowing and selecting so as to fix the type.

The godetias at St. Osyth are a resplendent group of cheap and hardy annuals, whose popularity might safely be assumed from the number of the sorts. There are twenty distinct varieties, including a dwarf known as Dunnett's Tom Thumb, having soft, purple, rose flowers with a rich scarlet-crimson spot at the base of each petal. *Roseo alba* is white with a similar spot of carmine. Lady Satin Rose and Lady Albe-marle are both of rosy crimson differing in tone. The Princess of Wales is very lovely, a deep rich crimson, the darkest of the series.

The tropæolum cannot possibly be overlooked among the flowers which art has developed, fixing the type of many distinct varieties. Bright colours and a rich profusion of blossoms distinguish modern tropæolums, and these and other merits have brought them so much favour that Tom Thumb scarlet is grown here for seed to the extent of an acre. Its colour is "tremendous"!

Mr. Shirley Hibbert, a companion of our trip, is so eminent and well known that we shall venture to quote him and make him responsible for a glowing picture of dwarf tropæolums. Writing in the "Gardener's Magazine," he says that the great blocks of colour of the different varieties become painful to the eyes from their excessive brilliancy. He describes several sorts as follows: "Crystal Palace Gem is sulphur-colour with dark spots; Golden King is brilliant yellow; Ruby King is a peculiar tone of blue-tinted red; King of Tom Thumb is rich crimson-scarlet; Empress of India is of the deepest crimson with neat leafage of a purple-tinted green, a solemn and truly grand thing!" Another, the Pearl, has a creamy-white flower, and thus this one group of cheap annuals—for they produce abundant seed—supplies nearly all the needful elements for the varied bedding of a great *parterre*. In fact no

plant could colour a garden more brilliantly, especially in sunny situations upon dry poor soils, and when economy happens to be an object of some importance. It has become the flower of many a starved London garden, and we have seen it used as an advertisement to an hotel, pots and baskets of it being hung about the front to allure the public custom.

Among the other flowers at St. Osyth, the early blossoming *silene compacta* made a great show, as it does at Cliefden in the spring, as in many gardens of less fame, especially a double variety in a large bed, which has been described as having "a refreshing tone of rose pink, the colour uniform and solid." The Chinese pinks of various colours, and the pansies and carnations, surprised even the most exacting critics of our experienced party. The growth of immense breadths of pansies for seed, each colour by itself to prevent mixture, is due to the new system which is superseding the old and more troublesome method of propagating this favourite by cuttings; and their coming true from seed shows how well-bred the pansies of St. Osyth must be. We cannot name half the new flowers which are now available even for the humblest gardens. The large breadths of larkspurs, Drummond's phlox, zinnias, petunias, convolvulus, *eschscholtzias*, delphiniums, and clarkias which are grown in these wonderful seed-beds of Essex, show how large the demand must be for flowers which are all new either in fact or form, most of them having been remoulded, so to speak, and newly coloured by the cultivators.

It is pleasing to note in this display by a single firm, albeit they are the largest home growers of flower-seeds, which are now largely derived from the Continent, how great the extension of gardens must have been, how numerous their new flowers. The seedsmen of forty years ago offered their goods in small shops, their present establishments are palatial.

H. E.

## THE STORY OF A HAPPY WOMAN.

### A TEXAN SKETCH.

A BILL for the Relief of Robert Stirling and his Men."

I was leaning over the ladies' gallery of the Texas Senate Chamber when I heard these words, and saw the change they instantly produced over a somewhat indifferent and uninterested house. *Ennui* kindled into enthusiasm, and debate merged into eulogium, and the bill was finally passed almost by acclamation.

I heard enough to make me very curious about Robert Stirling, and I was therefore really delighted to learn that a party of summer travellers, in which I was included, were to be the first bearers of the good news to the old man.

His cottage stood on the outskirts of a large cedar-brake. It was in the usual Texan order of

architecture, two large rooms, with a wide passage between them. The logs had never been dressed or painted, but a luxuriant vine of white jessamine covered it with an almost supernatural loveliness.

Calm and peaceful it looked without; and yet, within, the greatest of all struggles was going on—the struggle of the Eternal out of Time. That it had been a hard one in Robert Stirling's case was quite evident. "Many and evil days" was his own history of life, and I read the confirmation in a scarred and sorrowful face, full of grey, old miseries.

A number of wild, rough-looking men were sitting in the shade of some mulberry-trees. They spoke seldom, smoked incessantly, and waited with a sad patience for the end so surely coming.

And when the sun dropped below the horizon their watch was over. They knew it when they saw their captain's only child walk to the end of the piazza, and look with dry, yearning eyes to where the sun had left a track of glory behind him. There she was joined by some of the oldest of the men, who strove to comfort her.

There was in this woman's face a wonderful charm, the secret of which I discovered afterward. It was partly the sweet gravity of one who had learned in the solemn high places of nature a joy beyond laughter; and partly, that sense of strength and repose which clothes, as with a garment, those who have fronted sorrow, and triumphed over it. In spite of her weariness and grief, and in spite of her crowded house, she urged the ladies of our party to accept the shelter of her cabin; and I, who have a taste for civilisation, and a perverse inability to see the luxury of a hammock in a tent, gratefully accepted it.

The next three weeks, while my friends were making geological and botanical discoveries, I was getting glimpses of a life pure and unselfish enough for the angels to have desired to look into. I say "glimpses," because I soon found that she did not care to talk of herself, except as incidental to others.

My first interrogatory about any one is generally of their birthplace. On this subject I have a theory, and it interests me to see how often truth and surmise agree. But with Agnes Stirling I remained unsatisfied; because she did not know it herself.

"I was not born here," she said. "My first memories are of crowds of faces that were not kind to me; of water that seemed to have no end; and of a small vessel, in which we nearly perished."

"We?" I repeated, interrogatively.

"We, that is, my mother and I, and my eldest brother. He was a little babe then, wailing night and day in her arms. He lived to be a noble boy, and to die in her defence."

"But where was Captain Stirling at this time?"

She detected a suspicion of something she did not approve in my voice; and she answered, in a tone that was almost caressing:

"Ah! he was not with us. That was where the misery began, and ended; for, when we got to him we were very happy."

"Do you remember that?"

"It is impossible that I should ever forget it. After we had been a long time on the water, one morning just at sunrise, we were put into a little boat, and rowed toward the land. A man stood waiting for us—a man whom I had never consciously seen, but whom I *knew at sight*. On all that bar of lonely sand he was the only living thing. And oh! how happy and handsome he looked as he called to us and stretched out his arms to meet us! I think he will stand just so, to welcome me, when I see him next!"

"When our feet touched the land he could not speak for joy, but I remember well that his first action was to kneel down and kiss my mother's hands. I do not understand even now why he did it, but I am sure that it was well done."

"An ox-waggon, driven by that old negro you see

smoking before the quarters, brought us here. I have no idea how long the journey took us. I was a silent child, and when I saw the green cool woods, and the strange beauty and wealth of the flowers, I think I believed we were in heaven. One day I found courage to ask Prince, as he was yoking the oxen, 'if it were so?' He looked at me with a kind of reverence. Many a man, wise in his own eyes, would have laughed at my ignorance, but Prince answered, solemnly, 'De little chillen, Miss Agnes, dey allus pretty nigh to de kingdom ob heaben.' I never forgot the look and the words, and I understand them now, though I did not then."

Piece by piece I patched out the years of her childhood, and it made a story startlingly dramatic and almost incredible to those who have never learned that adversity sees miracles. But with all its romance it was still only the old, old story of woman hourly crucifying every selfish thought, and filling her life with lovely deeds and faithful prayers instead of lingering years.

When Agnes was seventeen the tragedy occurred which darkened all her future life. She had then three brothers—Robert, nearly sixteen; Alick, twelve; and Harry, seven. And although full fifteen years had passed since that time, she was greatly agitated while relating the circumstance to me. "But I want you to know all," she said, "otherwise much that you may hear of my father must seem almost savagely cruel. It is, indeed, the key to that portion of his life with which the public have any right to concern themselves."

"It was on the 24th of October, in the year 1843. There had been slight frosts, and as father was going to the mill, which was built in the river bottom seven miles away, mother proposed that I should go with him, and while the corn was being ground help to gather some of the winter grapes and pecans which abounded in the valley, and to which the frosts had now added the last delicate flavour."

"I was a little astonished at the proposal, for Robert and Alick generally went upon these errands, but I know mother meant it as a great kindness, for there was butter to make that morning, and both the negro boys had gone early to the cedar-brake for rails. But the truth was I had a little trouble of my own at the time—a love affair, which my father wisely, I know now, interdicted. For some days I had felt hard to him in consequence, and my mother's good wise heart foresaw that a few hours alone with him would put all right."

"So she brought me a clean dress and my white sun bonnet, and looked into my face with such an understanding sympathy that I could not resist the impulse to, twice over, turn back and kiss her. Oh, I thank God for this memory! Father was pleased at my attention, and he smiled kindly at me as I took my place beside him. When we got to the bottom of the hill I pushed my bonnet back and looked round. Mother stood watching us and shading her face with her hands. Then father turned, and she waved us a last adieu."

"A very last one, as it miserably proved. In



less than an hour she was slain by the Comanche, after seeing her eldest boy almost cut to pieces in her defence. Alick and Harry, in the very beginning of the attack, had been bound with raw hides and given into the care of two of the savages.

"And yet that day father was in such wild, gleeful spirits as I had never before seen him. I am positive he had no presentiment of trouble until we reached the bottom of the hill on our return. The absence of all signs of mother or the boys silenced him. In another moment he had noticed a thin smoke coming from the open door. With a bound, and a cry like nothing human, he sprang to the ground. A few minutes told us all our misery. The bodies had been set on fire, but enough remained to identify mother and Robert; and, only too well, we understood the fate of the younger boys.

"The earthen floor and heavy logs had saved the house; but I am sure neither of us at that moment thought of it as a mercy. The negroes were still in the cedar-brake, and our only horses with them; but by nightfall the whole neighbourhood was aroused, and following my father in pursuit of the murderers.

"Some of the people near took me away from the dreadful scene, but I could not stop. I knew if father should come home he would expect me to be there, and my heart was breaking for the two dear boys whose fate was worse than death. Five days I passed alone, and they looked like five years to me.

"Then, at midnight, two men carried a strange Robert Stirling into his house, raving with brain fever. I say 'strange,' because no one ever again saw the same generous, kindly cheerful man who had gone with me scarce a week before to gather nuts and grapes.

"How he suffered for the next three months, when he could do nothing else but suffer, none but God knows. But in four months he was in the saddle once more at the head of some of the most daring men in the country.

"For nearly three years, however, all search was unavailing, but nothing discouraged or daunted father. Only every time he came home he came a sterner and a harder man. His sons he was determined to find, and the wildest stories

of his cunning and cruelty and reckless bravery were in every mouth. I do not believe that any one blamed him much; and I?—oh, I loved him better than ever. For when at last Alick was recovered, crippled and dying, and I knew how little Harry had been tortured into the grave, there were hours in which I not only pitied but excused him."

"Then you saw one of your brothers again?"

"Yes. Father found Alick with a party of Comanche in the fourth year of his captivity. Alick lingered for some months, and became so dear to me in all those hours of suffering, that I almost wished to die with him, only that it would have been cowardly."

"You think that?"

"Yes, I think that. Who could have taken my place here during the past year? And then how much joy I should have missed."

"Joy!"

"Yes, joy! I have been loved again. All my years of patient waiting and silent prayers have been acknowledged and answered. I have been very happy during the last seven years; and I have seen that every family in the county has rested in safety in the shadow of my father's name. For a long time he has been a just, as well as a brave man; and I thank God, because he lived to know that his State appreciated his services, and provided for his child and his friends."

"And what will you do now?"

"There is always duty. When everything else is gone, there is always duty. I could not now desert old Prince and Jeff, and the men who have been my father's comrades, and made this cabin for many a year their shelter in bad weather, or in sickness."

"Is that all you will have?"

"That, and God. My solitude is not empty or loveless. I shall find some good to do every day. I shall be very happy—very happy!"

And I looked in her calm, strong face, and read in it a sermon not made with hands. "Here," I thought, "is a woman born for adversity, for she has triumphed over it, and built of it a sanctuary in which the sorrowful, the weary, and the afflicted may rest."

AMELIA E. BARR.

### "Drink deep the spirit of the quiet hills!"

DRINK deep the spirit of the quiet hills!

Teaching they have for our too restless lives.

Could we but fix so fast our restless wills

That softest sun nor storm that maddest drives

Could move us from the unalterable right,

We too might breathe, some holy eventide,

With hearts wide open, that divine delight

To our inconstant longings now denied.

F. W. B.



*By special permission.]*

THE RIVAL GRANDFATHERS.

*[J. R. Reid,*

*From the Painting in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.*

## SKETCHES IN FINLAND

### PART III.

**H**OSPITALITY is a virtue that permeates every class in Finland. The peasant will furnish you with the best his poor place affords, probably fresh milk or curds-and-whey, cured herrings or salted meat, black bread and a cup of coffee; but whatever it is there is a hearty welcome with it. A description of an ordinary middle-class supper at a friendly gathering will speak for the lavish hospitality showered upon their friends on such occasions. The company present will frequently number from fifty to a hundred, and it is consequently too large to take meals seated, or even all at one time. It is therefore usual for the ladies to sup first, then the elder gentlemen, and lastly the young men. On entering the dining-saloon a stranger would be struck with the bare appearance of the centre table—at least, so far as substantial viands are concerned. He will see only plates, knives, forks, spoons, and various dishes of sweets. A side-table, however, is laid out with innumerable little dishes, consisting principally of cold meats, all ready cut. This is the "smörgas bord" (bread-and-butter table), from which the guests help themselves; only as a preliminary appetiser, however, as the supper proper is a substantial affair, consisting of soup, fish, meat, poultry, etc.—"all hot!"—which have been placed upon the centre table while the guests have been engaged at the "smörgas bord." There is no waiting to be asked to eat, every one falls-to, and if one brings a good appetite with him it is his own fault if it be not amply satisfied. The meal concluded, every one shakes hands with the host and hostess, saying, "Tack för mat," or "Tack för quellsvard" ("Thanks for the meal," "Thanks for the supper"), receiving in reply, "Var sa god at halla till goda" ("Be so good as to accept it as meant"). Those who desire to leave now say "good-night," the others remaining for the dance which almost invariably follows. The first time you meet your hospitable entertainers afterwards it is customary to renew your thanks by saying, "Tack för siste" ("Thanks for the last").

As a stranger, the writer of this paper received countless courtesies, and was loaded with kindness. To such an extent did this go as to become embarrassing occasionally. The Fins are usually very well disposed towards the English, though their experience of us has not, I am bound to say, been always such as to induce either respect or esteem. They feel particularly sore about one of the incidents of our naval operations during the war with Russia in 1854. An Englishman who goes amongst these simple folk and finds they had to bear the brunt of the blockade in the Gulf of Bothnia, while entertaining none but friendly feelings towards us, may well feel sad that war should exist at all. These operations are little known to the majority

of our countrymen, to whom it must surely appear monstrous that the seaport towns of Brahestad and Uleaborg, while not containing arms or munitions of war, were bombarded and partially burned by H.M. ships Leopard, Odin, Vulture, and Valorous, under the command of Admiral Plumbridge. The hardy Fins did not take this very kindly, but in one or two cases retaliated, even going to the length of capturing a gunboat and nine men. The former is now exhibited as a trophy at Gamla Carleby, while the latter, after being well treated, were liberated.

The "Namns dag," or "Name's day," congratulations bear an important part in the hospitable customs of Finland. Almost every known name has a day appropriated to itself in the year's calendar, and one should be acquainted with the "Namns dag" of every member of his family if he would not be taken unawares. Once while staying at my summer residence at Muhos, some thirty English miles from Uleaborg, my wife and self were much surprised to see a cavalcade of carriages bearing down upon our lonely homestead. One after another turned into our courtyard, when we found that all our friends from town were there to congratulate my daughter, it being "Klara's dag" (Clara's day). Our larder was, happily, pretty well stocked, so the usual preliminaries of coffee, wine, and cake, tea, and a dance, gave plenty of time for our servants to prepare supper. When April 6th came round, that being "Wilhelm's dag" (William's day), we were better prepared to receive the kindly-hearted friends who flocked in to wish me "health, wealth, and happiness."

One of the curious matters that strike an Englishman is the custom of bringing "Helsningar," or "compliments," from their town or parish, thus: "Helsningar fran Uleaborg." On returning from church, even, they will bring "Helsningar fran Kyrkan."

Every day in the year seems to afford some subject of congratulation to the Fins, the most important of all being New Year's Day, when the governor of the place is first visited by all who know him, and afterwards every friend must be visited, in full dress. Hearty wishes are expressed for the happiness of every one, and the air resounds with "Ett godt nytt ar, min Far-bror," or "Ett godt nytt ar, min Bror" ("A happy New Year, my uncle," "A happy New Year, my brother.")

The "Jul-klapp," or "Christmas presents" made by the better sort of Fins are of a costly nature; but not only do jewels and ornament bear sway, for articles of use—even to wearing apparel—pass from hand to hand. These presents are made up in parcels, and on Christmas Eve at social gatherings they are sent flying into the room with the names of the recipients written



upon them. Sometimes these parcels are a source of much amusement on account of their contents, as when a young man who has not yet got enough down on his upper lip "to give," as "Punch" has it, "to (h)airy nothing a local habitation and a name," receives a razor as a present!

A very friendly custom—derived from the Swedes, no doubt—is that of the young men calling the elder ones "Far-bror" (uncle), and each other "brothers." This is not done, however, without an acquaintance of some standing; then if a young man wishes to add you to his list of "uncles" he modestly makes his request, and on your acceding to it he shakes your hand and drinks to "Far-bror's skal" (uncle's health). From that time in speaking of or addressing you he will invariably give you the "Far-bror" prefix.

A Finnish peasant when in love does not declare his affection—save with his eyes, possibly, which are apt to speak volumes on such occasions. He entrusts his secret to some old dame, a mutual friend, who forthwith seeks out his innamorata and says to her all she can in favour of his suit, at the same time tendering some present from him. Should the girl decline this the disappointed match-maker has the melancholy task of breaking the sad news to the woe-begone lover. If happier in her mission the loving pair are quickly betrothed, when a series of congratulations set in. The bride and bridegroom elect are waited upon by their friends upon an early day after their engagement is made known, and they are to be congratulated again upon the occasion of the first as well as the last time of "asking" in church, for the banns must be published for rich and poor alike. The wedding invariably takes place in the same week in which they have been "asked" for the last time. The poorer class, whose house accommodation consists of one or, at most, two rooms, are married in the church, but the better-to-do have the ceremony performed at their own homes about seven o'clock in the evening. A small square of carpet is laid upon the floor and cushions placed on this for the happy couple to kneel upon. The "marskalkar" (best men) stand at each corner of the square holding lighted tapers during the ceremony, which is concluded by an exhortation from the priest, and congratulations and kisses all round. The party then eat, drink, smoke, and dance far into the night, and for several following evenings. This for a peasant would be a seriously expensive affair were it not that every guest leaves a money contribution according to his or her means. Frequently as much as 600 marks, or £24, is subscribed on such occasions.

Amongst the richer class the wedding arrangements are really costly affairs, the dais for the kneeling pair being of the richest material, and the groomsmen bearing massive silver candelab. The bride is always dressed in pure white, with a long flowing veil and wreath of natural flowers. Four bridesmaids, also in white, wear armlets of natural flowers, as do the groomsmen favours of the same on their coats. After the ceremony

itself the supper is the great event of the evening, standing in place of our wedding breakfast. Served up at twelve o'clock, it is a really magnificent repast, the tables "groaning" under the weight of a most varied collection of eatables and drinks.

PART IV.

FINLAND is in the language of the country, Suomesimaa, "the land of lakes," and this is really the truth, as no less than one-third is under water. Much of this is, however, marsh land, though the lakes Saima, Lodoga, Enare, etc., cover some thousands of square miles. The surface of the country is flat, with a chain of low hills about the centre, the highest of these being the mountain "Aavasaksa." The coasts are deeply indented and picturesque, with bold granite cliffs standing clear cut against the deep blue sky, and many islands belonging to the Archipelago of Aland dot the surface of its western waters. Inland there are dense forests of pine, fir, and birch, which have a strange and enthralling influence upon the imagination. Notwithstanding their usually sombre aspect there are innumerable pleasant glades in the recesses of these woods, where the tall white-stemmed birch and great boulders covered with lichen crop up from the grass and form a pleasant picture; besides this the lakes have a beauty—solemn and romantic—which can scarcely be found elsewhere. The landscape, too, dotted with numerous windmills, and the church towers, built apart from the places of worship, present strange pictures. From these towers the night watchmen sound their horns or play upon triangles as an alarm of fire. Often in the dead of night a great blaze on the horizon will tell of some forest fire; these are mainly owing to the carelessness of the peasantry, and combined with the great exportation of timber and its lavish use for firewood and for building purposes, have caused a great rise in its value within the last few years.

Travelling in the country, though cheap, is not always pleasant. Many of the roads are what would be described as "corduroy," that is, having rough logs laid across, over which one's vehicle bumps and jumps in a manner calculated to make the bones sore for a considerable time after a journey. The velocity with which the natives send the carriage down hills is also likely to try the nerves of any not to the manner born. Most persons posting through Finland have their own vehicles—wheeled ones for the summer and sledges for the winter—and they change horses at each stage of about fifteen verst (ten English miles). Should you have to trust to the post-house for a conveyance you are more likely than not condemned to travel in a cart without springs, and a hard seat with no back to it, or an ordinary work-sledge. The charge for posting is little enough, being ten Finnish pennies (1d. English) per verst, and the driver is required by law to take you at the rate of one Swedish or seven English miles per hour.

The post-houses, or stations, are usually at some

wretched farmhouse, where the only accommodation consists of one room devoid of either comfort or cleanliness. If you seek rest on one of the beds in these places you will soon have to regret it in an increase of most unpleasant travelling companions—small but persistent! The horses are brave and patient little things, and when, as frequently happens, you are pitched out of your sledge into the snow, they will look round as they stand waiting, as much as to say, "What are you making such a fuss about? Get in; I'm getting cold!" Many of the better class of sledges have *wings* on either side, so when the machine is cap-sized one of these rests upon the snow and saves the traveller a roll therein. The charioteers, though not so warmly clad as a rule as the travellers, are yet the most comfortable of the party, as they are perpetual motion itself, running up hill to save the horses, and jumping upon a seat at the back of the sledge going down, so as to add his weight there to stay its too great velocity.

So sharp and biting is the winter's breath that soon after starting in the open air the sledge, wraps, and yourselves are as white as though powdered with flour. This gives the appearance of grisly old age to every one. In travelling through the thick forests on a frosty and moonlight night many weird and spectral effects are seen; marvellous objects formed by winter's rime on trees, bushes, and rocks.

No description can convey the powerful impression these imaginary scenes have upon the mind, nor the weight the sublime yet awful silence has upon one's spirits. The dreary sound of the crunching snow or the horse's bells alone disturbs the solitude, save when the bark of some tree is rent by the frost and breaks with a dull and leaden sound.

No fear need now be entertained of an attack by wolves or other ravenous beasts, as such are fast becoming extinct in Finland; sheep, and even dogs, are sometimes missing through their raids, and it will at times happen that in the anguish of famine the wolves attack horses.

A species of sledge, small and very light, called

"Kälke," enables the pedestrian to get over the ground very quickly. A rope is attached to the front part, by aid of which it is pulled up hill. Once at the top, the owner gets into the "Kälke," pulls against the rope, and goes flying down the declivity, steering with his feet, at express speed. This, besides being the bicycle, is also the perambulator and the clothes-basket of the country.

Snow-shoes are a favourite aid to locomotion, and are very simply constructed by the peasants themselves from a pliable strip of birch—three or four inches in width and from five to six feet long—slightly turned up in front. In the centre of each "shoe" is a strap, similar to that upon a clog, sometimes made of leather, but more frequently of twisted willows, into which the feet are slipped. A short staff, to the end of which is affixed a wheel (to prevent the stick sinking too deep into the snow), assists the traveller to give himself the first impetus, and afterwards to steer in whatever direction he may require. It is wonderful how swiftly by the aid of these shoes the natives fly down hills, and even on a level road they go faster than the swiftest horse. The writer tried to learn the art of snow-shoe travelling, but came to immediate grief.

The towns of Finland are nearly all upon the coast. Abo is probably the most interesting, having a brick cathedral with a beautiful Gothic roof. A plain marble tablet in the wall is in memory of Catherine, queen of Eric XIV, who lies buried beneath the choir. She was a daughter of a peasant at Medelpad, and, as a child, sold nuts in the market-place of Stockholm. The king, being greatly struck by her beauty, took her to the palace to be educated, and there fell so desperately in love with her that the people declared she had given him a love-potion. They were married in 1568, and the king was shortly afterwards dethroned.

At Tornea, Finland's northernmost town, Maupertuis made his observations for determining the figure of the earth in the years 1736-7.

W. F. SONGEY.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE OLD STORYTELLERS.

ADAPTED FROM THE EARLY ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "GESTA ROMANORUM."

BY G. LATHOM BROWNE.

V.—THE EMPEROR'S THREE DAUGHTERS—THE ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S "KING LEAR."

THEODOSIUS, the Roman Emperor, had three daughters. Once upon a time it liked him that he should find out which of them loved him the best. So he called them all to him and said to the eldest, "How much lovest thou me?"\*

\**Lear.*

Tell me, my daughters,

Which of you, shall we say, doth love me most?

*Goneril.*

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,

"Truly, my lord and father, I love thee more than I do myself."

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:

As much as child e'er loved, or father found:

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

"Good," said the emperor, "thou shalt be highly advanced;" and he married her to a rich and powerful king.

Then turning to the second daughter, he said, "Daughter, how much lovest thou me?"

"Truly, my lord and father, I love thee as much as I do myself."<sup>6</sup>

"Thou hast well said," replied Theodosius; and he married her to a wealthy and powerful duke.

Then said he to the third daughter, "And how much lovest thou me?"

"Verily, my lord and father, I love thee as much as thou be worthy of, and no more,"<sup>†</sup> replied the damsel.

"Since thou lovest me no more than this," said the emperor, sadly disappointed at her reply, for she was his favourite child, "thou shalt not be married as well and highly as thy sisters;" so he married her to an earl, who, though he was brave and good, had but few lands and riches.

Now it happened after this that the emperor was at war with the King of Egypt, and was driven by him out of his empire, so that he had no place to abide in. In his distress he wrote letters to his eldest daughter, sealed with his ring, the one that had said that she loved him more than herself, praying her to succour him in his great need, for he was put out of his empire. This daughter, when she had read her father's letters, showed them to the king, her husband.

"It is good," said the king, "that we should succour him in this his need. I will gather together a great army and will help him in all that I can, but it may not be done without great expense."

"Nay," quoth his wife, "it were sufficient if we were to grant him five knights to be his companions, to protect him whilst he is out of his empire."

And so it was that this daughter wrote again to her father that he could have none other help from her than five knights, to be his companions and protectors, at the cost of the king, her husband.

"Alas! alas!" cried the emperor, when he read her letters, "I put all my trust in her, for she said that she loved me more than herself, and advanced her to great honour and power."

<sup>6</sup>*Regan.* I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find, she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short—that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;  
And find I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

<sup>†</sup>*Lear.* Now, our joy,  
. . . What can you say, to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cordelia.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing? Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

*Cordelia.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty  
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Then the poor emperor wrote letters to his second daughter, she that said she loved him as much as herself. And when she had read them, she showed them to the duke, her husband, and gave him this counsel.

"Let us find him a meal and drink and clothing such as is fit for so great a lord, during the time of his need."

"Yea," said the duke, for he was a mean and cowardly man, "it is sufficient."

So she wrote again to her father in that wise, and when he read her letters the emperor was sore grieved with them.

"Since my two daughters have made my heart so sore," said he to himself, "I will write to the third."

So he wrote to that one who said that she loved him as much as he deserved, and prayed her to succour him, telling her the answers he had had from her sisters.

When this daughter had read her father's letters she wept, and came to her husband, and when she showed them to him, "My worshipful lord," she said, "do succour him in his great need; my father is put out of his empire and his heritage."

"Yea, willingly," replied the good earl, "I will do what thou wiltest."

"Gather, then," said she, "a great host, and help him to fight against his enemies."

"Yea," replied the earl, "I will do thy will."

So the good earl gathered a great army together, at his own cost, and marched with them, with her father, the emperor, to the battle, and won so great a victory that the emperor was set again in his heritage.

"Blessed be the hour," cried the emperor, "when my youngest daughter was born. I loved her less than any of the others, and now, in my great need, she hath succoured me, and the rest have failed me, therefore after my death she shall have my empire."

And so it was done in deed, that after the emperor died his youngest daughter reigned in his stead, and lived and died in honour and peace.

#### THE MORAL.

"Dear friends," saith the preacher, "the emperor may be called any worldly man, the which hath three daughters. The first daughter, that saith, I love thee more than myself, is the world, which a man loveth so well that he wasteth all his life about it, but what time he shall be in danger of death, scarcely will the world give him five knights—that is, five boards for a coffin in which to lay his body in his grave. The second daughter, that loveth her father as much as herself, is his wife, his children, or his kindred, which will haply find him in meat and drink and clothing in his need, when he be put out of his means of living. And the third daughter, that loved her father as much as he deserved, is our Lord God, whom we love so little. But if we come to Him in the time of our need, with a clean heart and mind, without doubt we shall have help of Him against the King of Egypt—the Evil One—and He shall set us in our heritage, the kingdom of



heaven. To which may the great God in His mercy bring us."

The earliest version of this legend, on which the tragedy of "King Lear" is based, appears in "The History of England," of Geoffrey of Monmouth, an ecclesiastic of repute in the reign of Henry 1, who in 1152 was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph. According to report that work was a translation from the British tongue of a much earlier MS. of a bishop of the same see, Tyssilio, or St. Tatian, who lived in the seventh century. Another version is given in the additional MSS., British Museum 9066, in which Leyre (Lear) is made King of Britain, and said to have given his name to the town of Leycetur (Leicester). In this morality the three daughters are named as in Shakespeare, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, and the answer of Cordelia is thus given: "See my sisters have said to you words of glosing, but I say to you the truth. I love you as much as I ought to love my father; and to make you more certain how much my love is worth, I shall say to you, as much as you have, so much are you worth, and so much I love you." Lear then divided his kingdom in twain one part he gave to the King of Scots, to whom he married Goneril, and the other to the Earl of Cornwall, the husband of Regan, who were to rule there after his death.

"This maiden Cordelia," says the tale, "was fair, and so well taught that it was a marvell, so that Agape, King of France, heard so great report of her, that he sent to King Lear, that he would give him her to wife. Lear sent word back that he had parted his kingdom between his two eldest daughters, so that he had no more land that he might marry his youngest daughter with. When Agape heard this answer he sent again unto Lear, and said he asked nothing with her, but only herself and her clothing. Then Lear made her to be well arrayed and cleanly, and sent her to the King of France; and he joyfully received her with great worship, and made her Queen of France.

"The King of Scots and the Earl of Cornwall would not wait till after his death to have his land, but waxed hard upon him and put him in so great distress, that they took away his realm; and on this wise they ordained between them that the twain of them should maintain him all his life with forty knights and their squires, that he might worshipfully go to which party he would."

Lear then goes first to Goneril, who after a month is so troubled with his knights, that she spoke to her husband that ten of them should be put from him. Hurt at this, Lear goes to Regan with his thirty knights and their squires; she after a year reduces his train to one. Back goes Lear to Goneril, who soon leaves him only a squire. Bitterly grieved at this, the old king at last goes to France, and inquired where Cordelia was.

"There," goes on the tale, "he came to the city where men told him she was, and sent his squire to tell her that her father was coming to her to get some good and help of her. The squire went and told the order to the queen, how his two daughters had left him. Then Cordelia took great plenty of gold and silver, and took it

to the squire, and said to him in counsel, that he should bear that treasure to her father, and that he should go to some good town and array himself in royal clothing, and take to him forty knights of his own livery, and that when he was ready he should send unto the king her lord, that he was coming to speak to him and to see his daughter. Now the squire, commending the queen to God, came to Lear with the treasure and told him the queen's message. Then Lear went to another city, as his daughter had bid him, and then came to the city where the king lived with his wife, and sent to the king to say that he was come into France to speak to him and see his daughter. On this the King of France ordered all his men to take horse, and the queen ordered all her men to take horse, and they rode together, and came to Lear, and received him with great worship and honour. The king commanded all manner of his subjects, that they should treat the old king, his father, with the same honour as himself. When Lear had dwelt there for a month he told the king how his two eldest daughters had treated him. Whereupon King Agape assembled a great power, and sent it with Lear into Britain, and Cordelia came with him to have the land after her father. Then they passed the sea and fought with the fellows and slew them, and Lear took again his realm and lived for three years after in peace; and after he died Cordelia had him buried in Leicester, and held the land of Britain."

The moral is thus briefly given: "Here may men see what flattering words do, that untruly fulfil the promise that they make, and here also many men may hear what comes to them that speak the truth as Cordelia did. For it is written they that glose thee, and praise thee, deceive thee, and they that tell thee the truth, they love thee and be thy friends."

The reader of Shakespeare will note how closely he has followed this version of the morality, in his piteous tragedy, and worked out the moral,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child."

The variation between these two versions proves that they could not have been taken from the same MS. Osterley has printed a Latin version corresponding to the second of these, but it is not found in the usual Latin versions of the Gesta.

#### VI.—THE JEALOUS STEWARD—SCHILLER'S FRIDOLIN.

WHEN Lamartinus was Emperor of Rome he had in his household a youth whom he greatly loved, his brother's son, named Fulgentius, who was his cup-bearer. In the palace also lived the steward of the whole empire, who greatly envied the youth because he was so much loved by the emperor. He studied therefore night and day how that he might make discord between the emperor and his favourite. Once upon a time, as he was in attendance on his lord in his chamber, whilst the emperor

was preparing for bed, he spake craftily to him.\*

"Sir, my lord," he said, "I have a certain counsel to show between you and me."

"Say on," replied the emperor, "for there is no one here but us two."

"My lord," said the wily steward, "this youth, your nephew, whom you love so much, freely defames you all over your empire, saying that you are infected with leprosy, and have so bad a breath that he can hardly stand before you when he hands you your cup. Hence whenever he cometh to you with wine, as soon as he hath handed the cup to you he turneth away his head."

When the emperor heard this he was sorely grieved, and breathed upon the steward, praying him to tell him whether his breath had any savour of leprosy or no.

"Sir, my lord," said the steward; "nay, nay, for thou hast as sweet a breath as any man in the empire."

"How, then," replied the emperor, "may I come at the truth or falsehood in this boy?"

"Sir, my lord," said the jealous fellow, "look well the next time that he shall serve thee, whether in your chamber or at meat, and you will see that as soon as he hath given to thee the cup he will turn away his face that he may not feel the savour of your breath. Thus will you prove that it is the truth that I tell you."

"Truly thou sayest. There may be no better proof."

Then went the steward to the youth, and, taking him aside, "Dear friend," said he, "thou art, as thou sayest and knowest, well nigh related to my lord, for he is thine uncle and thou art his nephew. If thou wilt be thankful to me I will warn thee of a fault thou hast, whereby my lord is much

displeased, and which oftentimes sorely grieveth him."

"Sir," replied the youth, "I beg you tell me what fault it is for which my lord despiseth my company, and I am ready to amend it and follow good advice."

"Thou hast an evil and bad breath, so much so that my lord thinketh ever when that thou bringest the cup to him that he would throw it in thy face."

"Give me, I pray thee," said the youth, "some good advice and help in the case."

"If," replied the steward, "thou wilt follow my advice in this matter, I will bring all to a good end."

"This," exclaimed the youth, "I desire above all things."

"As oft as thou bringest the cup to my lord, and hast delivered it into his hand, then turn thy face from him, so that he feel not the odour of thy breath. Do this till we can order some medicine for thee."

The youth believed the steward's words, and next time that he handed the cup to the emperor, as soon as his uncle had taken it into his hand, he turned his face aside. Enraged at it, the emperor raised his foot, and, spurning him on the breast, "Fie, fie upon thee, thou ribald fellow!" he cried. "Now I see that it is true what I have heard of thee: out of my sight, for no longer shalt thou abide with me."

Sorely did Fulgentius weep and make much ado at the act and words of the emperor, who again called the steward to him.

"Tell me," said the emperor, "how I may be best avenged on this vile fellow, that I may make away with the fellow who has thus defamed me."

"Sir, my lord," replied the steward, "I can show you a good way; you have near your palace men that keep great fires to burn the stones in the lime-pits; send to them a messenger this night, bidding them to burn in their fire him that shall first come to them on the morrow, and say, 'Have ye done as my lord commanded?' and that they do so on pain of death. Then say to Fulgentius, 'To-morrow, early, go to the men at the lime-pits, and say to them, 'Have ye done the commandment of the emperor?' And they, as you have ordered, shall cast him into the fire, and thus, by this way, he shall have an evil death.'"

Then, calling Fulgentius to him, "Good youth," said the emperor, "I charge thee, on pain of death, to rise up early to-morrow, and go three miles hence to my workmen at the lime-pits, and ask this of them, 'Have you performed the commandment of the emperor?'"

Right willing to show his obedience, Fulgentius all night long set his thoughts how to speed his errand, and rise by times in the morning. In the meantime the emperor sent a messenger on horseback to the workmen with the orders that they should be up early, and should any man come to them, and ask if they had obeyed the emperor's orders, on pain of death, they should seize him, and cast him into the furnace till he was burnt to his bones.

The messenger speedily got to the workmen, and they replied that they right readily would do

\* Schiller, in his version of this legend, makes Fridolin the page of a Count Savern's wife.

A harmless youth was Fridolin,  
A pious youth was he;  
He served and sought her grace to win,  
Count Savern's fair ladye:  
And gentle was the dame as fair,  
And light the toils of service there;  
And yet the woman's wildest whim  
In her—had been but joy in him.

On him, more like some gentle child  
Than serving youth, the lady smiled,  
And took a harmless pleasure in  
The comely looks of Fridolin.

Robert, the huntsman, envious of the page, excites the count's jealousy.

For this the huntsman Robert's heart  
The favoured henchman cursed;  
And long, till ripen'd into art,  
The hateful envy nurs'd.  
His lord was rash of thought and deed:  
And thus the knave the deadly seed  
(As from the chase he homeward rode)  
That poisons thought, to fury sowed.

—*Lytton Bulwer's Translation.*

the lord's bidding, and then rode back and told the emperor.\* On the morrow Fulgentius rose up early and made ready to do his errand, thinking no evil. Forth, then, he went, not tarrying on the road till he heard a church bell ringing, and turned in to hear service. Wearied with a sleep-



THE SLEEPING PAGE.

less night, during the service his eyes became so heavy that needs must he sleep, and so heavily and long did he sleep that no one could find it in

\* In Schiller, the men are tending an iron furnace, and the count himself gives the orders to the furnace-man.

Straight to the wood, in storm and shame,  
Away Count Savern rode,  
Where in the roaring furnace flame,  
The molten iron glowed.  
Here, late and early, still the brand  
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;  
The bellows heave, and the sparkles fly,  
As if they would melt down the mountains high.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,  
Forth beckoned from their task.  
The first whom I to you may send,  
And who of you shall ask—  
Have you the lord's command obeyed?  
Thrust in the hell fire yonder made;  
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,  
Let him offend my eyes no more!

their heart to awaken him.\* But whilst the youth thus slept the jealous steward, anxious to know how matters stood, hastened to the lime-burners, and said, "Men, have ye done as the lord commanded?"

"No, forsooth," said they, "but we will now begin."

And with this they laid hands on the steward, who struggled and raved, crying out, "What will ye do? Hands off, do not touch me. It was Fulgentius that the emperor bade thee seize! Ye will be lost for me, let me go."

"That he never told us," replied the men, "but he sent to us one who said that we should seize him that first came and said to us, 'Have ye done the lord's commandment?' and then on pain of death, take him and cast him into our furnace; and say thou, sing thou, thou shalt have none other grace than what we say."

Then they took the steward and hurled him into the furnace and burnt him to the bones. Soon after cometh Fulgentius and asketh the men whether they had done the lord's bidding.

"Yea, good sir," replied they, "a little before thy coming it was done."

"I pray ye," said Fulgentius, "by the reverence of God, tell me now what was that commandment."

"Forsooth," said the lime-burners, "we were charged to take him that should first come to us on the morrow, and say the words that thyself hath said, and cast him into the fire, and burn him to powder, and because that the steward came first to us, and said the same words, therefore we burnt him."

When he heard these words Fulgentius knew well that falsehood and treachery had been used,

\* In Schiller's ballad Fridolin before starting seeks the lady—

"Ere I go to the forge I have come to thee,  
Hast thou any commands on the road for me?"  
"I fain," thus spake that lady fair,  
In winsome love and low,  
"But for mine infant ailing here  
To hear the Mass would go.  
Go thou, my child,—and on the way,  
For me and mine thy heart shall pray;  
Repent each sinful thought of thine—  
So shall thy soul find grace for mine."

On his way Fridolin hears the sound of the church bell, that

Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;  
Knolling souls that would repent  
To the Holy Sacrament.

The page enters the church. It is harvest time, "the scythe was busy in the grain," and the priest is alone.

At once the good resolve he takes  
As sacristan to serve;  
"No halt," quoth he, "the footstep makes  
That doth but heavenward swerve!"

So on the priest, with humble soul,  
He hung the singalum and stole,  
And eke prepares each holy thing,  
To the high mass administering.



and thanked God that He had so saved him. Then took he his leave of the workmen and returned to the palace, and went in unto the emperor, who marvelled greatly when he saw him.

"Wast thou not this day at my workmen?" said he in anger, "and didst thou not say to them the words I bid thee?"

"Yea, my lord and master, I was there, and they had done it or ever I came to them."

"How so?" quoth the emperor.

"Sir, my lord and master, because the steward was there before me and said, 'Is not my lord's will done?' So they took him and cast him into the fire. If, then, I had come before him it should have been done to me. Therefore I give great thanks to God that He hath so saved me."\*

"Tell me," cried the emperor—"tell me truly, by the oath that thou hast made to me, what I shall now ask of thee."

"My lord and master," replied the youth, "I trow that thou hast never found falsehood in me. Therefore I wonder much why that ye ordained such a death for me, who am thy own brother's son."

\* Mass ended, Fridolin hurries on.

He gained the forge, the smiths surveyed,  
As grimly there they stand.

"How fares it, friends? *have ye obeyed,*"

He cried, "*my lord's command?*"

"Ho! ho!" they shout, and ghastly grin,  
And point the furnace throat within.

"With zeal and heed we did the deed—  
The master's praise, the servant's meed."

Fridolin hastens back to the count, "who scarce could trust his eyes."

"Whence com'st thou? from the furnace? So!

Not elsewhere? Troth, thy steps are slow;

"Thou hast loitered long"—"Yet only till

I might the trust consigned fulfil.

My noble lord, 'tis here, to-day,

I'd chanced on quitting thee,

To ask my duties, on the way,

Of her who guideth me.

She bade me (and how sweet and dear

It was!) the holy mass to hear.

Rosaries four I told, delaying,

Grace for thee and thine heart praying."

"And when thou didst the furnace reach,  
What answer gave they thee?"

"An answer hard the sense to win;

Thus spake the men with ghastly grin:

"With zeal and heed we did the deed—

The master's praise, the servant's meed."

"And Robert?"—gasped the count, as lost

In awe, he shuddering stood—

"Thou must, be sure, his path have crossed?

*I sent him to the wood.*"

"In wood nor field, where I have been,

No single trace of him was seen."

All death-like stood the count—"THY MIGHT,

O GOD OF HEAVEN, HATH JUDGED RIGHT."

"It is no wonder, son, and that thou thyself shalt see, by what I shall ask of thee. For I ordained to thee that death at the counsel of the steward, because thou defamest me all over mine empire."

"My lord and master," replied Fulgentius, "hear what I shall say to thee, and ye shalt see here a foul conspiracy and treachery, that ye never heard of before. The steward, that is now dead, came to me and said that ye had told him that my presence greatly annoyed thee, and that therefore he advised me that I should turn away my head whenever I brought unto thee the cup. It is no falsehood that I say unto thee."

"Ah, dear friend," replied the emperor, who believed what the youth had said, "the steward has fallen in the ditch that he digged, by the right wisdom of God. This false ordinance hath he made me make, for the envy that he had of thee. Son, be a good man, for thou art much bounden to God, in that He hath kept thee from a cruel death."\*

#### THE MORAL.

"The emperor," said the preacher, "may be likened to any holy prelate, to whom the Christian man ought to pay such a share of the goods which God hath given to him, that the prelate may live. Then cometh the envious man, a child of the evil one, to persuade the Christian man that the prelate is smitten with leprosy, that is pleasing neither to God nor man. For a time the envious man prevaileth, but at last his sin is found out, and his end is eternal punishment, whilst the true people shall be rewarded with everlasting bliss.

From which end may He keep us  
That with His blood bought us,  
And bring us to His bliss  
That never shall miss."

The plot of Schiller's "Fridolin and the Iron-Melters" can be recognised in this morality, as will be seen from the extracts in the previous notes. Whether the poet drew his inspiration from this tale or from an Alsatian legend, the probability is that both came from the same, an older source. The main features of the tale are found in an Eastern story ("Scott's Tales from the Arabic"), and its popularity is shown by the various versions to be found in other languages. The great German poet has amended the original by substituting for the leprous breath the feeling of jealousy excited in the mind of the knight by the malice of the huntsman Robert.

\* Then meekly, humbled from his pride,

He took the servant's hand;

He led him to his lady's side,

She nought mote understand.

"This child—no angel is more pure—

Long may thy grace for him endure;

Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—

GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM."

Schiller's "Fridolin."—Lytton Bulwer.

## COPENHAGEN AND ITS ENVIRONS.



ON THE DYKES.

THE little narrow peninsula which juts up from the broad flat land of Germany and blocks the sea road into the Baltic has always possessed many a claim of interest to Englishmen, and a visit to Copenhagen gives ever a pleasant insight into our own past history. But Copenhagen and its surrounding country contain also many pleasant spots to dwell in, spots well worthy for their quiet beauty to be lingered over by the lover of the picturesque, whilst memories of Shakespeare, Nelson, Thorwaldsen, and Hans Andersen float through the mind.

The town is well built; wide open spaces here and there, with ornamental waters surrounded with trees and verdure, give to it an air of breadth and freedom unknown to many cities, and the fresh breeze that blows in from the Sound ever clears away the close odour of a populous city.

The centre of the city is a wide handsome place called the Kongens Nytorv, or the King's New Market; and from here the trams run to all points of interest, or the traveller may better

proceed on foot through the various wide streets that all centre in this oval.

Our own modern spelling of the name Copenhagen does not now give the meaning of the word as it formerly did; in 1534 we spelt it "Copmanhavn," and in 1524 it is mentioned in the State papers as "Coupmanhavonne," a round-about way of spelling "the haven of the koopman or merchant," but yet an easily translatable word that carried its full meaning, that is now lost in our modern corruption.

A saunter round the Kongens Nytorv will soon convince one that Copenhagen is still the haven of the merchant, for sea-going men of all nations may be quickly met with, and at the hotel our immediate neighbours at table d'hôte were Swedish, English, Scotch, French, and German.

Although the Kongens Nytorv is the centre and perhaps the handsomest place in Copenhagen, it need hardly be lingered over. The theatre upon one side of it is a handsome building, and the Charlottenborg Palace adds to its beauty, but the spot of the highest interest to all lies some little distance from it.

By the side of the Christiansborg Palace, lately, alas! destroyed again by fire, rises a sombre and unattractive-looking building, around three sides of which are painted in crude colours (that the salt air has almost destroyed) vigorous scenes of the joy of the people of Copenhagen when they once more welcomed the master, "Bertel Thorwaldsen," amongst them. This building is now his tomb, also the temple where rest most of the greatest of his works.

It is best to wander through the rooms that contain the glorious and beautiful conceptions of Thorwaldsen, and to linger over the marble that he has imbued with tender grace, and almost impregnated with life, ere descending to look



CATHEDRAL AT ROSKILDE.

upon the plain tomb that now guards his mortal remains.

All reproductions of his works, whether in marble or by the pencil, fail to give the impression that is received whilst gazing upon his own labour. Purity, grace, and power may perhaps best describe his qualities.

Many of his best works are well known in England by photographs and copies, but there is one very charming piece which is, comparatively speaking, but little known—a bas-relief called "The Ages of Love." The whole of the figures in this are highly expressive and full of thought, and modelled with a rare softness and beauty of form.

His "Day and Night" are known everywhere, but whilst looking at them here, the greatest power seems to be thrown into Night, where calm quiet sleep and happy sweet repose is so marvellously depicted. Day, with all its brightness, strikes one as yet sad; and when the story is read of how Night was the inspiration and Day was an afterthought, then in looking at the marble the poet and sculptor's mind can be read.

In his colossal figure of Christ there is a calm, sad, pitying, loving expression that is very tender, yet moving; and his power of modelling piercing strength is well shown in the eye of the eagle that is with the Ganymede.

Whilst we were looking at "Thais persuading Alexander to burn Persepolis" by our side stood a plain, rough man studying the work thoughtfully and carefully, catalogue in hand. It reminded us of what Thorwaldsen himself was, and what he might have remained had he not possessed that indomitable perseverance and intense

love for his work which alone can produce great men. The son of a common ship's carpenter, and even at the age of thirty-three failure apparently the end of his labour. Then came the Englishman "Hope,"—propitious name!—who gave him an order for his "Jason," the first ripple of his onward flood of fame.

The building contains also relics of Thorwaldsen and his pictures, a characteristic one of himself in an Italian kitchen, seated in his shirt-sleeves at dinner, but sketching two children and a dog that are playing on the floor.

After wandering amidst his work one is prepared to go down and stand in front of the plain granite coping that marks the spot beneath which he lies, and to read with deeper feeling the words "Bertel Thorwaldsen, born 19th November, 1770; died 24th March, 1844."

In the Christiansborg Slot (palace) that adjoins the Thorwaldsen Museum is (or rather was before the late fire) a fair collection of pictures, more interesting from the fact that it contains many pictures of Scandinavian life than from the celebrity of its old masters.

One characteristic bit of Danish scenery is the one by Ed. Bergh, entitled, "Under the Beeches." The paintings of Skovgaard also give an excellent insight into Northern life and Northern dress worn by his sturdy women. A painting of the coast of Greenland at midnight by Rasmusen is remarkable for its vivid colouring and the clear blue ice.

The collection of old masters will only detain



VOR-FRELSEKIRKE.

the student or enthusiast, as it is far beneath the galleries of Dresden or Paris.

To obtain a good view of Copenhagen and its surroundings the visitor has a choice of two ascensions, the one by a sloping pathway, which



is constructed like that of the Campanile at Venice, within the Round Tower adjoining the Church of the Trinity, or by the exterior stair-

The limited time during which these collections remain open makes it difficult to see even one of them properly in one day; and the collection of

Northern antiquities is one to which the study of many days might be allotted.

The courteous and learned director kindly pointed out to us how we might obtain a little more time by taking certain rooms first, as all the articles were packed away each day, certain rooms always being packed first, and thus we were enabled to tarry in the last rooms whilst the objects in the first rooms were being



THE NEW KING'S MARKET

consigned to the cellars.

To give any idea of the richness of the collection of antiquities that so fully illustrates the lives of our forefathers, the vikings of the North, is here impossible. To read the catalogue alone is a rich treat for the archæologist, the collection being the richest in Europe, we think far surpassing the one which is said to rival it, that of Stockholm.

The whole life of these warriors and their forerunners is illustrated from birth to the grave, and perhaps a more thought-giving sight is it to look upon one of the early coffins of the aboriginal inhabitants of the North than even to gaze upon the mummied form of some Egyptian. Wrapped in black coarse sack-like cloth, it lies in the tree which, with its centre scooped out, served as its coffin. All the ornaments which this daring race were so fond of, its arms, and its tools, and domestic utensils, are all classified and arranged in a most excellent order, the rooms commencing at prehistoric times, and tracing the history of the race down to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This museum is illustrative of the care and exactitude which are given to all the collections in Copenhagen, and this sense of order prevails also in the streets, for a more orderly town it would be difficult to find in Europe.

A pleasant relief was it, after studying these collections of art and antiquity, to stroll out past the Haven, and through the gates of the Citadel, along the promenade beneath the finely grown trees that bordered the sheets of water surrounding the walls. Cannons fired as we were passing one of the quays, and inquiring the cause we found the king and queen were just about to land. But very few troops were near, a small guard, and no crowd or any attempt at enthusiasm when the



THE ROUND TOWER.

But on quitting the Christiansborg Palace it would be as well to note the position of the Prince's Palace, for here lies the collection which is second only in interest to that contained in the Thorwaldsen Museum.

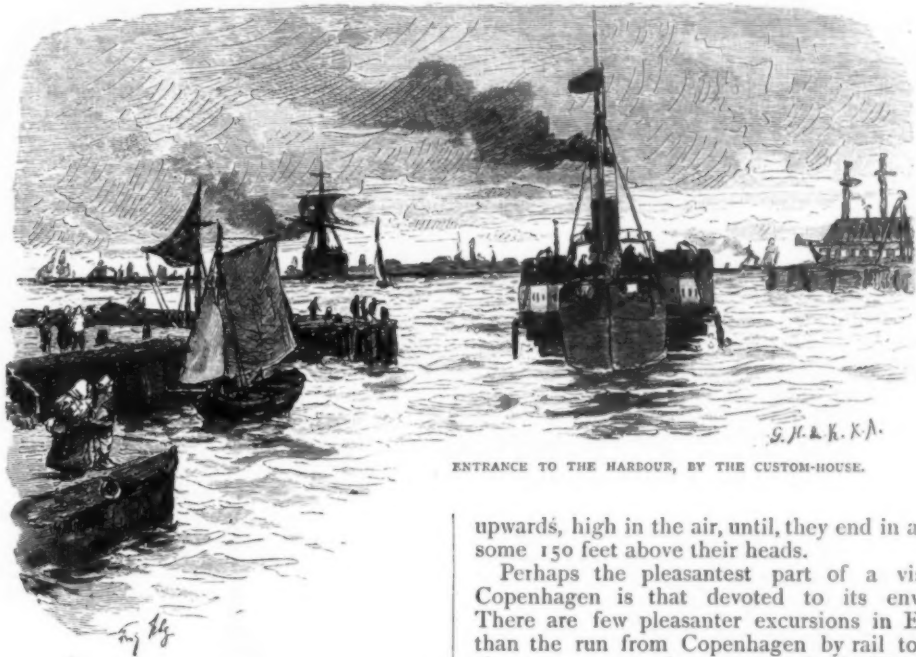
case that runs round the spire of Vor-Frelser Kirke. This latter is the most laborious, but the climber is repaid for his trouble by getting a more extended view.

handsome form of the father of our own Princess Alexandra stepped on the quay. This little incident interrupted but for a few moments the walk along the favourite promenade of the people of Copenhagen—a pleasant lively spot, the shores of Sweden in the distance, and all the busy life of the harbour constantly affording amusement.

Here one can well judge of the life of these Zealanders. In the sharp fresh air the white sails of the ships fill out and lift gleefully their craft upon the tossing waves, and one feels the invigorating atmosphere that nerved the Danes to be conquerors of the sea. Nearly all the entries that are made in reference to Copenhagen in English state papers are connected with matters of the sea; either English ships had been taken

the Palace of Rosenborg can easily be reached, and here is another historical collection, not of such interest as that of the Prince's Palace, but yet highly instructive to the student of Danish history. Many of its rooms have been fitted up in the style of the time of the various kings of Denmark, thus illustrating the life of the period, and acting as a museum for the treasures of their reigns.

There is one peculiar spire which quickly attracts the attention whilst strolling round the waters that surround the Christiansborg Slot. It is made up of the tails of four dragons in bronze, worn green by the atmosphere; their heads are low down on the roof of the Exchange which they guard, and their four tails go entwining



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, BY THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

and compensation is demanded, or Danish ships have been attacked, and curiously now does it sound that "King Christian of Denmark demands full redress of Queen Mary of England." This demand was made in 1557 on behalf of a certain Laurence Johnson, whose ship had first been seized by the French, then by Belgians, and he, the captain, sent on to France; then his ship was recaptured a third time by the English captain "W. Gryn à Blacknuol" (W. Green of Blackwall), who took Johnson's ship into Dover, stripped it, and threw it on the rocks, and for this act Queen Mary was requested to give full redress.

No pleasant resting-place must this promenade of Lange Linie have been when in September, 1807, the English bombarded the city. Copenhagen has suffered severely from fire, sword, and plague. Hence it arises that all the buildings are but as it were of yesterday.

Turning back from the Harbour and the Citadel,

upwards, high in the air, until they end in a point some 150 feet above their heads.

Perhaps the pleasantest part of a visit to Copenhagen is that devoted to its environs. There are few pleasanter excursions in Europe than the run from Copenhagen by rail to Helsingør—or, as we better recognise it, Elsinore—and back again by sea, making a stay at some of the summer resorts that lie on the shores of the Sound between the capital and this key to the Baltic.

To those who have time there are several spots well worth lingering over even in the railway run through Zealand; but even the busy worker, whose holiday time is short, should contrive to spend a little time in the pleasant park of the Palace of Frederiksborg, whose many towers rise picturesquely from little islands that float as it were upon a little wood-encircled lake.

But those who cannot spare this time will on the railway journey see a good deal of the nature of Danish scenery.

Very English is it, with its uplands and clustered beech-trees; but here and there are little lakes that add to the idyllic beauty of the quiet landscape, and quickly tell one it is not England through which we are passing.

As we near Helsingør the view of the Sound opens up, with its passing ships, and beyond the low shores of Sweden plainly visible. The entry into the town is curious and interesting; the

square, giving a nod to the young officer, who saluted her as she passed.

A trivial incident, but one most noteworthy in this castle square of Kronborg, and a fitting pre-



CASTLE ROSENBERG.

houses are low, but with very high roofs. There is an all-present smell of tar and timber, and signs of past activity. The Rathhaus, a curious brick building, of the Northern brick Gothic type, rises above the houses, and adds pleasantly to the *coup d'œil*. But we were nearing the scene of one of Shakespeare's creations, and all else subordinated itself to our eager longing to stand upon the "platform before the castle" at Elsinore, where Hamlet learnt the murder of his father.

Leaving the town we passed up through an avenue of sycamore-trees over a moat and draw-bridge into the precincts of Kronborg, then over a still wider moat, and the little bridge which our artist has pictured, and beneath a gateway into the castle.

Standing on this little bridge the scene is full of interest; the glistening waters of the moat, on which fall the dark shadows of the sycamores; the old walls rising abruptly, and beyond the picturesque towers with their balconies, only one of which is seen in the engraving, but of which there are four, one at each corner, together with a central one of copper, now bronzed and verdigrised by the sea air.

Over the gateway is the date 1690, but over one of the windows occurs the date 1584. The scene in the courtyard was a busy one, troops were mustering under the command of a young officer. Through a doorway from beneath the central tower which, domed, turreted, and pinnacled, rose on the south side of the square, men in heavy marching order kept starting out, their bright guns being first seen emerging from the darkness of the tower. From the opposite corner tower came tripping out the castellan's daughter, a bright-haired young girl, who ran across the

lude to our stepping out on to the platform where Hamlet learnt the fact that divided his mind with his love for Ophelia.

"The air bit shrewdly," even on this autumn afternoon, as it swept across the Sound. The



THE EXCHANGE.

Dannebrog, the national standard of Denmark, strained and flapped at the masthead on this flag-battery, dubbed by Shakespeare, "the platform;"



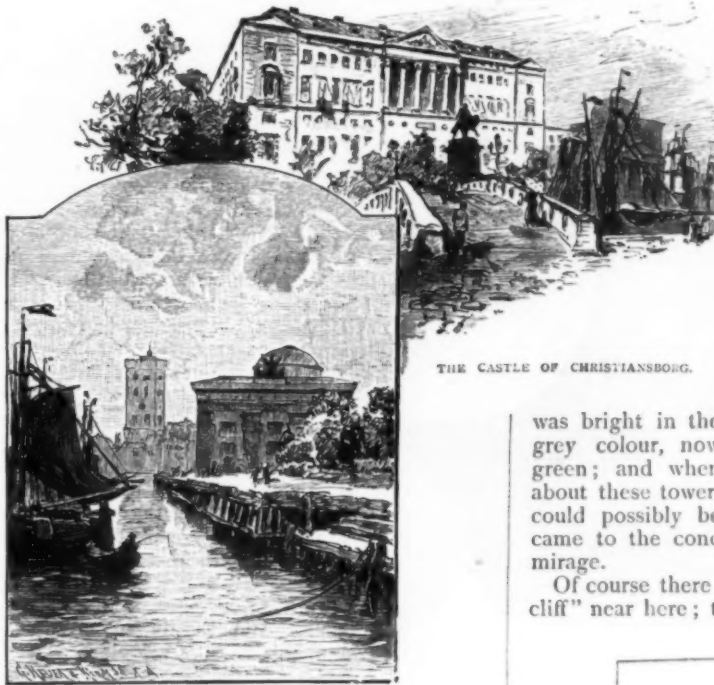
and as we strolled about it, and noted the casemates hollowed out beneath it, a new meaning of Hamlet's words to the ghost dawned upon us,

But our thoughts were called back from Hamlet's time to to-day by the sight of the many ships that were passing the battery.

Fifty-one sail we counted upon the narrow strip of sea that separated us from Sweden, upon the shores of which we could plainly see the houses, especially the little town of Helsingborg with its old red-brick round tower. Near the high hills of the Swedish point Kullen some twenty more sail were standing off; and up away towards the Baltic we saw, rising apparently from the sea, the towers of a town. So peculiar was this that we looked and looked again, but unmistakably there rose the solid towers and buildings of a town. The sea

was bright in the sunlight, but of a cold, iron-grey colour, now and then slightly blue and green; and when we afterwards made inquiry about these towers and were told that no town could possibly be seen in that direction, we came to the conclusion that we had seen but a mirage.

Of course there is no "dreadful summit of the cliff" near here; there Shakespeare's imagination

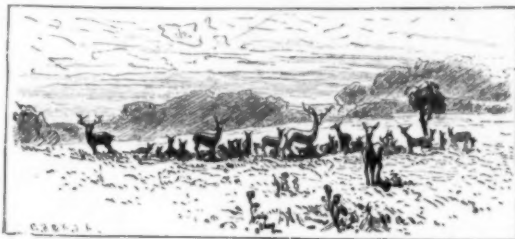


THE CASTLE OF CHRISTIANSBORG.

THE THORWALDSEN MUSEUM.

that gave additional strength to Hamlet's reason for shifting his position and testing the ghost's spirituality.

When first the ghost adjures Marcellus and Horatio to "swear," Hamlet laughs at him and says, "You hear this fellow in the *cellarage*," and after the second adjuration, adds, "Then we'll shift our ground," and he moves away to another part of the platform; but when again the voice comes from beneath, Hamlet cries out, "Well said, old mole, canst move in the *earth* so



NEAR THE HERMITAGE.

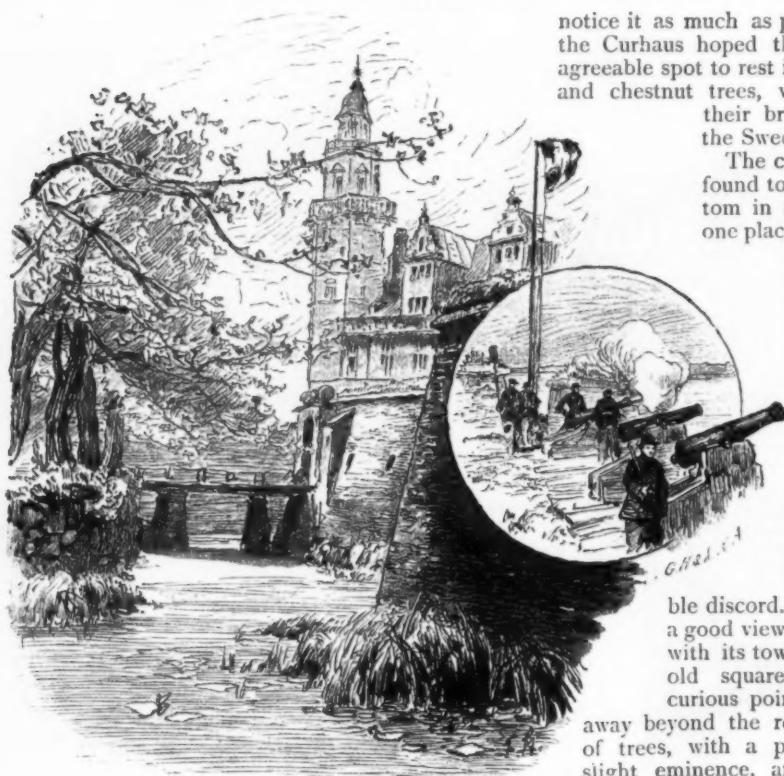
fast?" Now although of course the date of the action of the play was long before the present castle was built, yet still this curious fact remains, that under one part of the platform is cellarage, and under another part earth.



THE HOLMENS CHURCH.

outran his geography; but around the castle are many deep ditches filled with water and long reeds, where one can easily picture the body of the fair Ophelia being sadly drawn forth.

Our artist has made a sketch of a spot the Danes say was put up to satisfy the English, a sham Hamlet's grave. There is such a spot, as depicted in the illustration, but we had to climb a fence at the back of the Curhaus called Marienlyst to get to it, and the English scarcely seem to



FORTRESS OF KRONBORG AND FLAG-BATTERY.

notice it as much as perchance the proprietor of the Curhaus hoped they would. But it was an agreeable spot to rest in, under the shade of lime and chestnut trees, with pretty peeps through their branches of the Sound and the Swedish coast.

The customs of the Curhaus we found to curiously illustrate the custom in Scandinavia of sleeping in one place and living in another. We

found we could not sleep at the Curhaus Hotel, but must walk some little distance to the hotel on the coast; and when we arrived at the hotel we were told we could not dine there, but must walk back again to the Curhaus, which we did, and dined for sixty ore, very miserably, out in the fresh cold air, with a band of six performers playing the most doleful airs in horri-

ble discord. But from our seat we had a good view—ahead of us of Kronborg with its towers, and the town with its old square church-tower, and the curious points of the Rathhaus; and away beyond the red-roofed houses a group of trees, with a picturesque windmill on a slight eminence, and the open, undulating country around it green and varied.



FREDERICKSBORG CASTLE.



BATHING-PLACE, SKODSBORG.



DANISH CRAB-FISHER.

We ran back from Helsingør on one of the well-appointed little steamboats—that are captained by lieutenants of the Danish navy. "It gives us something to do," as one captain remarked, and kindly, gentlemanly, and communicative we found them. It was a lively run, with a glorious sky, heavy masses of blue-grey cloud overshadowing the bright yellow light of the setting sun that still lit up the wooded lines of the shore, where the white cottages, with dark thatch or bright-red roofs, enlivened the scene. Here and there a windmill with its spreading arms overtopped the cottages.

As we neared the capital we saw the bathing and summer resorts, such as Skodsborg and Klampenborg. Then onward, past the two little island forts whose guns did so much damage to our English fleet, and the grey-green fort of FredericksHAVEN, and so again we landed on the quay of Copenhagen.

We had left one spot in the town to be visited ere we quitted it on our homeward route, and early on the following morning we strolled round the town and through the market, past the Holmenskirk with the tomb of Niels Juel, and round through the "Gammel," or old "Nytov," or

market, to the "Frue Kirke" (the Church of our Lady).

Here stand some of the finest of Thorwaldsen's works. His figures of the Apostles are ranged round the body of the church, each figure expressing great individuality, John especially having an inspired expression. In the chancel kneels that remarkable figure of the angel holding forth with entreating gaze the font, and behind it the grand figure of Christ, the arms low down, and yet outspread, gathering as it were all men unto Him. We were fortunate enough to see a baptism at this angel font, and most solemn and impressive was the service.

At the west end of the church, over the alms-box, is the figure of Charity, very softly and beautifully executed, and also the Guardian Angel.

And who was this man to whom the solemn block of museum and tomb had been erected, and whose work clusters around us? A poor ship carpenter's son, his mother a Jutland peasant; he himself a poor little lad who played about amidst the timber-yards of Copenhagen, and later on helped his father carve the figure-heads of the craft they were building.

But his father gave the boy a chance, and sent him to the Free School of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, little dreaming what mighty results were to proceed from this step. There is a quaint story told of Thorwaldsen's school days. He attended also the ordinary school at Charlottenburg, and there he was considered a careless boy; and when the time for his first examination arrived, he was put in the lowest class, as being deficient even in elementary learning; but the distribution of the Academy prizes took place at the same time, and Bertel gained the silver medal. The papers mentioned this fact, and his schoolmaster noticed the name, and, calling up this backward, know-nothing young pupil, said,

"Is that your brother, Thorwaldsen, who has gained the medal at the Academy?"



"No, sir, it is I," said the lad, blushing.

"Mr. Thorwaldsen," quickly said the master, "you go up at once to the front rank."

The "Mr." made Thorwaldsen blush more deeply still, and one hardly knows which to admire most, the modesty of the lad, who had not talked of his talents, or the quick acknowledgment of his want of insight by the master in his immediate recognition of his young pupil's right to respect and a higher place.

From this time the young lad went on, working and loving intensely his art, taking his father's dinner to the shipyard, and helping on his work whilst his father ate.

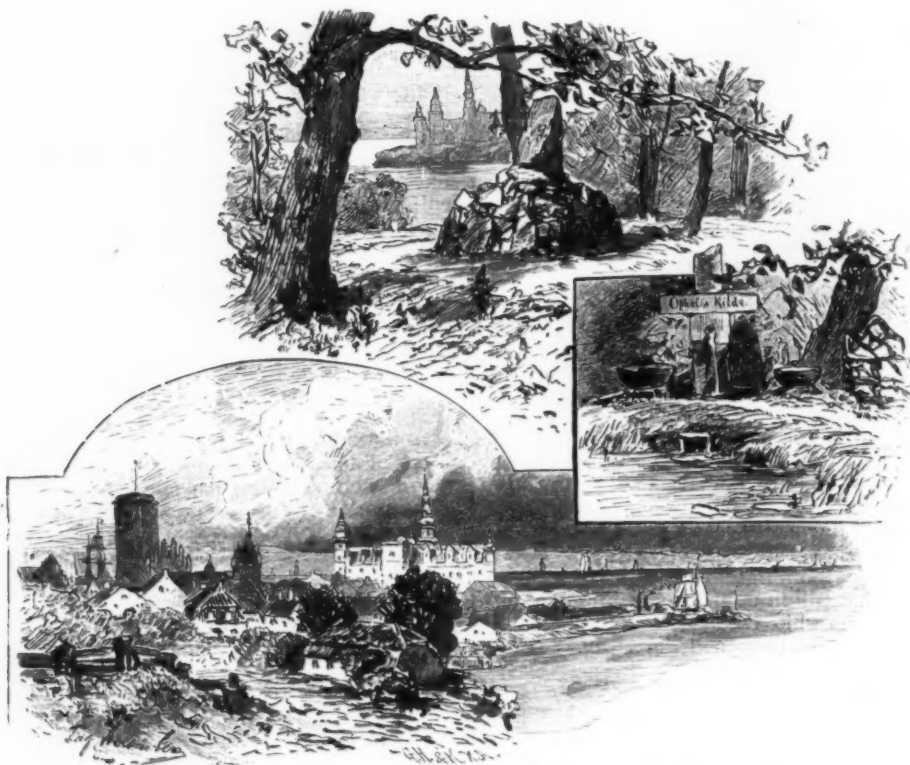
But how nearly he missed the great chance of his life that led onward to his world-wide and undying fame!

In 1791, when he was just twenty-one, the gold medal of the Academy was to be competed for, and Thorwaldsen presented himself with others, and went into the candidate's box. But there his modesty overcame him; he became frightened,

large gold medal, that gave him the right to travel for three years at the expense of the Academy. But not for three years only did he remain abroad in Rome at the Academy's expense; even unto six years they extended the supply of funds which kept him ever working on at Rome, but without the success that brings fame and fortune.

The lives of few men so pointedly illustrate the fact that when despair seems drawing awfully near, hope sends a bright ray of light out upon the worker's path, and shows him success but a little distance ahead.

When at last he could no longer remain in Rome, and he had arrived at the age of thirty-two, he sold his furniture and casts, packed up his luggage, and they were even on the carriage which was to take him the first stage back, an unsuccessful man, to his own country; when his travelling friend came, and said some difficulty with their passports would prevent them leaving for a day or two. But a few hours later a stranger, an Englishman, entered his studio,



HAMLET'S GRAVE.—OPHELIA SPRING.—HELSINGOR AND OERESUND.

and left the box, feeling he could not compete; but, as he was leaving the building a professor met him, and questioned him why he was going; and on learning the cause, cheered him, and at last induced him to go back and make the attempt. He went back, braced himself together, and in four hours had finished the sketch that won him the gold medal. Two years afterwards he won the

admired his Jason, on which he had spent so much thought and labour, and asked him the price. "Six hundred sequins," said Thorwaldsen despondently.

"That is not enough, you should ask eight," cried this Englishman.

Thorwaldsen's heart leaped within him. At length the gleam of light showed success ahead of

him; and, strange, but historic fact, Hope was the name of the Englishman who had thrown that gleam across his path, at even the darkest moment.

Onward now he went in the path of work, success, and fame, until he returned for the last time in triumph to his own dear home of Copenhagen, there to live on peacefully, crowned with all the honours his country could bestow upon him, and at length to lie beneath his native earth, in the inner court of the museum in his native

town, with the works that have rendered his name immortal surrounding him.

With this visit to the Frue Kirke we ended our sojourn in Copenhagen, and we did not regret we had retained it until the end, thus taking away with us abiding memories of Thorwaldsen in his highest work. His genius alone tempts to a visit to his old home, but beyond what we have touched upon in this paper there is much of interest and beauty to be seen in and about Copenhagen.

JAMES BAKER.

### ENGLISH SURNAMES ARRANGED IN GROUPS.

THE following classification gives the most familiar English surnames, grouped according to their *prima facie* meaning as English words. Every one of them may be found in the London and County Directories.

#### I. Surnames expressive of rank, dignity, and office:—

King	Yeoman	Proctor	Parson
Prince	Burgess	Pope	Vicars
Duke	Serjeant	Cardinal	Clerk
Lord	Herald	Bishop	Elder
Earl	Page	Abbot	Dean
Baron	Usher	Prior	Canon
Noble	Judge	Monk	Archdeacon
Knight	Jury	Nunn	Deacon
Squire	Constable	Fryer	Churchman
Chevalier	Chancellor	Palmer	Minister
Gent	Chamberlain	Pilgrim	Chaplin
Gentry	Marshall	Priest	

#### II. Surnames expressive of the human family and frame:—

Tribes	Cousins	Blood	Back
Breed	Husband	Bone	Legg
Man	Batchelor	Brain	Kneebone
Mann	Body	Cheek	Foot
Dadd	Head	Chin	Toe
Child	Poll	Beard	Hand
Ladd	Pate	Tooth	Soul
Lass	Skull	Eye	Nethersole
Boys	Crown	Tongue	
Brothers	Crop	Neck	

#### III. Surnames expressive of time, abstractions, and generalities:—

Day	Fright	Price	Faith
Monday	Blight	Gain	Conquest
Friday	Cure	Booty	Marriage
Holiday	Frolick	Riches	Bliss
Vesper	Guile	Want	Honour
Middleweek	Law	Risk	Creed
Weeks	Cause	Luck	Prudence
Spring	Quirk	Chance	Self
Summer	Gammon	Rule	Peace
Winter	Fudge	Liberty	Warr

May	Twaddle	Worth	Power
Life	Dodge	Justice	Speed
Death	Riddle	Verity	Courage
Pain	Ransome	Love	Prestige
Slaughter	Sale	Joy	
Fear	Barter	Hope	

#### IV. Surnames expressive of architectural objects:—

Castle	Townsend	House	Gate
Castleden	Wall	Home	Stiles
Tower	Bridge	Stead	Park
Fort	Buttress	Hutt	Stable
Keep	Brick	Lodge	Court
Church	Parish	Roof	Meatyard
Chappell	Road	Storey	Stackhouse
Chantry	Way	Room	Waterhouse
Temple	Street	Chambers	Woodhouse
Portal	Lane	Door	Churchyard
Porch	Mill	Window	Graves
Pew	Grange	Ovens	
Town	Hall	Fender	

#### V. Surnames expressive of natural products and manufactured articles:—

Gold	Pott	Brecks	Line
Silver	Kettle	Boot	Twine
Iron	Barrell	Button	Knott
Steel	Tubb	Bodkin	Winch
Rust	Bushell	Hook	Lock
Diamond	Peck	Broom	Bolt
Pearl	Pottle	Brush	Keys
Alabaster	Gill	Wigg	Staple
Brass	Funnell	Ring	Box
Glass	Bowles	Belt	Press
Silk	Scales	Cuff	Case
Cotton	Mutton	Buckle	Coffin
Tweed	Bacon	Bell	Horsnail
Coals	Ham	Tool	Squibb
Coke	Egg	Saw	Card
Cork	Meal	Chissell	Chart
Leather	Cheese	Pully	Ball
Sugar	Butter	Shackle	Batt
Honey	Roll	Punch	Cue
Honeyball	Bunn	Clubb	Doll
Wines	Crum	Mace	Pole
Beer	Crust	Sword	Walpole
Port	Pepper	Lance	Stackpole

Sherry	Peppercorn	Shield	Pegg
Spice	Salt	Armour	Bill
Ginger	Curry	Cannon	Deed
Lemon	Rice	Gunn	Bond
Peel	Wool	Shott	Jewel
Bottle	Hide	Drum	Money
Cann	Hood	Fife	Cash
Measure	Coats	Rope	Pound
Weight	Cloake	Cable	Dollar

## VI. Surnames expressive of animal life :—

## QUADRUPEDS.

Lion	Bullock	Griffin	Steed
Fox	Cow	Badger	Mare
Hare	Calf	Beaver	Colt
Coney	Hogg	Stagg	Cobb
Catt	Pigg	Buck	Moke
Kitcat	Scheep	Hart	Colley
Cattle	Lamb	Roe	Beagle
Herd	Ramm	Roebuck	Pointer
Steer	Kidd	Doe	Squirrel
Bull	Wolf	Bear	Mole

## BIRDS.

Bird	Fowls	Dove	Capon
Wing	Pheasant	Throistle	Chick
Quill	Partridge	Finch	Jay
Eagle	Covey	Chaffinch	Parrot
Hawks	Cock	Martin	Plover
Kite	Cockerell	Starling	Pigeon
Sparrow	Woodcock	Swan	Buzzard
Swallow	Hedgecock	Goose	Peacock
Crow	Nightingale	Gosling	Gull
Robins	Lark	Drake	
Owles	Thrush	Duck	

## FISHES AND INSECTS.

Fish	Haddock	Dace	Grubb
Whale	Sole	Gudgeon	Crickitt
Turtle	Bass	Spratt	Bott
Seal	Tench	Herring	Beetles
Sturgeon	Carp	Whiting	Bugg
Salmon	Pike	Grayling	Moth
Mullett	Chubb	Crabb	Leech
Codd	Perch	Cockle	
Coddling	Roach	Worms	

## VII. Surnames expressive of geographical and natural objects, inanimate :—

Heaven	Cave	Forrest	Hayes
North	Hole	Wood	Haycock
South	Trench	Warren	Straw
East	Cape	Chase	Stack
West	Waters	Tree	Clover
Cloud	Brine	Oake	Hops
Tempest	Flood	Oakes	Hedge
Thunder	Firth	Acorns	Hedges
Gale	Forth	Ash	Grain
Breeze	Freshwater	Beech	Wheat
Airs	Shore	Chesnutt	Oates
Rain	Coast	Maple	Fear
Rainbow	Beach	Birch	Peach
Frost	Creek	Pollard	Grapes
Snow	Channell	Poplar	Vine
Sleet	Gully	Pines	Cherry
Fogg	Rivers	Greenwood	Figg
Moon	Banks	Underwood	Nutt

Land	Dyke	Furze	Flower
Ground	Lake	Heath	Rose
Mould	Timberlake	Heather	Poppy
Mount	Brook	Moss	Honeysuckle
Mountain	Fountain	Broom	Primrose
Hill	Ford	Grassmoor	Lavender
Ridge	Ferry	Reed	Bough
Pass	Weir	Weed	Twigg
Glen	Wells	Bush	Sprigg
Dale	Pond	Thorn	Leaf
Grove	Moor	Hawthorn	Blade
Bower	Marsh	Maythorn	Plant
Rock	Saltmarsh	Hazell	Root
Boulder	Fen	Bramble	Bloom
Cliff	Boggs	Brier	Budd
Down	Bourne	Cane	Seeds
Stone	Byrne	Field	Garlick
Flint	Tarn	Bloomfield	Bean
Clay	Barrow	Meadow	Berry
Chalk	Camp	Mead	Husk
Cairn	Peat	Paddock	
Cairns	Mudd	Hay	

## VIII. Surnames expressive of trades and occupations :—

Smith	Shoemith	Butterman	Walker
Wright	Tinker	Spicer	Trotter
Monger	Naylor	Brewer	Fisher
Workman	Glazier	Brewster	Fisherman
Cook	Plummer	Sadler	Collier
Butler	Bowler	Tyler	Coleman
Steward	Spooner	Slater	Pitman
Page	Blower	Plater	Loader
Barber	Drayner	Farmer	Packer
Gardener	Mason	Miller	Scrivener
Viner	Waller	Plowman	Reader
Varlet	Potter	Woodman	Speakman
Piper	Fuller	Warrener	Whistler
Harper	Skinner	Ranger	Warner
Barl	Cleaver	Barker	Shipman
Singer	Hacker	Forester	Purser
Taylor	Hewer	Shepherd	Sexton
Glover	Chipper	Shearer	Beadle
Capper	Dresser	Shearman	Ringer
Spurrier	Scorer	Seedsman	Toller
Butcher	Scotcher	Hunter	Bellman
Baker	Trimmer	Harter	Watchman
Cutler	Salter	Fowler	Knocker
Carver	Tanner	Bowman	Waterer
Carpenter	Roper	Arrowsmith	Bather
Sawyer	Stringer	Shooter	Waterman
Cooper	Corder	Spearman	Philpott
Hooper	Weaver	Carter	Porter
Joiner	Webber	Cartwright	Messenger
Turner	Draper	Wheelwright	Prentice
Grainer	Mercer	Wheeler	Bannerman
Stainer	Hozier	Wainwright	Hawker
Dyer	Flaxman	Groom	Stoker
Painter	Chandler	Driver	Boxer
Goldsmith	Cheesewright	Drayman	Tasker
Ironmonger	Cheeseman	Rider	Tricker

## IX. Surnames expressive of colour :—

White	Green	Rose	Blanch
Black	Brown	Pink	Dun
Whiteman	Grey	Scarlett	Roan
Blackman	Gray	Lavender	Blew



X. Surnames expressive of countries and capitals:—

Nation	Poland	Dane	Durham
France	Spain	Turk	York
Brittain	Ind	Fleming	Cornwall
England	Canton	Breton	Windsor
Ireland	Paris	English	Cheshire
Scott	Rome	Kent	Chester
Wales	London	Surrey	Cornish
Holland	French	Sussex	
Flanders	Swiss	Rutland	

XI. Surnames expressive of a quality, attribute, or personal peculiarity:—

Long	Milde	Idle	Lightfoot
Short	Willing	Keen	Broadfoot
Broad	Wild	Quick	Proudfoot
Round	Savage	Loud	Cruickshank
Spare	Wise	Bright	Sheepshanks
Thin	Grimm	Fair	Heavysides
Lean	Clever	Brittle	Smallbones
Smart	Good	Pretty	Whalebelly
Small	Goodenough	Jolly	Gutsole
Little	Thorowgood	Goosey	Peabody
Little	Twogood	Horsey	Freebody
Bigg	Best	Woolley	Sidebotham
Hale	Perfect	Strange	Shufflebotham
Hardy	Evil	Rich	Ramsbotham
Lusty	Moody	Close	Winterbotham
Doughty	Bland	Stable	Allchin

Straight	Merry	Manly	Seaborn
Bent	Blythe	Young	Bastard
Humble	Gay	Strongtharm	Coward
Patient	Sly	Armstrong	Fairbairn

XII. Miscellaneous:—

Pennefather	Trèble	Hackett	Wheatley
Money penny	Bass	Hewitt	Stoney
Gladstone	Rant	Ducket	Savory
Livingstone	Tattler	Leavitt	Smellie
Cackle	Speechley	Twining	Burns
Bellow	Chatterton	Pulling	Grylls
Call	Drinkwater	Suckling	Fry
Shout	Lush	Turnham	Boyle
Tagg	Ogle	Leadam	Pett
Ragge	Spyer	Metcalf	Darling
Tattersall	Hiss	Turnbull	Swain
Miles	Gape	Gamble	Sparks
Furlong	Chew	Raffles	Spooner
Brougham	Cudd	Race	Prettyman
Gigg	Cuff	Bett	Sweetman
Hansom	Clout	Fielder	Bride
Goodfellow	Blow	Manners	Smiles
Merriman	Parry	Goodgames	Wiles
Lovejoy	Droop	Cutbill	Popkiss
Makepeace	Fall	Tarbox	Buss
Friend	Pickup	Brassey	Tickell
Guest	Holden	Goldie	Ruffle
Host	Keeping	Godsmark	Scratchlèy
Hurry	Huggett	Foulsham	Gotobed
Scurry	Grabbit	Allcorn	

THE UTILISATION OF WASTE.

II.

IT would be seen from the paper on "The Seaweed Harvest" in the August "Leisure Hour" how important a part kelp, obtained from seaweed, occupied some fifty to seventy-five years ago, in the soda and alkali trades, until the Leblanc process completely revolutionised these branches of the chemical industries. In no part of the country is the utilisation of waste better understood or more desired than it is in the districts of Widnes, St. Helens, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, and other centres of the chemical trade. Throughout these districts numerous experiments are being made, under the highest chemical skill, and patents are being secured continually for various new methods. So keen, in fact, has become the competition in the chemical trades that manufacturers are compelled to look in some cases to the utilisation of by-products as their chief source of profit.

All who know the localities I have named will be familiar with the bleak and unsightly appearance which the immediate neighbourhood of the chemical works present. Immense heaps of alkali waste, the residue of the working of the Leblanc soda process, have for many years been accumulating, particularly in Widnes and the

St. Rollox part of Glasgow. This waste consists chiefly of sulphide, hydrate and carbonate of lime, with smaller proportions of other sulphur compounds of lime, oxide and sulphide of iron, alumina, sulphide and carbonate of sodium, carbon, sand and water. So troublesome did these vast heaps become that English alkali makers made a few years ago a series of experiments as to the value of this waste in the reclamation of land for agricultural purposes, as well as to its suitability for manuring land already under cultivation. The results of these experiments were published in a small pamphlet, and some of the heaps of waste are in consequence becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, so that in course of time, we may hope, they will disappear altogether.

One great obstacle in the way has been the disinclination of farmers to try it as a manure, although some alkali manufacturers have even gone the length of offering to place the waste in railway waggons free of charge, so that the only expense to the farmer would be that of carriage for transit. With commendable enterprise the manager of large chemical works in Scotland, when he found that farmers looked askance

at this waste for manuring purposes, rented some land near by, and so carried his experiments to a practical conclusion. He has discovered that when the waste is exposed freely to the action of the air, the sulphide of lime is oxidised largely into sulphate of lime or gypsum; and that when it is spread over the land in the autumn, it is changed before spring into a mixture of valuable fertilisers, such as carbonate and sulphate of lime, or phosphate of lime and other elements capable of adding vitality to the land. The effect of this is the same as if the land had received a lime dressing.

The refuse water from chemical works is receiving considerable attention. A year ago the Health Committee of the Glasgow Town Council set a worthy example by having a special report presented to them drawn up by duly qualified experts, who were, among other things, to find out the best means of purifying the manufacturing discharges in the event of it being deemed necessary to treat these or any of them before permitting them to be introduced into the sewage system of the city, or into the River Clyde, and the results of the experiments made were published in a pamphlet. The experts came to the conclusion that the simplest method of treatment of the refuse water from chemical works, and one which will be found effectual, is to run the waste water over a bed of chalk or limestone of sufficient extent, and that from this deposit various products useful in manufacturing purposes can be obtained. They discovered that a liquid coming out as waste from large sulphur and copper works was intensely acid, and contained an enormous quantity of chloride and sulphate of iron; and after this was purified the oxides formed a sediment, and from these an ochre was prepared, serviceable to paper-makers, paper-stainers, linoleum manufacturers, and others, as well as being applicable for the purification of coal-gas.

In every department of the chemical industries this eagerness for the utilisation of waste is most apparent, but the great cry of the entire trade is that there is a difficulty in finding men for responsible positions, who have a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of practical chemistry and the intimate relation of one product to another. The demand of the chemical trade is that chemistry shall no longer be taught as a purely descriptive science; they say that the faults in the present system of teaching it are precisely those which have characterised the teaching of geography and history, and that a distinctly new method is necessary if English manufacturing chemists are to maintain their own.

An industry closely allied to the utilisation of waste in the chemical trades is that of the multifarious products now obtained from coal-tar. This industry is a comparatively young one, and every year brings some new development of it. Thirty years have scarcely passed since one of those so-called happy accidents occurred, when the discovery of aniline purple or mauve dye was made during a scientific research for the artificial production of quinine. It is somewhat strange that at that time so little should have been known of

the chemistry of colouring matters, but since then research has gone on producing results of a wondrous yet perplexing nature. Now that every colour, and almost every tint of the rainbow, have been successfully obtained from coal-tar, the technical literature of the subject is keeping pace with the new discoveries which are constantly being made. The well-known fact of arsenic being extensively used in some of the early processes for producing aniline colours naturally drew attention to the possibility of hidden danger from this source; and for a time the newspapers were full of exciting stories of blood-poisoning from magenta stockings and other articles coming in direct contact with the skin of the wearer. It cannot be denied that some real danger lurked behind these exaggerated reports; but any one practically acquainted with former methods of dyeing will readily admit that the supposed dangers of the present are not worth a moment's consideration by the side of the clearly recognised difficulties of the past. The use of modern aniline greens, which are brighter and cheaper than the old greens, is a distinct sanitary gain to operatives wherever these colours are used. The substitution, again, of artificial alizarine for madder can be described as nothing short of an industrial and commercial revolution.

That a coal-tar product should find a demand among pharmacists, farmers, as well as in surgery and dyeing, is remarkable, but such is the case with naphthaline, one of the latest manufactures from coal-tar. A German chemist has discovered that one of the most striking characteristics of naphthaline is the fact that it is not injurious to man and the higher animals, whether breathed as gas or used in substance externally or internally, while it has a very different action on the lower organisms, both animal and vegetable, such as fungi, insects, etc., for they are not able to endure the action of the gas for any length of time. These, however, are the very properties that a good antiseptic ought to possess. It is now used as a protection against moths by fur-dealers and others, and is also useful in ridding houses of other insect pests. For destroying that minute insect known as phylloxera, so troublesome to grape-vines, it has been found exceedingly useful.

That a sweetening agent should come from coal-tar will be a surprise to many, but such is really the case. By a novel treatment of one of the components of coal-tar a compound may be obtained possessing very similar sweetening properties to the best cane or beetroot sugar. This saccharine presents the appearance of a white powder, and crystallises from its aqueous solution in thick short prisms soluble in warm water. Saccharine forms salts, all of which possess a very sweet taste, and physicians are looking to this product as a substance by means of which diabetic persons may enjoy food which has hitherto not been safe for them. Light from the gas, in the making of which coal-tar is a refuse, and a species of sugar obtained from that refuse, are probably such a combination of "sweetness and light" as was never dreamt of by the sweet singer who has given us that term.

So various and complex are the discoveries of new products from coal-tar that they are perfectly bewildering, and no sooner have we become accustomed to one new product than another is announced. It is greatly to be regretted that the country which gave birth to this new industry should be to a large extent now losing it; but such is the case, for it is going largely to the Germans and Swiss. In the aniline colour works of the latter country there are employed between 900 and 1,000 workmen, forty-six chemists, and a corresponding number of travellers, clerks, etc. The Swiss manufacturers pay about £20,000 a year for freight on their products and raw materials, and they also pay about £10,000 a year import duties on the raw materials, and over £6,000 duty on the salt. In Germany the extent of the aniline trade is considerably greater than this.

Many are the commercial uses of petroleum refuse, and these are constantly becoming more numerous and more universal. This utilisation is not by any means confined to the American oil regions but is being carried on in a similar way in the Scotch oil trade, an older industry, I may mention, than the American oil trade. The change that the sediment or paraffin undergoes in its transformation to vaseline, petroline, and other products, is most wonderful. Still more wonderful, however, is the transformation of the dirty refuse of the petroleum into the paraffin or ozokerite of commerce, for which an immense trade has sprung up. No fairer substance ever sprang

from more unpromising parentage than the snowy, pure, opalescent wax which comes to light out of the bad-smelling dregs of the petroleum still. From this wax we obtain candles, and it has a multiplicity of other uses. It is alike impervious to acid and to moisture. Even sulphuric acid has no more effect on ozokerite than water, and for preserving metals from rust it is invaluable. Insulated electric wires owe their fitness for conducting the subtle fluid to the presence of this wax. Confectionery owes some of its beauty and consistency very often to it, so that a product taken from the dirtiest of tars finds its way to the mansions of the rich in a variety of ways. The floors of rooms may be polished with this wax. It is used again largely in the making of a waxed or waterproof paper in which cutlery and hardware may be wrapped as they go in transit from manufacturer to tradesman and so be preserved from rust; and the makers of wax flowers imitate nature in sheets of wax obtained from petroleum refuse. Even then we have not by any means exhausted the uses of this product. Considering that the first oil-well in Pennsylvania was drilled only twenty-seven years ago, it will be seen how rapid has been the application of petroleum refuse to commercial uses. Yet prior to 1859 the existence in the States of this great boon to civilisation was unsuspected, and it lay in the depths of the earth where thousands of years ago it was stored by an all-wise Creator.

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

### LISZT AND WAGNER AT BAYREUTH.

IT is in the most remote province of Bavaria—the farthest for those at least who enter Germany from the Rhine—near Saxony on the one side and Bohemia on the other, that we have to seek the little town of Bayreuth. It is the chief place in the territory of Upper Franconia. Baedeker gives the population at about 22,000 resident inhabitants, the number being increased at special seasons. Its site is near the source of the Main, with the hills of Fichtelgebirge rising behind in lines not boldly marked; and although you might call the landscape pretty, it has certainly no claim to be called picturesque. It is a place absolutely out of the main currents of travel; no one passes Bayreuth on the way to any other place; the journey to it must be expressly for this pilgrimage.

And yet, thanks to Richard Wagner and his devoted friend the unfortunate King Louis of Bavaria, Bayreuth is in reality, during one month every second year, a cosmopolitan rendezvous without a parallel in modern life. Travellers arrive from all points of the compass to this once obscure Franconian town; all languages are heard there, and innumerable equipages roll along the highways to the centre of attraction. For it is

here that the music of Wagner can be enjoyed in the manner and under the conditions laid down by the great maestro. For one month, every two years, this modest town of an obscure province becomes, as it were, the capital of the great musical world.

Many besides the admirers of Wagner and the lovers of his music have described the scenes and incidents of the Wagner Festivals. That of the year 1886 has a deeply interesting association, in the death of Liszt, which followed soon after that of Wagner's generous royal patron. The sadness of the event was all the more striking, from contrast with a season of unusually festive celebration, due to the visit of the German Prince Imperial, who had come to do honour to the memory of Wagner and to enjoy the performances of his operas. A Swiss artist, who was at the festival, has written a graphic account of his observations, which were published in the *Journal of Geneva*, and of this narrative our readers may like to see a brief abstract.

The Crown Prince was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm. Bayreuth was seen in its best holiday attire, and every flag in the town



waved welcome, while festoons of gay flowers and verdure hung from every window, as well as from the Venetian poles in the streets. The most graceful tribute of all was the muster of soldiers of the war of 1870-71, who came from far and near to salute their old chief. The Prince witnessed on Monday evening the representation of *Parsifal*, one of Wagner's masterpieces, and the same night he had to go on to Heidelberg to be present at the Jubilee of that University. There he delivered an address, which was much admired for the good feeling and taste with which he conveyed to the representatives of German learning and student-life the congratulations and good wishes of the venerated chief of the Empire.

The next day Bayreuth changed its robe of rejoicing for the garb of mourning. The funeral cortège of Liszt moved through a double line of black flags to the tomb which was to receive the remains of the great artist. At the tomb speeches were made. The Burgomaster of Bayreuth, among others, expressed the sorrow of the whole people at the departure of one so much loved and honoured. I saw, on the following day, Madame Richard Wagner, the daughter of Liszt, on the road that leads to the cemetery, accompanied by one of her daughters, recently married to a young Englishman. The younger woman was carrying a large wreath, to add to the hundreds that had already been laid on the tomb. It was impossible not to be struck by the resemblance of Madame Charles Wagner in her countenance and figure to her illustrious father.

I went the next morning to visit the tomb of the great musician, and I found myself in a large crowd who had come for the same object. It was covered with wreaths and flowers, to which were attached many distinguished names, and in the chapel of the cemetery were numbers of other floral tributes for which there was no room on the already hidden grave. I noticed one wreath sent by Queen Victoria, and another by the Archduchess of Saxe-Weimar. The Prince Imperial had not failed to send his wreath. It is impossible to name all the societies and *conservatoires* of music represented in these tributes to the deceased. Most of these arrived too late for the funeral day, the death having been comparatively sudden, and the friends of Liszt being in every part of the world.

It appeared strange that the tomb of the Abbé Liszt should be in a cemetery at the entrance of which was a notice that it was under Protestant direction. But it is the only cemetery of the town, and there was no choice. On the Wednesday morning a "Requiem" was chanted in the chapel of the cemetery, draped with black, under the direction of the organist Bruckner of Vienne. All the ceremonies were marked with extreme simplicity, due to the fact that the deceased belonged to the third order of the Franciscans, who have rather strict rules in regard to funerals. Hence the absence of any musical performance on the day of the obsequies, which caused some surprise to those not aware of the rules of that order.

Wagner does not repose at the side of Liszt.

"He is buried in the grounds of his beautiful villa of Wanfried, a little way out of the town. But Liszt has near him in the grave a man of equal celebrity to himself, Jean-Paul Richter, whose model monument is a few paces distant. "Jean-Paul," as his compatriots usually call him, was born near Bayreuth, and passed the last years of his life in a house on which a mural tablet indicates to travellers his dwelling.

A stranger arriving at Bayreuth first of all seeks the theatre founded by the care and at the cost of King Louis of Bavaria. It is easily found. From every point the lofty walls of red brick are seen on a hill about a quarter of an hour's distance from the town, and approached by a fine avenue. The month of celebration begins at various dates. The year we were there the performances began on the 20th of July and ended on the 20th of August. The price of entrance is 20 to 25 marks, and as about 1,200 places are filled at each representation the receipts would amount to 500,000 francs, or £20,000, if all the tickets were sold according to the tariff. But this is not the case, as members of Wagnerian Societies, and other favoured portions of the audience, are admitted on special terms. The building is large and imposing but with no great artistic effect. The architecture was meant to be secondary to the musical purpose of the place. A large marble tablet at the entrance records that the theatre was inaugurated in 1876 for the representation of the trilogy of the *Niebulungen*. A plan in the portico indicates the locality of each admission billet. The doors are closed after the representation commences, and with slight exception this rule is strictly enforced. The seats are arranged tier above tier in a vast semicircle.

The most peculiar and characteristic feature of the interior is that the orchestra is absolutely concealed from view in a sort of *fosse* between the scene and the hall. After one of the performances it was amusing to see the musicians emerging from this cavern, a sort of habitation of troglodytes, all in costume such as they pleased to wear, the majority of them reappearing above ground in their shirt-sleeves! The idea of the hidden orchestra is that nothing material may interfere with the enjoyment of the scenery and the music. The sounds reach the ear from unseen artists, sometimes gently rising in harmonious whispers and then bursting forth with the strength of a tempest. There is nothing to disturb the effect to the ear, as in ordinary orchestras, where the movements and eccentricities of the musicians divide if they do not disturb the attention, especially when the conductor is a man of energetic and animated action.

There are many other rules and arrangements which were imposed by the will of the great composer. Some of these regulations are worthy of imitation among audiences and spectators elsewhere. Ladies are respectfully required to take off their head-dresses (which are now sometimes of troublesome height) before entering the hall. The representation begins in perfect silence, nor are expressions of approval allowed during the pieces. If strangers, unaccustomed to this severity

of silence, break forth at any particular passage, or even at the end of an act, into noisy applause, there is immediately a signal of repression, as stern as when ushers of a law court suppress demonstrations from the galleries or benches. Not only the silence, and the absence of a visible orchestra, but also the subdued light of the great hall, contributes to the enjoyment of the music, and concentrates on it the attention of the multitude. There is nothing to interrupt the artistic

feast, except that at fixed hours the whole audience adjourns to the *salle-à-manger* of an adjacent restaurant, for the bodies of the most enthusiastic Wagnerians cannot be supported on music only. At four o'clock there is a repast, and at eight a huge *table d'hôte*. About ten p.m. each night the crowds may be met on foot and in carriages, descending to their roosting-places in the town from the temple dedicated to the "cultus" of Wagner.

### SHOOTER'S HILL TOWER.

A MEMORIAL OF COMMODORE JAMES'S DESTRUCTION OF THE MAHRATTA PIRATES.

This far-seen monumental tower  
Records th' achievements of the brave,  
And Angria's subjugated power,  
Who plundered on the Eastern wave.  
—Bloomfield.

MANY of our readers may know by sight the wooded slope and tower-crowned brow of Shooter's Hill, rising above the rich fields of Kent, but comparatively few are familiar with the traditions that belong to the place, and give it a peculiar interest. Here, on the summit—an elevation 140 feet higher than the cupola of St. Paul's, and for years the station of a Government telegraph communicating with the Admiralty in London, and with the flag-ship at the Nore—used to assemble in olden days the gallant bowmen of the neighbourhood to exercise themselves in the use of their then important weapon; hence the name Shooter's Hill. Here King Henry VIII and his Queen Catharine, coming from Greenwich on a May-day, were received by a body of 200 archers, and after witnessing various feats of dexterity, were conducted into the wood, and regaled with venison and wine served in green bowers. Here also, as related in many a tale of violence and hair-breadth escape, robbers used to lie in wait for the traveller between London and Dover, attacking and despoiling even at noon-day.

But not of archer, monarch, or highwayman, we write. It is a nobler memory connected with Shooter's Hill we would recall, in laying before our readers the brief story of a useful life, that of Sir William James, in whose honour Shooter's Hill Tower was erected.

Our hero began life as a poor little Welsh boy: born at Milford Haven in the year 1720, sent early to farm work, and following the plough until he was twelve years old. But William had the fancy for going to sea that comes for a time over many lads of spirit, particularly lads who live near the coast.

From Orme's History of Hindostan, and other sources, we gather long accounts of his public career, but scant record exists of his private life, particularly in his earlier years: we may, however, feel sure that he had been doing his work well, when we find that in 1754 the poor sailor boy had

risen to notice and consideration, and was placed in command of a ship.

The young captain exerted himself in his new capacity, twice making the voyage (now known as the Southern Passage) from Bombay to Madras and back, in spite of contrary monsoons: proving that a communication by sea might be kept up between these places at a season when it had hitherto been deemed impracticable.

Our hero, having accomplished what was considered a great feat in navigation, was highly commended, rose rapidly in public estimation, and was shortly afterwards honoured with the command of the whole of the East India Company's marine force, and invested with the title of Commodore: a step which showed discernment in the ruling powers, for bold and able leaders, such as Sir William James proved himself, were greatly needed for the naval service of that day.

From time immemorial the Malabar coast, with its many river mouths, had been the haunt of pirates, predatory bands belonging to different states; and among them that of the Mahrattas, constituting a numerous body, and holding several forts and depôts between Goa and Bombay, was specially formidable.

The Mogul Empire having been extended to the northern part of this coast, the Emperor sent out a fleet, commanded by an admiral called the Sidee, to protect his subjects trading to the Gulfs of Arabia and Persia, from Portuguese foes and Malabar pirates: whereupon the Mahrattas, not liking such interference with their villainous but profitable traffic, made war against him by sea and land.

In this struggle, one of the piratical horde, a clever and daring adventurer named Conagee Angria, rose from a subordinate position to be commander-in-chief of the Mahratta fleet, and governor of the great pirate stronghold, Sevandroog, a small island which lies about eight miles to the north of Dabul, and within cannon-shot of

the mainland. Here, on a precipitous rocky elevation towering high above the sea, stood a much-prized and carefully-guarded fortress. The first Conagee Angria was followed by others of his family, who, inheriting his name and character, increased in power and influence over their wild adherents, until their Mahratta masters found that they had raised a spirit that they could not guide or quell.

At the time when Commodore James was placed in command, the pirates known as Angria's band had been for fifty years the terror and scourge of the Malabar coast; and the Angria of the day was a renowned chief, all but independent of the Mahratta government, followed by a large and reckless body of men, and possessed of various stations, harbours of refuge, and forts, and also of a fleet consisting of numerous vessels; some of which, called grabs, were rated at from 150 to 300 tons burden, while the rest were gallivats, or large row-boats: formidable craft as used by the pirates in their mode of warfare. The freebooters so harassed the ships of all nations—particularly of all European nations—venturing within their reach, as to cause great loss and inconvenience, and the English East India Company alone spent £50,000 a year on a maritime force engaged in protecting their own vessels and those of merchants trading to and from their ports. Not willingly or at once had the Mahratta government relinquished its control over the dangerous servants who, from robbing for their masters, had turned to rob on their own account. Three forts—the largest of them, Fort Goa, carrying forty guns—had been built on the mainland within gunshot of Sevandroog, Angria's great place of resort, in hopes of overawing him, and several native princes had tried to reduce him to submission. Their efforts proved vain; Angria set them at defiance, seizing on the Mahratta forts, and adding them to his own defensive stations. At length, after being worsted in various attempts at coercion, the Mahratta Saha Rajah weakly gave up the struggle, and consented to receive a small tribute from the victorious robber-chief, in lieu of sharing the plunder taken, and as a sign of fealty. By this arrangement a hollow peace was for a time established between the dishonest allies, but it did not last long. Having strongly fortified Sevandroog so as to render it, as he hoped, impregnable, lord of a considerable tract of country running inland, obeyed and feared for 120 miles along the sea-coast, Angria extended his operations, boldly attacked all ships that did not purchase his passes, captured several English and Dutch vessels, treated his prisoners with great cruelty, and, growing insolent with success, not only refused to pay his stipulated tribute, but also, it is said, cut off the noses of the unfortunate envoys sent to demand it from him. It was at this crisis of affairs that the Mahrattas stationed on the mainland opposite Bombay, applied to the British government established in that island, to join them in making war on the common enemy.

The proposition was favourably received, preparations were made, and it was arranged that the Company's fleet should blockade the pirate har-

bour, while the Mahratta force carried on their operations by land, orders being received from the Presidency that the English ships were not to be exposed to the risk of any direct attack on the dreaded Angria's far-famed forts. All being ready, towards the close of March, 1755, Commodore James, in charge of the expedition, sailed on board the Protector, carrying forty-four guns, followed by the Swallow, the Piper, and the Triumph.

Three days later the Mahratta fleet, carrying a body of 10,000 troops, came out of Choul, and the combined forces anchored about fifteen miles to the north of Sevandroog, where the troops disembarked to proceed by land, and our Commodore hearing that the pirate fleet was lying in Sevandroog Harbour, urged the Mahratta admiral to hasten with him to that port, so as to surprise and effectually blockade the enemy before break of day. But our allies were tardy and timid, causing so many delays that they did not arrive until morning light rendered them visible to the pirates, who took alarm, slipped cables, and put to sea.

Flinging out his signal for a general pursuit, the Commodore started, the Protector being in the van, followed by our other vessels, and, at some distance, by those of the Mahrattas, which, though they had previously sailed better than the English, now began to lag behind, and soon dropped far in the rear. The British seamen pressed steadily forward, and the Protector drew near the pirate fleet; but Angria's vessels were light, and the crews throwing overboard all lumber, not only hoisted every thread of sail, but fastened their mats and garments to the masts, unrolling even their turbans and spreading them to catch the breeze. What a chase it must have been! Never even in his wildest dreams of excitement and adventure could the Welsh boy have pictured such a scene—that cruel, savage foe, almost within reach, his gaudy Oriental trappings streaming to the wind, just eluding the grasp of the pursuers, and luring them on, perhaps to dreadful slaughter, or more dreadful captivity!—Well can we fancy as our tars stood ready, anxious and eager,—

“ There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.”

The British gained on the enemy at last, and we were nearly within gunshot when night fell; but the pirates escaped, and the pursuing vessels returned to the neighbourhood of Sevandroog. Here the land forces were, as they said, besieging the three forts on the mainland. But the Commodore observed that they were conducting their operations from a considerable distance,—the men being afraid to venture out of pits they had dug in the earth to shelter themselves from the enemy's fire; and, seeing little hope of their gaining any ground, he determined that for the honour of his flag he would exceed his instructions, and himself attack Sevandroog.

Accordingly he opened fire early the next morning, the 1st of April. All day long the “iron shower” rained upon the pirates' den, without producing apparent effect; not a stone was seen



to move : but at night a deserter reached our fleet with the welcome intelligence that some of the shot had done service within the fort, killing the dreaded Angria himself (who had contrived to return to his stronghold), and wounding several of the garrison. He also pointed out to the besiegers that they would not be likely to reduce the fort from the point of attack they had chosen, as the side they faced was cut out of the solid rock.

Acting on this hint, the Commodore changed his position, and by break of next day had moved to the north-east, between the island and mainland, where, while some of his guns played upon Sevandroog, others poured a broadside into Fort Goa. The firing from this new point made an impression on Sevandroog : after a few hours the north-east bastion of the outer fort was in ruins, and a shell falling on some combustible materials, the inner buildings were quickly in flames, and the powder magazines blew up. The greater part of the garrison, and the inhabitants, many of them women and children, ran out and attempted to escape in boats, but were taken prisoners by the English ; no doubt receiving humane treatment from their Christian captors. The sailors now took possession of the citadel, and hoisted the British flag, after which they rather imprudently withdrew, returning to their vessels, and directing their whole efforts against Fort Goa. The Governor of that place soon hung out a flag of truce, but it proved a sign of craft and daring, not of surrender, for under its protection he managed, with a few trusty followers, to cross to Sevandroog, and take up a position in the now vacant castle, making hasty preparations for defence, and trusting to hold out until he should receive succour from his comrades at Dabul. It was a bold and clever move, and the man who could plan and execute it might have proved a formidable successor to Angria himself, had he been allowed to consolidate his power.

But the dashing pirate was overmatched by the gallant British tar. Commodore James immediately landed a party of his seamen, who, rushing intrepidly up to the gate under cover of their ships' fire, cut down the sally-port, and forced their way in ; once more seizing, and this second time taking care to retain and secure to themselves, the robber stronghold, in which was found a large quantity of the plunder collected by Angria and his followers. Soon after this Goa fell, while the two other forts near it surrendered to the Mah-rattas, and Bancoote (now Fort Victoria), with its fine harbour, was shortly added to our conquests. There remained some pirate stations to destroy, but the cruel power that had been for years a terror and a curse to peaceable, honest men, was really broken when our hero did his great day's work and conquered Sevandroog.

As there was still occupation for the force, the Commodore continued to follow and engage different bodies of the enemy ; until receiving orders from the Presidency to join the British fleet stationed at Bombay, he appeared off that place in November : a piece of seamanship at which we may now smile in the days of steam, but which was then considered wonderful, the garrison and in-

habitants being alarmed when they saw the ships, and wondering to what nation the adventurous sails could belong. Early in the spring of 1756, the vessels of the East India Company, in conjunction with those of the British squadron, drove the diminished but still defiant pirate horde from various points of refuge, taking fortified places both on the seaboard and inland, with boats, arms, and other stores, until at length Gheriah, their last important stronghold, yielded, and it may be said that the power of Angria's band was finally crushed. Even if the great chief himself was not really killed at the taking of Sevandroog—and some doubt seems to exist on this point—it is certain he was never again able to make head against the forces of law and order opposed to him and his adherents.

After the fall of Gheriah, a distribution took place of the treasure secured at Sevandroog and other pirate haunts, and £1,000 was assigned to Commodore James. He declined to receive the money, thinking it an inadequate recognition of his claims upon the Company, at the same time he tendered his services to Admiral Watson and Colonel (afterwards Lord) Clive, in their operations against the Indian settlement of the French, with whom we were then at war. The offer was accepted, and the brave Welshman rendered valuable assistance at various critical moments. To the attack upon Chandanagore he brought his own ship and transports with a detachment of 500 men. We find him afterwards taking a French Indiaman laden with war-stores for the French squadron ; warning Sir George Pocock of the unexpected appearance of a French fleet in the neighbourhood of Pondicherry, landing recruits for the reinforcement of Fort St. David, and hurrying to Calcutta to put our squadron at that port on their guard, and inform them of the enemy's position ; and lastly, in 1778, planning a secret and, as it proved, a successful expedition against Pondicherry.

The gallant sailor now turned his thoughts homeward. He had by this time acquired a considerable fortune, and ere he quitted the East, the Bombay government bestowed upon him high honour and reward, and the General Court of India Directors gave him a vote of thanks, together with a service of plate and a very handsome sword.

After his return to England our hero was, in 1778, created a baronet ; later we find him made Governor of Greenwich Hospital ; he was also, at different periods, a Member of Parliament, Elder Brother and Deputy-Master of the Trinity House ; a Director and a Chairman of the East India Company ; a Fellow of the Royal Society ; and a contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine.

Truly the wise saying "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings," was illustrated in the life of the Milford Haven seaman, of whom we are glad to find it recorded that "he was never ashamed of his origin."

In his latter years Sir William James had a town house in Gerrard Street, Soho, and a country residence, Eltham Park Farm, at Eltham, in Kent. Sir William left two children, a son, Edward William



James, who, a minor at the time of his father's death, succeeded to the baronetcy—one of the first Englishmen born in India who inherited an English title—and a daughter, Anne, who on the 16th of December, 1783, married Thomas Boothby Parkyns, Esq., afterwards first Lord Rancliffe. It was on the occasion of this wedding, when in his sixty-fourth year, rejoicing in the midst of his family and surrounded by "troops of friends," that death—having faced and spared him in many an hour of storm and strife—came to the gallant sailor: he was seized with apoplexy, and died, loved, honoured, and regretted.

Lady James survived her lord some years. She was a woman of education and of fortune, one of the co-heiresses of her cousin General Goddard (a distinguished Indian officer), and the friend and correspondent of Sterne, who presented her with a portrait of himself, handed down as an heirloom in the family. The widow built for her own residence the mansion at Hartham Park, an estate in Wiltshire, inherited from her father; and raised in memory of her husband the triangular tower on Shooter's Hill, an appropriate spot for the sailor's monument, overlooking, as it does, the ship-laden river, and within sight of his pleasant Eltham home.

The Tower has three floors. There is a gallery which was originally painted with scenes from the investment and capture of Sevandroog, and in the vestibule were formerly arranged trophies of arms, etc., taken from the robber-castle. Time

has swept away some relics of the past, whitewash conceals others, and little trace of its original design lingers about the edifice, except the following inscription on a broad stone tablet over the doorway:—

THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED M.DCC.LXXXIV BY THE  
REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LATE  
SIR WILLIAM JAMES, BART.,  
TO COMMEMORATE THAT GALLANT OFFICER'S ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE EAST INDIES,  
DURING HIS COMMAND OF THE COMPANY'S MARINE  
FORCES IN THOSE SEAS;  
AND IN A PARTICULAR MANNER TO RECORD THE  
CONQUEST OF  
THE CASTLE OF SEVANDROOG, ON THE COAST OF MALABAR,  
WHICH FELL TO HIS SUPERIOR VALOUR AND  
ABLE CONDUCT  
ON THE 2ND DAY OF APRIL, M.DCC.LV.

Such ships as those that tracked Angria to his lair are now obsolete, and the "wooden walls" of Old England may soon be things of the past, a memory and a name: but "hearts of oak are our men" as truly as when the Protector sailed and Sevandroog fell. May our country never lack sons to serve her as faithfully as did the hero whose story we have been telling: sons gallant and honest, following the law that seems to have been a rule of life with Sir William James—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

## WINTER MIGRATION.

THE most trying months for invalids in this United Kingdom are those from November to March inclusive. As a rule, their exodus to more suitable climates is postponed until disease has made too serious inroads to be effectually checked; or at least, the first severe colds are caught, that give warning of worse to come.

Such procrastination is due in some instances to a mistake on the part of the doctor; but as frequently on that of the invalid's family—ignorance or prejudice leading them into a very grave error.

Be this as it may, we will suppose that the patient has received his orders to strike his tent; and pleasant to many as such a change of treatment must prove, it often occasions a shock to the nerves and gives rise to misgivings, exceedingly depressing to the bodily powers.

First, then, let me assure the invalid that such a prescription is no indication that the doctor despairs of his case. He gave it because it offers the brightest prospect of success. It is not "equivalent to signing a death-warrant," nor is it a plan to obviate the trouble of your "dying under his hands."

Nature will be the better able to reassert her powers when relieved of many antagonistic influences, positive and negative. Amongst such

influences I may enumerate a clay soil, a foggy or smoky atmosphere, irritating easterly winds, absence of sunshine, trying artificial remedies—such as rooms warmed at the expense of an exhausted atmosphere; drugs, that while combating one complaint, induce another; and blisters, that reducing local inflammation, reduce the life-power also. Some, if not all, of these antagonistic influences you will escape by adopting the treatment by climate. Better, surely, than lying in bed, or sitting for months within the same four walls—till you know every picture by heart, and have counted every spot on the carpet and wall-paper—to be set at liberty under the blue of a southern sky, breathing an air like balm; or to climb the snow-wrapped heights of some Alpine country, enjoying outdoor exercise in a clear, dry, bracing atmosphere.

True, there are some who can cite examples of persons "sent abroad to die," or who "died on the road." Was no mistake made as to the locality selected? At what stage of the disease was the cure adopted? Was the long journey performed with a due regard to the comfort and strength of the patient? and during what term of years was the cure by climate carried out? There are forms and stages of disease with which no remedy can cope, but remember, that the whole success,

humanly speaking, of the method we are discussing depends on the conditions under which it is adopted.

Let us consider, in the first place, at what stage of the malady a more suitable climate is tried. No wonder that the graves are so many in health resorts when such multitudes arrive too late. Nevertheless, I remember one who was sent to Madeira with one lung only, and two conditions essential to a cure having been observed—*i.e.*, the locality wisely chosen, and the time devoted to the case unlimited—it proved a success. Our friend remained in the island during five years, and some five-and-twenty years afterwards I met him in Bond Street, walking with a firm step, regardless of a chilly wind and cloudy sky.

Of course, this is only an exceptional case. I name it to encourage even the most despairing. But we will suppose that timely warning has been taken, and a mere threatening of disease has given "the word of flighting." Has your doctor recommended any health-resort from personal knowledge? or has he only consulted books—the latitude, the prevailing winds, the average amount of rainfall, and the "mean temperatures"? This amount of information is by no means sufficient; the evidence of a practical experience is desirable. If the doctor or patient have it not, persons who really know the place proposed must be cross-examined, and that on various points, in order to judge whether amelioration or cure be within probable attainment.

The selection of a locality being made, we suppose the day arrived for the first stage of the journey. The amount of strength possessed by the patient, the nature of the journey (whether by land or sea), and the weather, have all to be considered. It may be desirable to make very short stages, and in any case that of the first day should be the shortest. Start at eleven; take some light refreshment with you, and try to arrange for a dinner somewhere not later than between one and two o'clock. If able to continue the journey afterwards, another two hours would be sufficient; and then a good rest and quiet evening, retiring for the night at eight, or nine at the very latest. No fixed rule can be laid down, because cases vary, and the stage of the complaint and the patient's natural strength must decide all debatable questions. A dinner about midday, and an early arrival at the night's halting-place, together with a very early "roosting" hour, are nevertheless standing rules. The only exceptional irregularities that may be prudent have reference to the breaking of the journey at night. Better to make an otherwise needlessly short journey, and so incur the expense of a longer time *en route*; or better even to put the patient to a little extra fatigue by making a longer day's travelling than might be desirable—rather than put up for the night at any little-frequented locality.

The institution of railway travelling has changed many a busy little town into a stagnant grass-grown place. The old posting and "diligence" days used to fill the small snug hotel with occupants, but steam carriages make longer stages; and market, fair, or club-meeting days alone

bring it visitors. So all the sleeping-rooms and beds have a damp and musty smell, and a hasty use of the warming-pan scarcely serves to improve the situation.

Should it ever be the fate of the traveller to find himself in such a *galère*, I counsel him to roll himself in a thick, dry woollen rug, lay a waterproof cloak under him, and heap all the clothes he can procure over him. He must tuck all well in and prevent evaporation, and will feel as if in a poultice. But a hasty rub all over with a wet towel in the morning, followed by a good deal of friction with a rough, dry one, will prevent any "killing by the cure."

I will now suppose that the patient has reached his destination; the climate, sky, and vegetation are all that he expected, and he breathes more freely at once. But where are the lodgings? Some "early birds" have secured the best, and very few were to be had in any case. Where, also, are the shops? Goods are dear where there is no competition. One general store may claim a monopoly of custom; and if he should venture to seek in a neighbouring town what that one shop lacks, or to secure less exorbitant prices, a species of "boycotting" is the result. The indignant tradesman professes himself indifferent to proffered custom that is not exclusive, and neglect, if not rudeness, is the result. If the place should offer little but coarse beef and ill-fed, poor mutton, while poultry, fish, fruit, and vegetables are at a premium, it is almost a starvation place to an invalid.

So far for lodgings and shops. For item number three let us consider the character of the locality, apart from mean temperatures and so forth. Is it cheerful, or does it convey an impression of dulness and stagnation? If the latter, such an influence will prove highly detrimental to the patient's condition. The body will be acted upon by the mind. Monotony is to be deprecated. A variety of walks, interesting objects for excursions, a reading-room to prove a *rendevous* and a solace during rainy days, and small carriages at moderate charges,—all such accessories to a fine climate are very essential to an invalid's progress towards recovery.

The fourth item on my list for consideration is one of the gravest importance. Is the locality subject to a periodical invasion of *miasma*? Are there adjacent low-lying lands inundated by a river after heavy rains, or even by the rainfalls alone? And are intermittent fever and ague the grim followers of that malignant *miasma*? Remember that the warmer the climate, the more there is to be feared from excessive exhalations.

Lastly. Be the place as dry as possible, free from all stagnant water, and in every respect all that could be desired, the invalid will gain but temporary relief unless he make up his mind to allocate two, three, or more years to effect a permanent cure. Let him make no plans for a return home till that cure be patent to his doctor and all who know him well. His own opinion is of little value apart from theirs. Where there is a threatening of hereditary consumption, patients are disposed to think themselves quite recovered

before they are so, and are very impatient of restraint. In accidental cases they are more just in their views, and far more amenable.

Rooms should be taken on the second or third floors, never on the first. The windows should be closed; and the *healthy*, as well as the sick, indoors, a full hour before and after sunset in

warm climates. The real night air would do far less, if any harm. Otherwise, while curing one disease, you may induce another equally malignant, and perhaps more painful, although it may run a course of many years before it bring its victim to the grave.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## Varieties.

### Winnecke's Comet.

In our note on "Recent and Approaching Comets" in the "Leisure Hour" for last month, it was mentioned that two periodical bodies of this class were expected shortly to make their appearance, though neither of them is likely to form a brilliant spectacle. The first of these was sighted at the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th of August, when nearly at its nearest approach to the sun; it was nearest the earth a few weeks later. Even when at its brightest it did not become visible to the naked eye nor was it a fine object as seen with a telescope. Nevertheless, it is an interesting body to astronomers on account of the shortness of its period, the length of which only amounts to about five years and a half. It was originally discovered on the 12th June, 1819 (nineteen days after the birth of our beloved Queen), by Jean Louis Pons, who was the first discoverer of no fewer than twenty-seven comets, besides independently detecting several more in which he was anticipated by others. Most of these discoveries were made at Marseilles; a few of the later ones at Florence, where Pons died on the 14th of October, 1831, shortly before he had completed his seventieth year. One of the most interesting of the comets found by him is that discovered on the 20th of July, 1812, forming one of the three "septuagenarian" or seventy-year-period comets; it returned according to prediction in 1883, and probably will again in 1954.

The comet usually called Encke's, because that astronomer calculated its orbit at its return in 1818 (when it was nearest the sun about the end of January, 1819), and showed that it revolved round the central body of our system in the short space of 1,210 days, or about three years and four months, was first seen at that return by Pons on the 26th of November, 1818; but after Encke's calculation of its orbit it was recognised that it had been previously discovered in 1786 by Méchain of Paris and observed on two subsequent returns (in 1795 and 1805), at each of which it was supposed to be a new comet. It has been seen at every succeeding return since 1819; the last took place early in 1885, and the next may be expected in the summer of 1888. The comet with which we are now more immediately concerned was, as stated above, discovered by Pons on the 12th of June, 1819, but owing to the feebleness of its light it was not seen again until the year 1858, when it was detected on the 8th of March by Professor Winnecke, who was then at Bonn, but has since moved farther up the Rhine, having been appointed, in 1881, director of the new observatory at Strasburg. When he first saw the comet he supposed it was a new one, but was soon able to show its identity with the one discovered by Pons nearly thirty-nine years before, and that it moved round the sun in about five years and a half, so that it must have escaped observation during six successive returns after that of 1819. It was also not seen at the next return after 1858 (which must have taken place in 1864), but was seen in 1869 and 1875. Its position was very unfavourable for observation at the return in 1880, and it was not seen on that occasion. As mentioned above, it has been observed again at the return of this year, and another appearance will be due about the end of 1891.

With regard to the other periodical comet which we mentioned as being expected to return this year after occupying

nearly seventy-two years in performing its eccentric circuit round the sun, it is well to point out to our readers that the *exact* duration of a period of such length cannot be determined from the observations made at one appearance, and that the comet in question has only hitherto been seen at the approach in 1815, when it was discovered by Olbers at Bremen on the 6th of March. All, then, that can be stated with confidence is, that it will probably return within the next six months.

W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

**Hailstorms of 1896.**—On rare occasions there are hailstorms of destructive force in England, but such phenomena are of frequent occurrence in France. On the 23rd of August of this year there was a terrible thunderstorm over many of the French departments, with hail by which great damage was done. In Paris and its vicinity the loss to market gardeners alone was estimated at several millions of francs. Not only vegetables and vines suffered, but trees were stripped of their foliage. In the Bois de Vincennes, it is stated, the forest seemed as if it had been exposed to a cannonade from the fort. The hailstones were of enormous size, and the ground continued white throughout most of the day. In earlier weeks of the same summer there had been hailstorms of equal violence.

The pretty French villages Nogent-sur-Marne, Joinville le Pont, Le Perreux, Arceuil, Cachan, and Bourg la Reine were visited by a singularly violent hailstorm. "The districts," the reports state, "have been ravaged as if a battle had been fought in it. The vines and peach, plum, and cherry orchards are much damaged, and the window panes are everywhere smashed in. The storm extended as far as Meaux and Lagny to the east. The hailstones formed a thick bed, and were not altogether melted for six hours after they fell. Poultry yards were devastated, and in an instant strewn with dead fowls. Many persons are said to have been injured." A scientist living at Bourg la Reine wrote to the "Temps" that in all his life he never saw such a waterspout and such hailstones. The thicker they fell the larger they were. There were some, he declares, as big as filberts, others as big as walnuts, and others as large as goose's eggs! These last seemed to him agglomerations of ordinary hailstones. They were driven by a wind of such force that under its pressure a willow of great size was broken across at the trunk, as if it were a rotten reed. The thickest glass was unable to withstand the large hailstones which came with the force of stones flung from slings. This state of things lasted in some places for twenty minutes and in others a quarter of an hour. A hailstorm in Rheims caused damage estimated at £80,000. The incomparable rose of the Cathedral window, which had survived many invasions and civil wars, and let a glowing light in on so many coronations, is said to have been destroyed.

So frequent is the occurrence of hailstorms in France, and so great the damage done, that insurance against this peril is universal throughout the agricultural districts. The great insurance paragrêle companies have branches in every village; and the risks on this point are taken into account by all farmers and vine-growers.

Hail in England generally occurs in spring and summer.



and is less destructive to the fruits of the earth, although the blossoms of orchards sometimes suffer. In books and articles in Encyclopædias on Meteorology, instances are given of destructive storms in our own country. In India they are also not unfrequent, although there is a popular belief that they seldom occur in tropical countries. Dr. Buist read a report on "Remarkable Hailstorms in India" before a meeting of the British Association in 1855.

**Landlordism and Rent.**—Referring to the cry of "no landlords," the *Times* says, in an article on agrarian agitation in Ireland or elsewhere:—It may be impossible for farmers to continue to pay the rents they have heretofore paid, but if it is impossible to pay rents at all, what right has the farmer to occupy the land? He did not buy it, and his only title to hold it and cultivate it rests on his covenant to pay rent for it. If that covenant is extinguished, all other covenants disappear with it. It is open to him to make new covenants with his landlord or to claim compensation for his improvements and quit the holding altogether. But it is not open to him, if he is an honest man, to claim to hold the land rent-free. Now it is open to any farmer in England or Wales at the present moment to abolish landlordism as far as he himself is concerned, by purchasing a farm and cultivating it. There is plenty of land in the market, its value is depreciated by the continued depression of agricultural prices, and any man may buy a farm who can pay the price it fetches in the open market. This is the only honest way of abolishing landlordism in such agrarian conditions as prevail in England and Wales. Any other mode of abolishing landlordism is only a disguised form of public plunder.

**American Forests.**—A statement has been prepared for the American Forestry Congress showing the extent of the woodlands in the United States and the number of acres of forest which are destroyed annually. It would seem that America is by no means so heavily wooded as is generally supposed, and in respect to the proportionate acreage of its forests cannot compare with many European countries. The total area of the United States is 1,856,077,400 acres, and only 440,990,000 acres, or about 23 per cent., are wooded, while a considerable proportion of the timber is in mountainous districts and beyond easy reach. There are 297,650,000 acres of farms, and no less than 1,115,430,400 acres of unimproved and waste lands, old fields, etc., not under cultivation, but devoid of timber. As regards the consumption of timber, it requires no less than 15,000,000 acres, or an area equal to Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, to supply the railroad with cross-ties. The American supply of fuel will, in a single year, clear the forests of 30,000,000 acres of trees. The loss of timber by forest fires was 10,274,089 in 1880, and the loss averages annually about 10,000,000 acres. The cut of timber is 28,000,000,000 feet a year, which lays bare annually a forest area greater than the State of New Hampshire. Altogether the forests of the United States are decreasing at the rate of 50,750,000 acres annually, which would clear a wooded surface equal in extent to all the New England States, together with New Jersey and Maryland.

**Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon.**—Between Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, the first and best editor of "Punch," there was at one time great intimacy. In an article in "Andrew's Hull Miscellany" the following statement appears. "They generally devoted one or two evenings in the week to what Mark called a London ramble, which was frequently an excursion to the East End, picking up 'character' at minor theatres, circuses, and other places of resort in the wildest districts of the wildest parts of the metropolis. Charles Dickens, Clarkson Stanfield the painter, and Mark Lemon often made excursions of this kind in company, conversing with any persons whom they might care to know, and thus gaining a fund of information which was afterwards profitably employed. Many passages in Dickens's works considered far-fetched and overdrawn may be traced to scenes in real life witnessed during these London rambles. It was Lemon who planned the excursions, as is shown by Dickens's letters. When he lived at Tavistock House, Lemon lived close by, in Gordon Square: and notes, letters, and reminders of ap-

pointments were continually passing between them. The following, though undated, were written in or about the year 1855. They are selected from Mark Lemon's papers:

"Dear Mark,—I'm all agog for an outing. Let us go and see something queer. I am greatly in want of some slang terms among tumblers and circus people. Where is it best to go for them? Yours, C. D."

"The next is in answer to a note from Lemon proposing a visit to 'Othello' at a theatre in Islington:—

"Dear Mark,—I think we had better postpone the visit to Islington until 'Richard III' comes on, which is next week, with an entirely new cast. I have seen the 'Othello'; and oh! what a precious slow nigger he was when I did see him. But let us go somewhere, say to the public by the Thames where those performing dogs go at night. I think the travesty may be useful to me, and I may make something out of such an expedition. It will do us good after such an afternoon as this has been.

"Yours ever, CHARLES DICKENS." These dogs were evidently the originals of the performers introduced at the village alehouse in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

**American Pauperism and American Charity.**—No people are so tender, so generous, so lavish of active sympathy towards the sick, the bereaved, and the unfortunate. In States which, probably from an instinct under their circumstance just and wise, refuse to recognise the right to subsistence by a legal provision for the poor—whereby the idle and vicious would chiefly benefit—nevertheless paupers by the visitation of God, the aged and infirm, the blind, the deaf and dumb, lunatics and idiots, are amply provided for by public and private charity, with all that can alleviate their lot, or teach them, as far as possible, the means of self-dependence. American charity towards the victims of great natural catastrophe, far more common there than here—communities burned out by a forest fire or ruined by a flood—and yet more the personal sacrifices made, the readiness with which men and women devote their leisure, thought, and energy to the supervision of their public institutions, the succour and nursing of a community stricken by pestilence, the efficient distribution of public subscriptions, are above praise. A careful study of Transatlantic examples might put our own boasted lavishness to shame.—*Quarterly Review*.

**Aged Married Couples in Workhouses.**—A circular letter was received from the Local Government Board calling attention of boards of guardians to the Acts of Parliament authorising married couples over sixty years of age in workhouses being permitted to live together. The Clerk of the Holborn Union said they had made arrangements for carrying out the Act of Parliament in that respect, but the inmates did not avail themselves of it. In the last case they had, when the woman was invited to accept the offer, she said if she was compelled to accept it she would rather throw herself out of the window. We hope, however, that this was a rare case, and that in Scotland, at least, there are many old women who know the song of "John Anderson my Joe." There are many cases also in rural districts where the separation has been keenly felt.

**Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.**—We are much gratified by finding the following reference to the Livingstone Medical School and its work in the veteran and still popular and energetic medical paper, "The Lancet":—"We have read the annual report—the forty-second—of this society with much gratification. We have the conviction—very beautifully expressed by the late Professor Alison, of Edinburgh, in an essay on medical missions—that the science and art of medicine are to be greatly used by Christian men, in their efforts to extend Christianity and civilisation among the less-favoured nations of the earth. This conviction is confirmed by every report of the work done by medical missions, whether in China, India, or Africa. Of all missionary societies having claims on medical men or on the public, none has stronger claims than the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, as the oldest one of the kind and the most efficient. It has a training school for medical missionaries, in which students learn the nature of medical missionary work among the poor. It has mission stations in India,



Nazareth, and Damascus. The institution in Agra, incorporated with this society, serves as a training school for native medical missionaries, who, by the kindness of Sir William Muir, when Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces of India, receive their medical education free at the Government Medical College. The encouragement of the medical education of natives is evidently one great means by which we can confer enormous benefits on Eastern nations. The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society is not connected with any one church, but supplies legally qualified missionaries to the various missionary societies. It is a great credit to the Edinburgh School, which may have its parties and even its differences, but has, too, its practical Christianity, which is felt through this society in every part of the world."

**Vine Disease in France.**—The "Journal Officiel" publishes the annual report by the Director of the Agricultural Department on the proceedings of the Phylloxera Commission. It has been decided that none of the processes made known during the year 1885 entitle the inventors to the prize offered by the Government, and accordingly the old remedies continue to be recommended. These are (1) submersion, (2) sulphuret of carbon, and (3) sulpho-carbonate of potassium. The surface under vine cultivation attacked, and still resisting, amounted to 642,000 hectares in 1885, against 664,000 in 1884. This apparent diminution is, however, due to the complete abandonment of numerous plantations. Before the appearance of the disease there were in France 2,503,000 hectares planted with vines. Vines now cover 1,990,586 hectares, which fact shows that the vine-growers have to a great extent remedied the evil by planting during the last 15 years, so that the deficit only amounts to 500,000 hectares, but at the same time the amount of loss remains enormous. In 1885 submersion was applied to 24,339 hectares, sulphuret of carbon to 40,585, and sulpho-carbonate to 5,227. American vines which have been planted now replace those destroyed over a surface of 72,262 hectares. Thus the surface which has resisted the attacks of the insect amounts in all to little more than 145,000 hectares, that is, about 22 per cent. of the whole surface suffering from the disease. These efforts, which have been continued uninterruptedly for eight years, should, in the opinion of the reporter, inspire full confidence in the future.

**Planting Trees by Artillery.**—Mr. James Nasmyth says in his autobiography: The Duke of Athole consulted my father as to the improvements which he desired to make in his woodland scenery near Dunkeld. The Duke was desirous that a rocky crag, called Craigybarns, should be planted with trees to relieve the grim barrenness of its appearance. But it was impossible for any man to climb the crag in order to set seeds or plants in the clefts of the rocks. A happy idea struck my father. Having observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannon, used for firing salutes, it occurred to him to turn them to account. His object was to deposit the seeds of the various trees amongst the soil in the clefts of the crags. A tinsmith in the village was ordered to make a number of canisters with covers. The canisters were filled with all sorts of suitable tree seeds. A cannon was loaded, and the canisters were fired up against the high face of the rock. They burst and scattered the seed in all directions. Some years after, when my father revisited the place, he was delighted to find that his scheme of planting by artillery had proved completely successful, for the trees were flourishing luxuriantly in all the recesses of the cliff.

**Risen from the Ranks.**—In the Recollections of the Rev. W. Leake, who in his young days was in the army and carried the regimental colours of the 52nd at Waterloo, many honourable and striking incidents are recorded about Mr. Winterbottom, the adjutant of the regiment. General W. Napier has also borne a generous testimony to this brave and worthy soldier. He says, "Winterbottom had risen from the rank of private soldier in my company, by his excellent and gallant conduct upon all occasions, and never for one instant did he fail in his duty. One of the clearest-headed, coolest, and bravest men I ever saw in action, and the best adjutant in the army, either in the orderly room or the field;

he has served through the whole of the Peninsular War, and was severely wounded several times; he was also badly wounded at Waterloo, and having been twice passed over when a company was vacant in the regiment after the peace, he was so mortified and disappointed, that he took the paymastership and went on half-pay as a lieutenant. I must tell you a trait of him which does honour to his head and heart. His parents were, as you may suppose, cottagers, and from the moment he enlisted and left them, he always sent them a part of his pay; and when the war was over, and he came home an officer with a sum of money which he had saved, having had some prize money, the first thing he did was to go and see his aged parents, build them a cottage and garden, and allow them a sufficient yearly sum of money to enable them to live comfortably and keep a servant girl to attend upon them. Now this was most creditable and proper, for although it would have been very wrong had he not done so, few men would have perhaps acted so judiciously in placing his parents in their own rank of life, making them perfectly comfortable in every respect, but not having the foolish vanity, because he had become an officer, to put them in a situation above their old acquaintances and neighbours, where they would be considered as intruders and upstarts, instead of being happy, respected, and comfortable in the society they were used to and were brought up in. I think my friend Winterbottom is one of the best, most sensible, and honourable men I know, and I shall always feel a pride in his friendship."

**Keen Eye to Business.**—A correspondent states that on the day following the announcement in the "Times" of the birth of his first baby, every post brought to his door shoals of letters and advertisements, all touting for business in most pressing style. Photographers, dressmakers, chemists, and many kinds of tradesmen sent their lists, with prices, and some with specimens of their goods. Cradles, cots, baths, soap, feeding-bottles, and every possible requisite for child as well as mother, appear in attractive and tempting illustrated catalogues. Food and drink of all sorts are offered, from nursing stout to digestive flour, backed by powders and gripe-waters in case of the food disagreeing with the stomach. Lamps, stoves, and other comforts for the watchful nurse and disturbed paterfamilias are not forgotten. Other letters are of more direct and urgent appeal, such as the following, which is only a specimen of competing supplicants. "Madam, will you kindly keep the enclosed baby's socks, and forward in return one shilling in postage stamps. I am a widow with several children, for whom it is hard to provide" (or, with a sick husband, as the case may be). All this formed an unexpected experience in our correspondent's life as a benedict. The competition of the brewers, chemists, and photographers especially amused him. He asks if there is equally keen eye to business on the part of undertakers, tailors, and cemetery companies, when deaths are announced in the papers. To omit the address might afford some protection, where the names are well known to friends.

**Visit to the North Cape.**—The following account, by a lady, of a visit to the North Cape in 1885, will be read with interest:—"About 10.30 p.m. we reached the North Cape. We were in calm waters and preparations were made for our landing. From where we stopped we could not actually see the Cape, but only the accessible portion. We were to climb this, and then walk about half a mile across the summit to the extreme point. What a climb! steps were roughly hewn in the earth, loose stones came tumbling from above, the rope fastened with iron rods at the side often gave way. With many rests, and a help from friendly hands, at last we reach the top of the cliff—a veritable Pilgrim's Progress! We looked back. A little black speck in the calm bay represented our capacious steamer, and a long file of little ants toiling up the steep track our worthy fellow-passengers. Half a mile of stony walking brought us to the actual Cape. Our first sensation was one of intense weariness, so that in spite of all romance we must sit down at the foot of the column and rest. Little was said, each one made his or her reflections, *a lui*. It was not yet midnight. Looking down the sheer cliff, we saw the Sverre Sigurdsson making her way round the promontory. The sun was blazing in our eyes; we watched its downward course eagerly. In a few

moments rockets from the steamer proclaimed the important hour of midnight, amid ringing cheers from our party; and in a few moments the ball of fire perceptibly moved upwards, announcing the beginning of a new day. It was a wonderfully thrilling experience to be standing here looking into the polar regions with civilisation so far behind. We felt like pioneers of a new world, with our feet on the borders of the unknown country. We longed to penetrate further, the spirit of discovery possessed us. Sad the thought that perchance once and for ever had our feet trodden this northern shore, only in our dreams to return to it. Saddest of all, the grey, grim loneliness of those bare rocks, the 'fragments of an earlier world,' no warmth, no colour, cold isolation, the material image of despair! With much regret we must leave this fascinating loneliness, and descend again to the lower air. In this case, contrary to the maxims of the copy-book, to descend was *not* easy, but infinitely more difficult than the ascent; we loitered on our way to pick mosses and yellow violets, as mementoes of our journey, and at last reached the little bay where boats were waiting to row us to the ship."—From *The Handy Guide to Norway*. By Thomas B. Willson, M.A. (Stanford.) A new and valuable help to tourists, with excellent maps.

**M. Chevreul.**—On the 31st of August the great French chemist Chevreul reached the age of 100. His birthday was celebrated with great enthusiasm. The committee of arrangements of the festival included the chief *savans* of the day, MM. Pasteur, De Quatrefages, Bertrand, Milne-Edwards, and Frémy, now Director of the Museum of Natural History, where the principal ceremony of the festival was held. It was here that Chevreul had laboured during most of his life. In 1810 he entered as a chemistry assistant, and remained till 1830, when he succeeded to his master, Vauquelin. Forty years later he was appointed Director of the Museum. He was in charge during the siege and bombardment by the Germans, and by his efforts he saved from destruction and injury the magnificent collections of the Museum. In the festival there were references naturally made to the case of Fontenelle, the Perpetual Secretary of the Institute, who during last century also reached a hundred years, and whose 100th birthday was celebrated with similar honours.

**Marble Statues.**—M. Fréville has published some useful statements as to the preservation and restoration of marble surfaces. Statues exposed to the open air, as in parks and gardens, ought to have a thin coating of pure white wax. This does not in the least disfigure the marble, while preserving it from being soiled; and the varnish can be removed at any time by damp cloths. When marble surfaces are stained with any greasy substance, they can be cleaned by the same process, first washing them with soap, and after wiping with a soft linen cloth, washing several times a day with a slight solution of cream of tartar. In five or six weeks the marble becomes perfectly white. A more troublesome disfigurement is when acid has corroded a surface; an instance in point is where lemons cut in half had been often carelessly put on a mantelpiece, in daily taking a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon. The marble was disfigured by dark stains. For this injury re-polishing is necessary.

**Colouration of the Sea.**—A correspondent, referring to a short article in the April number of the "*Leisure Hour*," upon the "White Water of the Arabian Sea," calls attention to some facts and conclusions communicated by Professor Ricco, of Palermo University, to the "*Revista Scientifica*." He states that on the Sicilian coast, the semblance of coloured bands of water frequently occur. On the night of the 2nd of November, 1881, which was very stormy, the River Oreto, which flows into the Gulf of Palermo, was flooded. On the following morning, when the sky was overcast and the sea rough, a well-defined band of yellow water, stretching along the coast to the right of the river mouth as far as the eye could roam, was observed. Outside of this band another, equally well-defined, of reddish brown was seen passing into light blue, then a band of green; and beyond this was the deep blue sea passing in the distance into sombre purple. Such phenomena are explained by the absorption of certain rays by the water in proportion to the

amount of matter held by it in suspension and the transmission of others. The natural colour of the very saline waters of the Italian coasts is blue, and it varies with the play of the light transmitted through the wave crests and the purple shades cast by passing clouds. Water of less purity is said to absorb the blue but transmits the green rays, while that retaining more matter in suspension transmits the red or the yellow, and absorbs the remaining rays. The water of the Oreto, which runs over a red ochreous soil, had been caught by a current and carried along parallel to the coast. Sea waters of different densities slowly commingle when the rate of movement is great, consequently the water of the Oreto retained its turbidity and its distinctive hue until without the range of vision by the naked eye. The appearance of the green outer band was probably occasioned partly by contrast and partly by the commingling of suspended matter, while the blue was the natural colour of the sea. Occasionally the effects are of a more astonishing prismatic character. On another day at Palermo, after a violent shower of rain, a band of reddish water was seen as before, with outer bands of first yellow, then green, and then blue, while the remainder of the gulf had the appearance of the splendid emerald hue varied by the purple shades cast by rolling clouds.

**Medical Honours.**—The medical profession has few honorary distinctions accessible to its members compared with the Law or the Church. Subsequent to the degrees and prizes of university and hospital life, the medical practitioner has rare opportunity of rising above the average level, in title or honour, however great the differences may be in fame and wealth. From the State a few baronetcies and knight-hoods come now and then, but these are due as often to social and political influence as to professional eminence. But there is one honour—a gold medal—"for distinguished merit," the gift of the Council of the British Medical Association, which may be regarded as among the highest distinctions of the profession. This medal, founded in 1877, has as yet been awarded only three times—first, to Dr. Farr, for his long and valued services in vital statistics; second, to Surgeon Reynolds, for his gallantry at the defence of Kork's Drift; and a third time to a surgeon who showed not less gallantry in rescuing the sufferers in a colliery explosion. We venture to suggest that the medal might be given occasionally to the family of a medical man who may have lost his life in some heroic and self-sacrificing way. It is true that all practitioners are ready to risk life in attending infectious and other perilous diseases, but there are some rare occasions, as when a doctor sought to save a patient at the last stage of diphtheria and lost his own life. The award of the medal, in such a case, to his family would be an honourable testimony, and an incitement to others to heroic deeds.

**Speed of Torpedo Boats.**—As all maritime powers attach supreme importance to the speed of torpedo boats, and as this quality will constitute their greatest use for offensive and defensive purposes in warfare, we note with interest the speed attained since our article upon "*Ocean Speed*" appeared in December last. At that time the maximum speed of a torpedo boat was about twenty-two knots an hour, on light draught, which was performed by a boat built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, for the Russian Government. Very recently, however, this speed was excelled by the Falke, which is one of two boats that firm have just built for the Austrian Government. This craft, which is 135ft. long, 14ft. in extreme width, and 9ft. deep, and 88 tons displacement, and built throughout of galvanised steel, ran at the rate of 24.027 knots per hour, or nearly twenty-eight statute miles per hour, on her official trials on light draught in January last. In the previous month, even with a weight of 16.9 tons carried during her trial trips over the measured mile on the loaded water line, the rates of speed attained on her six runs were, first mile, 23.076 knots an hour; second mile, 21.428 knots an hour; third mile, 23.529 knots an hour; fourth mile, 21.428 knots an hour; fifth mile, 22.360 knots an hour; and sixth mile, 21.951 knots an hour, giving a mean for the whole of 22.263 knots an hour. No merchant steamer or man-of-war has yet reached this speed. Another torpedo boat, called the Adler, built by this firm for the same Government, also performed the same speed

on the loaded water line. According to speed trials which have recently taken place with four new torpedo boats built by Schichan of Elbing for the Russian Navy, one of these craft, loaded with coals and a crew, made during one hour 23 knots. Now, the twenty-five torpedo boats recently built and building by Yarrow and Co. for the British Navy have only a guaranteed speed which is three knots less than that of the Falke and Adler. The same remark applies to the same number built and building by Thornycroft and Co., of Chiswick. This is a great disadvantage, as instead of this country being ahead of all others in the speed of her torpedo boats, she is behind all first, second, and third-class naval powers in this particular. The British Admiralty has ordered a boat of the Falke type, while others of the same kind are being built for other Powers.

**New Zealand Volcanic Eruption of 1886.**—By the outbreak of this year nearly 2,000 square miles of country were covered with three inches of volcanic dust. For about 25 square miles this deposit was nearly three feet in depth. Vegetation was nearly destroyed over 400 square miles; and for a distance of 1,600 square miles much injury was done. The region of the hot-water cascades and volcanic terraces, the most picturesque part of New Zealand scenery, has had its chief features defaced, if not obliterated. A New Zealand correspondent described the desolation graphically in saying, "it was as great a calamity in point of scenery as if the Bernese Oberland disappeared from the face of Europe." But the disfigurement may be only temporary, as the volcanic energy may produce new scenes of beauty and wonder.

#### The Student.

My days among the dead are passed,  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old.  
My never failing friends are they  
With whom I converse day by day.  
With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe,  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
I live in long past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with a humble mind.  
My hopes are with the dead: anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

**Church Property.**—In questions of Church reform a great difficulty arises from the complications and anomalies of ecclesiastical property. The Church of England, as a corporate body, has no endowment or wealth. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in advocating various useful reforms, refers to this difficulty, and the necessity for dealing with many separate legal rights. "The Church," said Lord Selborne, "is the most ancient and venerable institution of all in this country, two hundred and forty years older than our monarchy," and "at least six hundred and seventy years older than our Parliaments." Nor was its complexity less remarkable than its ancient and enduring greatness. "People constantly spoke as if the Church were a single corporate body, holding large corporate funds, which could be re-adjusted and redistributed as easily as the common fund of a bank or a railway. They spoke as if it were a single cor-

poration, established by one Act of Parliament, endowed by another, and to be disendowed and disestablished by a third. The very reverse of all this was true. There was no Act of Parliament, there was no series of Acts of Parliament, by which the Church, which was much more ancient than Parliament, was either established or endowed. The institution grew in its various departments, and was endowed in each department by a separate founder. 'The Church of England,' said Professor Freeman, 'as a single body, has no property. The property belongs to the Church of Canterbury, the Church of Westminster, the Church of Little Peddlington, or any other.' The Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, for instance, was still in possession of some lands in Essex, which were granted to it nearly thirteen hundred years ago, through a charter addressed circ. A.D. 609 to Mellitus, the Bishop, by Ethelbert, the King. Even in a place like that of Brighton—a place which was once so obscure that it was known only as a primitive seaside village in the neighbourhood of Lewes—the name of the man who was Vicar of Brighton directly after the Conquest was known. The Church consisted, in short, of a great confederacy of separate corporations, with distinct endowments, every parson of a parish being, in legal phrase, a corporation sole, with perpetual succession."

**Women's Rights.**—One of her Majesty's judges is reported to have said, in a humorous "aside" during a recent case, "According to the old law, you know, the rule used to be, 'what is my wife's is mine, and what is mine is my own; but under the new law it is rather, 'what is mine is my wife's, and what is my wife's is her own!'"

**Free Education.**—The celebrated Joseph Lancaster, one of the pioneers of national education, had the following notice conspicuously placed outside the building which he provided for teaching poor children, the work to which he devoted his life: "All that will, may send their children here and have them educated freely; and those that do not wish to have education for nothing may pay for it if they please."

**A Siberian Snowstorm.**—A snowstorm in Siberia in 1827 drove all the herds of the small Kirghiz horde to Saratow, and 280,000 horses, 30,000 oxen, 10,000 camels, and over 1,000,000 sheep died.

**Labour and Capital.**—President Cleveland has sent a message to Congress recommending early attention to the labour question in the United States. He thinks that a Labour Commission should be appointed, with power, under Federal authority, to settle disputes between employers and work-people. The grasping exactions of companies and capitalists he considers to be as often to blame as unreasonable claims on the part of working men. A regular official bureau for consideration and settlement of controversies would be more satisfactory than temporary and local arbitrators.

**German Universities.**—In the German Empire there are now 20 Universities with a little over 28,000 students. The largest are Berlin, with 4,434 students; Leipzig 3,069; Munich 3,035; Halle 1,518; Breslau 1,425; Tübingen, 1,403; Würzburg 1,369; Bonn 1,293; Göttingen 1,076; Freiburg 1,319; Heidelberg (which celebrated this year its 500th anniversary) 1,066. The remaining nine universities, are Greifswalden, Marburg, Erlangen, Königsberg, Strassburg, Jena, Kiel, Giessen, Rostock, with numbers from 1,018 to 313. Erlangen has 909, Jena 650, Kiel 542.

**Feathers for Ornament.**—The barbarous fashion of using birds of gay plumage for female ornament is likely to cause the destruction of some of the most beautiful species. It is estimated that some millions of humming-birds and other tropical beauties are sold annually in London alone, and every skin that is sold represents at least six or seven other birds so injured in the capture as to be unfit for sending to the market of fashion. Appeals are made to the ladies of Europe and America to discourage this wholesale slaughter, but the proportion of women who possess good sense, good feeling, and good taste is so very small, that such appeals are not likely to have any perceptible effect on the rage for gaudy ornament.

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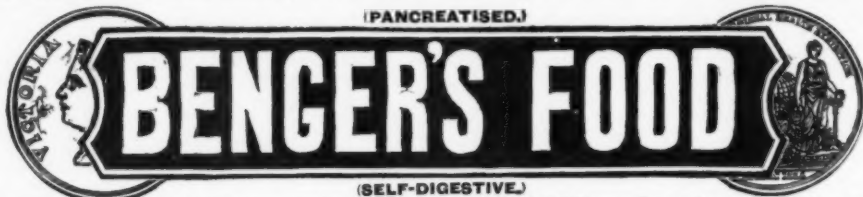
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